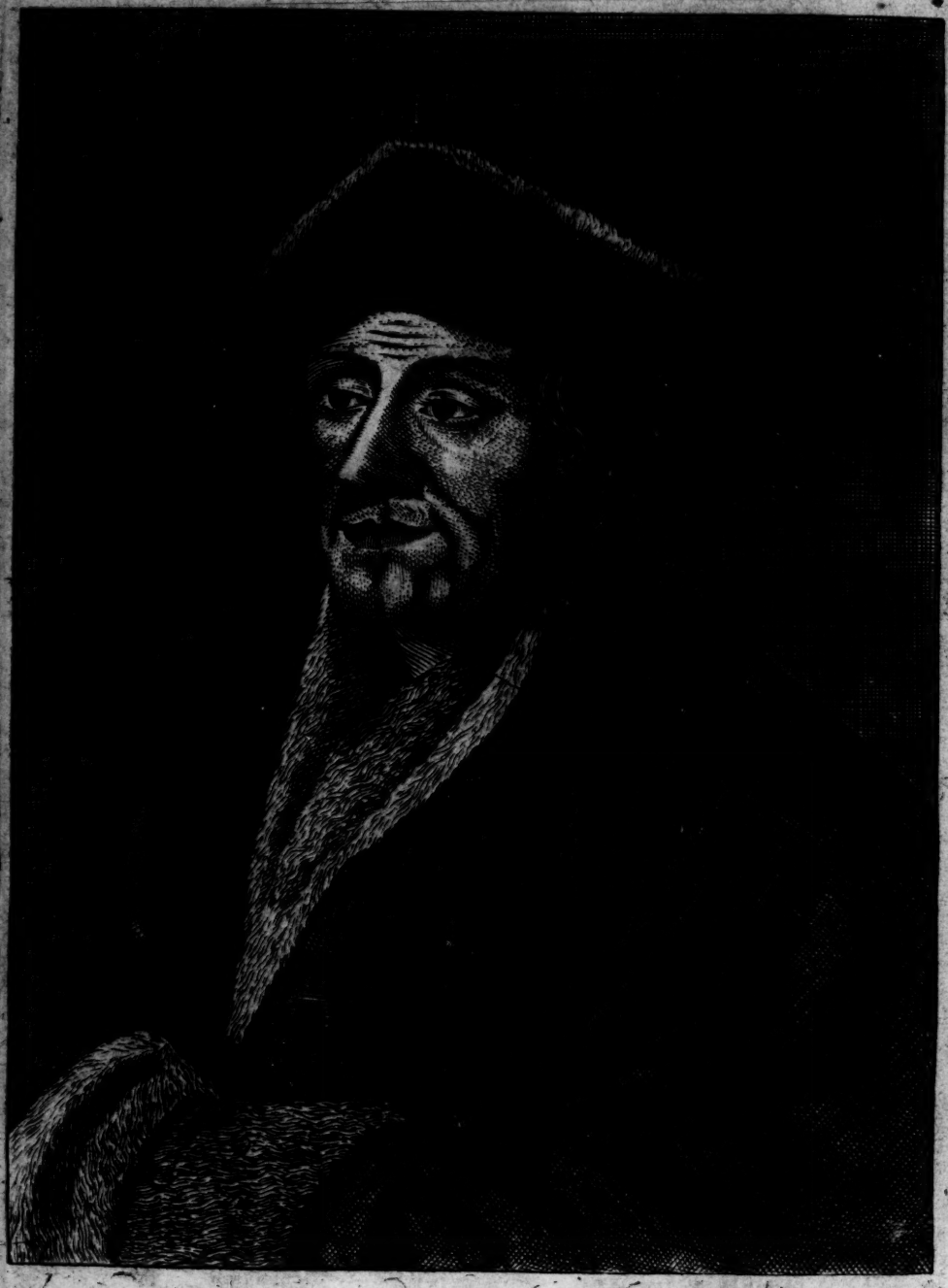

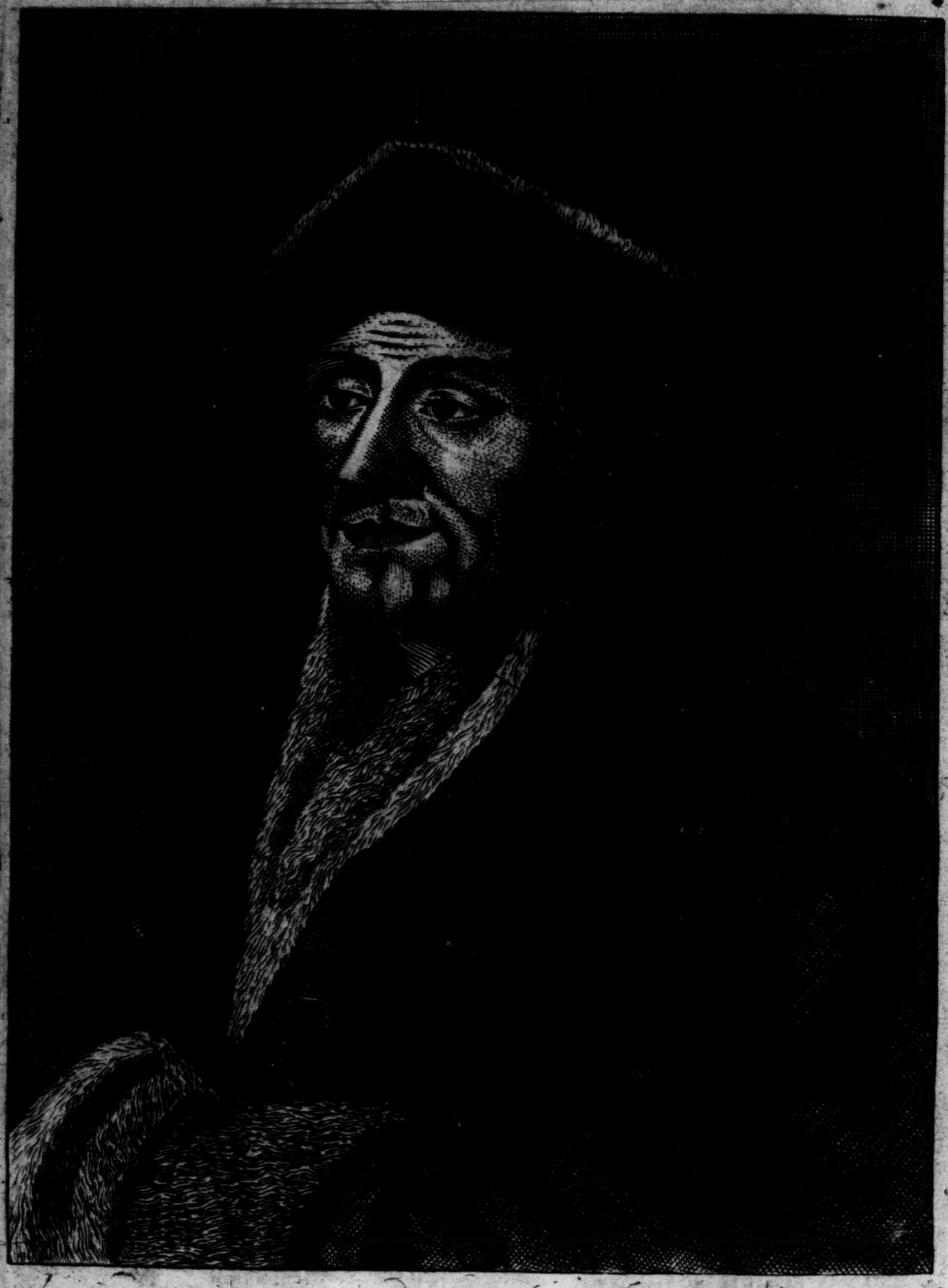

Twenty Two Select

COLLOQUIES

OUT OF

Eraſmus Roterodamus,

Pleaſantly repreſenting ſeveral

SUPERSTITIOUS LEVITIES

That were Crept into the

CHURCH of *ROME*

In His DAYS.

By Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, Kt.

To which are added,
Seven more DIALOGUES, with the Life of the AUTHOR.
By Mr. THO. BROWN.

——*Utile Dulci.*

LONDON:
Printed for DANIEL BROWN, RICHARD SARE, CHARLES BROME, JOHN NICHOLSON, BENJAMIN TOOKE, and GEORGE STRAHAN. 1711.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

YOU will find that at the Writing of these Colloquies, the Church of Rome stood in great Need of Reforming; even in the Judgment of Erasmus Himself, who was an eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reason also, from the Candour and Moderation of our learned Author, to distinguish even betwixt the Romish Doctors Themselves. You will perhaps find Matter enough of Diversion besides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit, and to turn some Part of the Severity and Bitterness of the Age, into Pity and Laughter.

But

To the Reader.

But when you ſhall have found all this in the Dialogues Themſelves, *you have no Obligation yet for any Part of it to the* Tranſlator; *who made Choice of* this Piece, *and of* this Subject, *for his Own Sake, and not for* Yours. Some *will have him to be a* Papiſt in Maſquerade, *for going* ſo far; Others *again will have him to be too much a* Proteſtant, *becauſe he will go* no farther: *So that he is cruſh'd betwixt the two Extremes, as they hung up* Eraſmus himſelf, *betwixt Heaven and Hell. Upon the Senſe of this hard Meaſure, he has now made* Engliſh *of* Theſe Colloquies; *and in this laſt Edition added two more to the Number; partly as a* Prudential Vindication, *and partly as a* Chriſtian Revenge.

R. L'E.

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

1. THE *Shipwreck.* Page 1
2. *The Religious Pilgrimage.* 12
3. *Of Raſh Vows.* 52
4. *The Soldiers Confeſſion.* 57
5. *The Inns.* 61
6. *The Religious Treat.* 70
7. *The Marriage Hater.* 120
8. *The Penitent Virgin.* 133
9. *The Rich Beggars.* 137
10. *The Soldier and Carthuſian.* 155
11. *The Apotheoſis of Capnio: Or, the Franciſcan's Viſion.* 163
12. *The Funeral.* 172
13. *The Exorciſm: Or, Apparition.* 196
14. *The Horſe-Courſer.* 209
15. *The Alchymiſt.* 215
16. *The Abbot, and the Learned Woman.* 227
17. *The Beggars Dialogue.* 234
18. *Cyclops: Or, the Goſpel-Carrier.* 240
19. *The Falſe Knight.* 249
20. *The Seraphique Funeral.* 260
21. *Hell Broke Looſe.* 281
22. *The Old Man's Dialogue.* 289

Addi-

Additional Colloquies.

1. THE *Impertinents: Or, the Croſs-Purpoſes.* 309
2. *The Modiſh Traveller.* 313
3. *The Plain-Dealer: Or, All is not Gold that Gliſters.* 318
4. *The Fatal Marriage: Or, The Unhappy Bride.* 327
5. *The Golden Aſs: Or, The Wealthy Miſer.* 347
6. *Xantippe: Or, The Imperious Wife.* 367
7. *The Aſſembly of Women: Or, The Female Parliament.* 391

THE LIFE

THE LIFE OF ERASMUS.

ERASMUS, *ſo deſervedly famous for his admirable* Writings, *the vaſt Extent of his* Learning, *his great Candor and Moderation, and for being one of the chief* Reſtorers *of the Purity of the* Latin *Tongue on this*

ſide the Alpes, *was Born at* Rotterdam *on the* 28th *of* October *in the Year* 1467. *Indeed the anonymous Author of his Life, commonly Printed at the End of his* Colloquies *(of the* London *Edition) is pleaſed to tell us, that* de anno, quo natus eſt apud Batavos, non conſtat; *and if himſelf writ the Life, which we find before the* Elzevir *Edition, and is there ſaid to be* Eraſmo Autore, *he does not particularly mention the Year in which he was Born, but places it* circà annum 67 ſupra milleſimum quadringenteſimum. *Another* Latin *Life which is prefixed to the above-mention'd* London *Edition in* Octavo, *fixes it in the Year* 1465, *as likewiſe does his Epitaph at* Baſil. *But as the Inſcription of his Statue at* Rotterdam, *the Place of his Nativity, may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be the moſt Authentick Teſtimony, we have here thought fit to follow that.*

His Mother's Name was Margaret, *Daughter to one* Peter, *a Phyſician, born at* Sevenbergen *in* Holland; *his Father's Name* Gerard, *who entertain'd a private Correſpondence with her upon Promiſe of Marriage, and was actually contracted to her, as the Life which carries* Eraſmus's *Name before it ſeems to inſinuate by theſe Words*, ſunt qui interceſſiſſe verba dicunt. * *His Father was the youngeſt of Ten Brothers, with-*

* 'Tis not to be denied, but that *Eraſmus* was a Baſtard, but his Enemies have publiſhed ſome invidious Circumſtances about his Birth, that are falſe; as for Inſtance, that his Father was Parſon of *Tergou* when he begot him. *Pontus Heyterus* calls him by the ſame Error *fils de prêtre*. Father *Theophile Raynaud* has this pleaſant Paſſage: *If*, ſays he, *one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that droll'd upon all the*

without one Sister coming between; for which Reason the Old People, according to the Superstition of those times, design'd to consecrate him to the Church; and his Brothers liked the Motion well enough, because, as the Church-men then govern'd all, they hoped, if he thrived upon his Profession, to have a sure Friend where they might Eat, and Drink, and make Merry upon Occasion; but no Importunities whatever could prevail upon Gerard *to turn Ecclesiastick. Thus finding himself perpetually press'd upon so ungrateful an Argument, and not able any longer to bear it, he was forced in his own Defence to shift his Quarters, and fly for it; leaving a Letter for his Friends upon the Road, wherein he acquainted them with the Reason of his Departure, and concluded that he would never trouble them any more. Thus he left his Spouse, that was to be, big with Child, and made the best of his way to* Rome. *In this City he maintain'd himself very handsomely by his Pen, at which he was an admirable Master, transcribing most Authors of Note (for Printing was not then known,* * tum nondum ars Typographorum erat) *and for some time lived at large, as young Fellows use to do, but afterwards applied himself seriously to his Studies, made a great Progress in the* Greek *and* Latin *Languages, as likewise in the Civil Law;*

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the World, Erasmus, *though he was not the Son of a King, yet he was the Son of a crown'd Head,* meaning a Priest; but 'tis plain his Father was not in Orders at that time.

* So says the Life, with *Erasmo Auctore* before it, but 'tis most certainly a Mistake; for Printing was found out in the Year 1442. which was at least 24 Years before this; but perhaps he means, that though the Invention was known, it was not commonly used.

which he had the better Opportunity of doing, because Rome *at that time was full of Learned Men, and because, as has been intimated before, his Neceſſities obliged him to tranſcribe Books for his Livelihood, and conſequently muſt impreſs them ſtrongly in his Memory. When his Friends knew that he was at* Rome, *they ſent him word that the young Gentlewoman, whom he courted for a Wife, was dead; which he believing to be true, in a melancholly fit took Orders, and wholly turned his Thoughts to the Study of Divinity. When he returned to his Native Country, he found to his Grief that he had been impoſed upon; however it was too late then to think of Marriage, ſo he dropt all farther Pretenſions to his Miſtreſs; neither would ſhe after this unlucky Adventure be induced to Marry.*

His Son from him took the Name of Gerard, *which in the* German *Language ſignifies* Amiable, *and after the Faſhion of the Learned Men of that Age, who affected to give their Names either a* Greek *or* Latin *Turn; (as for Inſtance,* Œcolampadius, Crinitus, Melancthon, Pontanus, Theocrenius, Pelargus, *&c.*) he *turn'd it into* Deſiderius, (Didier) *which in* Latin, *and into* Eraſmus, *which in* Greek *has the ſame Force and Signification. He was Choriſter of the Cathedral Church of* Utretcht, *till he was Nine Years old; after which he was ſent to* Deventer, *to be inſtructed by the famous* Alexander Hegius, *a* Weſtphalian, *an intimate Friend to the Learned* Rodolphus Agricola, *then newly returned out of* Italy, *and who from him had learn'd the* Greek *Tongue, which* Rodolphus *firſt brought from the other ſide of the Mountains into* Germany. *Un-*

der

der ſo able a Maſter he prov'd an extraordinary * *Proficient*; *and 'tis remarkable, that he had ſo prodigious a Memory, that he was able to ſay all* Terence *and* Horace *by Heart. All this while he was under the watchful Eye of his Mother, who died of the Plague then raging at* Deventer, *he being then about thirteen Years old; which cruel Contagion daily encreaſing, and having ſwept away the Family where he boarded, he was obliged to return home. His Father* Gerard *was ſo concerned at her Death, that he grew melancholly upon it, and died ſoon after; neither of his Parents being much above Forty when they deceaſed.* Eraſmus *had three Guardians aſſign'd him, the chief of whom was* Peter Winkel, *School-maſter of* Goude; *and the Fortune that was left him might have ſupported him handſomely enough, if the Executors had faithfully diſcharged their Truſt. By them he was removed to* Boiſleduc, *though he was at that time fit for the Univerſity, but the Truſtees were utterly averſe to ſend him thither, becauſe they deſign'd him for a Monaſtick Life. Here, as he himſelf owns, he loſt very near three Years, living in a* Franciſcan Convent, *where one* Rombold *taught Humanity; who was exceedingly taken with the pregnant Parts of the Boy, and daily importun'd him to take the Habit upon him, and make one of their Number. The Boy al-*

* There is an ill-grounded Tradition in *Holland*, that *Eraſmus* was a dull Boy, and ſlow to learn; which if it were true, would be no Diſhonour to him, no more than it is to *Thomas Aquinas* or *Suarez*, of whom the ſame thing is reported; but Monſieur *Bayle* has ſhown the Vanity of this Story. *Vie d' Eraſme.*

ledged the Rawneſs of his Age as a ſufficient Excuſe; and upon the ſpreading of the Plague into theſe Parts, after he had ſtruggled a long while with a Quartan Ague, he returned to his Guardians, having by this time arriv'd to an indifferent good Stile, by his daily reading of the beſt Claſſick Authors. The above-mention'd raging Diſtemper had carried off one of his Guardians; and the other two having managed his Fortune with none of the greateſt Care, began to conſider how to fix him in ſome Monaſtery. Eraſmus, *who was not as yet fully recover'd from his Ague, had no great Inclinations for the Cloyſter; not that he had the leaſt Diſreliſh to the Severities of a pious Life, but he could not eaſily reconcile himſelf to the Monaſtick Profeſſion; for which Reaſon he deſired ſome farther time to conſider better of the matter.*

All this while his Guardians employ'd the People about him, to uſe all manner of Arguments to bring him over, who ſometimes threatned him with the fatal Conſequences he muſt expect in caſe of a Denial; and ſometimes alter'd their Language, and endeavoured to effect their Deſigns by Flattery and fair Speeches. In this Interim they found out a Place for him in * Sion, *a College of Canons Regulars, and the principal Houſe belonging to that Chapter, not far from* Delft. *When the Day came in which he was to*

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* *Moreri* in his Dictionary pretends, that he took the Habit of a Canon Regular of St. *Auſtin* in this Monaſtery; but 'tis a Miſtake. *Guy Patin* fell into a contrary Error, when he ſaid that he never was a Monk; for *Eraſmus* owns it not only in his Life, written by himſelf, but likewiſe in a Letter to *Lambert Grunnius*.

give

give his final Answer, the young Man fairly told them, that he neither knew what the World was, nor what a Monastery was, nor yet what himself was; and therefore humbly conceived it to be more adviseable to pass a few Years more at School, till he was better acquainted with himself. When Winkel *his Guardian found him not to be moved from this Resolution, he told him, that he had spent his time to a fine Purpose, in making of Friends, and employing all his Interest to procure this Preferment for an obstinate Boy, that knew not what was convenient for him. But, continues he, since I find you are possess'd with a Spirit of Obstinacy, e'en take what follows for your Pains; I throw up my Guardianship from this Moment, and now you may maintain your self. Young* Erasmus *immediately replied, that he took him at his Word, since he was old enough now to look out for himself. When the other found that Threatning signified nothing, he underhand employed his Brother, who was the other Guardian, to see what he could do by fair means. Thus he was surrounded by them and their Agents on all Hands, his Ague still kept close to him, yet for all this a Monastick Life would not go down with him. At last, by mere Accident, he went to visit a Religious House belonging to the same Order in* Emaus *or* Steyn, *near* Goude, *where it was his Fortune to meet with one* Cornelius, *who had been his Chamber-Fellow at* Deventer. *Since that time he had travell'd into* Italy, *but without making any great Improvements in his Learning; and though he had not then taken the Sacred Habit upon him, yet with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he was perpetually preaching up the mighty Advantages of a*

Re-

Religious Life; such as the Convenience of noble Libraries, the Helps of learned Converſation, the retiring from the Noiſe and Folly of the World, and the like. At the ſame time others were employed to talk the ſame Language to him; beſides his old Perſecutor the Ague continued to torment him; and thus at laſt he was induced to pitch upon this Convent. Upon his Admiſſion they fed him with great Promiſes to engage him to take the Holy Cloth: But though he found every thing almoſt fell vaſtly ſhort of his Expectation here, yet partly his Neceſſities join'd with his Modeſty, and partly the Uſage he was threaten'd with, in Caſe he abandon'd their Order, obliged him after his Year of Probation was expir'd, to profeſs himſelf a Member of their Fraternity. Not long after this he had the Honour to be known to Henry à Bergis, *Biſhop of* Cambray, *who having ſome hopes of obtaining a Cardinal's Hat, (in which Deſign he had certainly ſucceeded, had not his Money, the never-failing Recommender to the ſacred Purple, been deficient) wanted one that was a Maſter of the* Latin *Tongue, to ſollicit this Affair for him. For this Reaſon he was taken into the Biſhop's Family, where he wore the Habit of his Order; but finding his Patron, who was diſappointed of the Promotion he expected at* Rome, *fickle and wavering in his Affection, he prevailed with him to ſend him to* Paris, *to proſecute his Studies in that famous Univerſity, with the Promiſe of an annual Allowance; which however was never paid him, after the Mode of great Perſons, who think their Quality excuſes them from being Vaſſals to their Word. He was admitted into* Montague College, *where by ill Diet and a damp Chamber he con-*

contracted an Indiſpoſition, which obliged him to return to the Biſhop, by whom he was very courteouſly and honourably entertain'd. He no ſooner found himſelf re-eſtabliſhed in his Health, but he made a Journey into Holland, *intending to ſettle there; but he was perſuaded, at the Inſtance of his Friends, to go a ſecond time to* Paris; *where having no Patron to ſupport him, he rather made a ſhift to live, (if I may uſe his own Expreſſion) than could be ſaid to ſtudy. After this he viſited* England, *in Company with a young Gentleman, a Pupil of his; but who, to uſe his own Expreſſion, was rather his Friend than his Patron. Here he was received with univerſal Reſpect; and as it appears by ſeveral of his Letters, he honoured it next to the Place of his* [a] *Nativity. In one of them addreſſed to* [b] Andrelinus, *he invites him to come into* England, *if it were only upon the Score of the charming Beauties, with which that Iſland abounded. He pleaſantly deſcribes to him the innocent Freedom and Complaiſance of the* Engliſh *Ladies:* When you come into a Gentleman's Houſe, *ſays he,* you are allow'd the Favour to ſalute them, and you do the ſame when you take your Leave. *Upon this Subject he talks very feelingly, but without making any unjuſt Reflections upon the Vertue of our Women, as ſeveral Foreigners, and particulary the* French *Writers, have impudently done. It appears, that Learning flouriſh'd exceedingly in* England *when* Eraſmus *was here* [c]: Apud Anglos triumphant bonæ

[a] Epiſt. 19. l. 2.
[b] Epiſt. 10. l. 5.
[c] Epiſt. 10. l. 16.

literæ,

literæ, recta ſtudia. *Nay, he does not doubt in* [d] *another Letter, to put it in the ſame Scale with* Italy *it ſelf*; [e] *and particularly commends the* Engliſh *Nobility for their great Application to all uſeful Learning, and entertaining themſelves at their Tables with Learned Diſcourſes; whereas nothing but Ribaldry and Profaneneſs made up the Table-talk of the Church-men. He tells us himſelf in his own Life, that he wone the Affections of all* * *good Men in our Iſland, during his Reſidence here; and particularly for an Act of Generoſity, which cannot be enough commended. As he was going for* France, *it was his ill fortune at* Dover *to be ſtript of all he had about him; however he was ſo far from revenging this Injury, by reflecting upon our Nation, which that haughty Cenſurer* Julius Scaliger *afterwards did, upon no Provocation, in a moſt brutal manner; that he immediately publiſhed a Book in Praiſe of the King and Nation. However, not meeting the Preferment which he expected, he made a Voyage to* Italy, *which Country at that time could boaſt of a Set of Learned Men, and a Vein of Learning little inferior to that of the* Auguſtan *Age. He took his Doctor of Divinity's Degree in the Univerſity of* Turin, *tarried above a Year in* Bologna, *and afterwards went to* Venice, *where he publiſhed his Book of* Adagies *in the famous* Aldus's *Printing-houſe. From thence he removed to* Padua, *and laſt of all came to* Rome, *where his great Merits had*

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[d] Epiſt. 12. l. 16.

[e] Epiſt. 26. l. 6.

* He was particularly acquainted with Sir *Tho. More*, Colet Dean of *Pauls*, *Grocinus*, *Linacer*, *Latimer*, &c. and paſs'd ſome Years in *Cambridge*.

made

made his Preſence expected long before his Arrival. He ſoon gain'd the Eſteem and Friendſhip of all the conſiderable Perſons of that City, either for their Quality or their Learning, and could not have failed of making his Fortune there, if his Friends in England, *upon the coming of* Henry *the* VIIIth *to the Crown, had not by their great Promiſes prevail'd with him to leave* Italy *for* England. *Here he intended to have ſettled for the Remainder of his Life, had theſe Gentlemen been as good as their Words to him; but whether* Eraſmus *was wanting to make his Court aright to* Wolſey, *who carried all before him; or whether that Cardinal looked with a jealous Eye upon him, becauſe* Warham *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *between whom and* Wolſey *there was perpetual Claſhing, had taken him into his Favour, as appeared by his beſtowing the Living of* Aldington *in* Kent *upon him; 'tis certain, that upon this Diſappointment he went to* Flanders; *where by the Intereſt of the Chancellor* Sylvagius, *he was made Counſellor to* Charles *of* Auſtria, *who was afterwards ſo well known in the World by the Name of* Charles the Fifth, *Emperor of* Germany. *He reſided ſeveral Years at* Baſil, *chiefly for the Sake of* Frobenius, *a Learned and Eminent Printer, to whoſe Son he dedicated his Book of* Colloquies, *and publiſhed ſeveral Books there: But ſo ſoon as the* Reformation *had aboliſhed the* Maſs *in that City, he left it, and retired to* Friburg, *a Town of* Alſace, *where he lived ſeven Years in great Eſteem and Reputation, not only with all Perſons of any Note in the Univerſity, but with the chief Magiſtrates of the Place, and all the Citizens in general. He was at laſt obliged to leave*

this

this City upon the Account of his Health, and returned to Basil. *His Distemper was the Gout, which after a tedious Persecution left him; but he was soon seiz'd by a new Enemy, the* Dysentery, *under which having laboured very near a whole Month, he* * *died on the* 22^d *of* July, 1536. *about Midnight, in the House of* Jerome Frobenius, *Son to* John *the famous Printer abovementioned, having by his Will appointed* Amberbachius, *an eminent* Civilian, Nicolaus Episcopus, *and his Landlord* Frobenius, *his Executors, and order'd what he left behind him to be laid out, in relieving of the Aged and Impotent, in giving Portions to poor young Maidens, in maintaining of hopeful Students at the University, and the like charitable Uses. He was honourably interred, and the City of* Basil *still pays him that Respect which is due to the Memory of so Excellent a Person; for not only one of the Colleges there goes by his Name, but they shew all Strangers the House where he died, with as much Veneration, as the People of* Rotterdam *do the House where he was born.*

Having thus briefly run over the most material Passages of his Life, I come now to consider him in his Character and Writings. He was the most facetious Man of his Age, and the most judicious Critick; which are two Talents that as seldom meet together in the same Person, as Pedantry and good Manners. He carried on a Reformation

* The Author of *Les delices d' Hollande*, speaking of *Rotterdam*, says, that *Erasmus y nasquit l' an* 1467. *& mourut à Fribourg en Alsace*; which latter is false; for 'tis certain he died in *Basil*.

in

in Learning, at the ſame time as he advanced that of Religion, and promoted a Purity and Simplicity of Stile as well as of Worſhip. This drew upon him the Hatred of the Eccleſiaſticks, who were no leſs bigotted to their Barbariſms in Language and Philoſophy, than they were to their unjuſt Innovations in the Church. They murder'd him over and over in their dull Treatiſes, libell'd him in their wretched Sermons; and what was the laſt and higheſt Effort of their Malice, practis'd a piece of Mezentius's *Cruelty upon him, and join'd ſome of their own dead execrable Stuff to his Compoſitions: Of which barbarous Uſage he himſelf complains in an Epiſtle addreſs'd to the Divines of* Lovain. *He expoſed with great Freedom the Vices and Corruptions of his own Church; yet for all that could never be induced to leave the Communion in which he was bred; which may be imputed to his great Candor and Moderation, or elſe to the ill Management and furious Proceedings of the firſt Reformers in* Germany, *which cannot be defended. Thus, by the common Fate of all Peace-makers, while he honeſtly and charitably intended to do all good Offices to both Parties, he was moſt undeſervedly worried and perſecuted by both. Perhaps no Man has obliged the Publick with a greater Number of uſeful Volumes than our Author; not like his Country-men, the modern* Dutch *Writers, who viſit* Frankfort *Fair once a Year, with two or three ſtupid Mum-begotten Diſſertations, that die of themſelves, before they can be ſaid to have ever lived. Every thing that comes from him inſtructs and pleaſes, and may as eaſily be known by the maſterly Strokes, as his Friend* Hans Holben's *Pieces by the Boldneſs of the Paint, and the Freſh-*

neſs of the Colours. However, he was ſuppoſed to be the Author of ſeveral Books he never writ, which has been the Caſe of a hundred Writers, both before and after him; as the Captivitas Babylonica, Eubulus, Lamentationes Petri, *a Satyr of* Huttenus *call'd* Nemo, Febris, *Sir* T. More's Utopia, *and ſeveral others. It has been crmmonly believed in* England, *that the* Epiſtolæ obſcurorum Virorum *were of his writing; but the learned Monſieur* Bayle *aſſures us of the contrary, who ſays, that the Reading of it put him into ſuch a Fit of Laughter, that it broke an Impoſtume which was ready to be cut. I will not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all his genuine Pieces, which they ſhew at* Baſil, *but ſhall confine my ſelf to his Book of* Colloquies; *which together with his* Moriæ Encomium, *has ſeen more Editions than any other of his Works.* Moreri *tells us, that a Book-ſeller of* Paris, *who it ſeems throughly underſtood the Myſtery of his Trade, ſold Twenty Four Thouſand of them at one Impreſſion, by a Trick which has ſince been frequently practis'd by thoſe of his Profeſſion; for he got it whiſper'd to his Cuſtomers, that the Book was prohibited, and would ſuddenly be call'd in, and this helpt to give it ſo prodigious a Run.*

2. *The Dialogue way of Writing, in which* Eraſmus *has ſucceeded ſo happily, owes its Birth to the* Drama. Plato *took it from the Theatre; and, if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, conſecrated it to the Service of Philoſophy: But with all due Reſpect to* Plato's *Memory be it ſaid, though his Management is extremely fine and artificial, yet his Diction is too poetical, and*

his

his Metaphors are too bold and rampant. The Language of Dialogue ought to ſit looſe and free, the Tranſlations ought to be eaſy and natural; whereas Plato's *Expreſſion comes nearer to that of Poetry, than Comedy it ſelf.* Tully, *who has treated ſeveral Subjects in this way, cannot indeed be charg'd with any ſuch Tumour of Stile, yet he wants that which is the Life and Spirit of Dialogue, I mean a beautiful Turn, and Quickneſs of Converſation. But the greateſt Genius of all Antiquity, as to this manner of Writing, is* Lucian, *whoſe Language is eaſy and negligent, but pure; his Repartees are lively and agreeable; and to ſay the Truth, every one that hopes to manage this Province well, ought to propoſe to himſelf* Lucian *for a Copy to write after. If what ſome* Eccleſiaſtical *Writers have reported of him be true, that he apoſtatiz'd from the* Chriſtian *Religion, he made it ſome amends however by his admirable Dialogues; for 'tis a plain Caſe that the Primitive Fathers batter'd the* Pagan Theology *with Artillery drawn out of his Magazines, and enter'd the Garriſon through the Breaches which he had made to their Hands. He rallies with the Air and Gaiety of a Gentleman, and at the ſame time writes with all the Juſtice of a Philoſopher, whenever his Argument requires it; and this happy Mixture of Serious and Ridicule makes him ſo eternally entertaining, that the Reader ſtill riſes from him with a Guſt. Far be it from me to defend him in every Particular; but this Teſtimony is due to him even from an Enemy; and if I have dwelt ſo long upon him, 'tis to be conſider'd that* Eraſmus, *who tranſlated part of him into* Latin, *made him his Pat-*

tern; and indeed has copy'd his Graces with ſuch Succeſs. that 'tis difficult to ſay which of the two is the Original.

3. *Both of them had an equal Averſion to ſullen, auſtere, deſigning Knaves, of what Complexion, Magnitude, or Party ſoever. Both of them were Men of Wit and Satyr, and employ'd it as righteouſly as the old Heroes did their Arms, in beating down the crying Grievances of their Times, in depoſing Superſtition, the worſt of Tyrants, and diſarming Hypocriſy, the baſeſt of Vices. But the* Hollander, *according to the Genius of his Country, had more of the Humouriſt in him than the* Syrian; *and in all Parts of Learning was infinitely his Superiour. It was* Lucian's *Fate to live in an Age, when Fiction and Fable had uſurp'd the Name of Religion, and Morality was debauch'd by a Set of ſour Scoundrils, Men of Beard and Grimace, but ſcandalouſly lewd and ignorant; who yet had the Impudence to preach up Virtue, and ſtile themſelves* Philoſophers, *perpetually claſhing with one another about the Precedence of their ſeveral Founders, the Merits of their different Sects, and if 'tis poſſible about Trifles of leſs Importance; yet all agreeing in a different way to dupe and amuſe the poor People, by the* Fantaſtick *Singularity of their Habits, the unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretenſions to a ſevere and mortified Life. This motly Herd of Juglers,* Lucian *in a great meaſure helpt to chaſe out of the World, by expoſing them in their proper Colours; but in a few Ages after him, a new Generation ſprung up in the World, well known by the Name of* Monks *and* Friers, *dif-*

differing from the former in Religion, Garb, and a few other Circumſtances, but in the main the ſame individual Impoſtors, the ſame everlaſting Cobweb-ſpinners, as to their nonſenſical Controverſies; the ſame abandon'd Rakehells, as to their Morals; but as for the myſterious Arts of heaping up Wealth, and picking the Peoples Pockets, as much ſuperior to their Predeceſſors, the Pagan Philoſophers, *as an overgrown Favourite that cheats a whole Kingdom is to a common Malefactor. Theſe were the ſanctify'd Cheats, whoſe Follies and Vices* Eraſmus *has ſo effectually laſh'd, that ſome Countries have entirely turn'd theſe Drones out of their Cells; and in other Places, where they are ſtill kept up, they are contemptible to the higheſt Degree, and oblig'd to be always upon their Guard.*

4. *Before I diſmiſs this Parallel, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that* Eraſmus *has ſo religiouſly imitated* Lucian, *that perhaps he has carry'd it to Exceſs, and copy'd his Maſter even to a Fault, I mean in the frequent uſe of old Adagies; moſt of which, though poinant enough in* Lucian's *Time, have loſt all manner of Reliſh with us; and therefore I have wholly omitted them in my Tranſlation, or ſubſtituted others that are better underſtood in their Room. This I know will be call'd falſe Doctrine by a modern* * Grammarian, *who pretends that a Man may cite them in his Works, without being guilty of the Sin of Pedantry, and juſtifies his Aſſertion by the Examples of* Cato, Tully, Plutarch, *and* Lucian. *Tis true indeed, thoſe wor-*

* See Dr. *Bentley*'s Preface to his *Anſwer to Mr.* Boyle, *p.* 87.

thy Gentlemen frequently uſe them, and were no Pedants for doing ſo; but with the Doctor's Leave I will make bold to affirm, that what they might commendably uſe, who lived upon the ſpot where theſe proverbial Expreſſions grew, and cou'd tell the Hiſtory of them without the help of a German *Commentator, would be rank lowſy Pedantry for us to follow them in, who either know nothing of the true Occaſion, or if we do, live at too great a Diſtance of Time to be much affected with the Wit of them. The Ruff and Farthingale of venerable Memory were no doubt on't a very laudable Dreſs, when they were the common Faſhion of the Town; but ſhould any Lady at this time of Day, out of her ſingular Reſpect to Queen* Elizabeth, *wear them in the Mall, or the Side-Box, I am afraid ſhe would be ſoon laught out of this ridiculous Affectation of Antiquity. I own that true Wit will be eternally ſo to the end of the World; but the garniture and trimming of it, under which Claſs we may reckon Proverbial Alluſions, and the Similies in our Comedies, depend much on the Humour of the Times, and the Genius of the Country, and ſtill vary with the Age; ſo that what paſſes for a Jeſt in* France *or* Holland, *we ſee is received but indifferently with us in* England, *who don't underſtand the true Riſe of it; nay what pleaſes us now, I dare engage will not find that welcome twenty Years hence. But it has been the conſtant Fault of the Grammarians in all Countries of the World, that in order to force a Trade, they muſt affect to write ſo learnedly, that is ſo obſcurely, that they want another Grammarian to explain them to the generality of their Readers; and the Reaſon of it is plain, becauſe they write not to*

in-

inſtruct, but to make a pompous, tho' impertinent ſhew of their own Learning.

I have already obſerved that Eraſmus *drew abundance of Enemies upon himſelf by his Writings, ſome of whom attacked him, becauſe he touched them in their moſt ſenſible part, their Intereſt; Others out of Vanity, that it might be ſaid they had enter'd the Liſts with a Perſon of his Reputation. And laſtly, ſome out of down-right Malice and Envy. The* Monks, *who had Bellies one wou'd have thought large enough to have ſome Bowels in them, cou'd never forgive him for expoſing their Luxury and Avarice, their pretended Viſions and Revelations, with the reſt of their pious Artifices. The* Lutherans *had a Quarrel to him, becauſe he was not one of their Party; and perhaps* Eraſmus, *who ſpared the Follies of neither ſide, might diſguſt them, by making bold now and then with their great Patriarch of* Wittemburg. *I remember I have ſome where read, that when* Eraſmus *was told that* Luther, *out of his great deſire for an Armful of conſecrated Fleſh, had married, and got the famous* Catharine Boar *with Child; he ſhou'd in a jeſting manner ſay, that if according to the popular Tradition,* Antichriſt *was to be begotten between a Monk and a Nun, the World was in a fair way now to have a Litter of* Antichriſts. *Such innocent Freedoms as theſe, which might fall from a Man of Wit without any Malice, I doubt not but incenſed thoſe of the Reformation, who like the reſt of the World were apt to put the worſt Conſtruction upon every thing that ſeem'd to reflect upon them: But none of*

his Enemies fell upon him with that unpreſidented Rancour and Spleen, as the Prince of Pedants Scaliger *the Father. I know I ſhall incur the Diſpleaſure of the above-mentioned* * *Grammarian, for giving this Character to a Man, of whom he has ſaid ſo many magnificent things; but before I have concluded this Paragraph, I hope to convince him that his Hero deſerves it. The occaſion of the Quarrel, in ſhort, was as follows.* Eraſmus *had been ſo ill-adviſed, as to expoſe the Superſtition of the* Ciceronians, *a ſet of Rhetorical Sir* Formal Trifles, *who, (as Monſieur* Bayle *pleaſantly expreſſes himſelf) thought there was no Salvation for poor* Latin *out of the Pale of* Cicero's *Works. Upon this* Scaliger *declared War againſt* Eraſmus, *rails at him in an Oration compoſed for that purpoſe, with the ſame Vehemence and Fierceneſs, as if he had deſign'd nothing leſs than the Extirpation of all good Learning, and was actually marching at the Head of a Hundred thouſand* Goths, *to deſtroy all the Libraries in* Chriſtendom. *He calls him Sot and Drunkard, and ſays, that when he was Corrector to* Aldus's *Preſs, a thouſand Faults eſcaped him, merely upon the account of his Drunkenneſs. In a Letter not publiſhed, but for the Scurrility of it ſuppreſſed by his Son* Joſeph, *he calls him Son of a Whore. I appeal now to the Reader, whether any thing can excuſe ſuch inſufferable Brutality, and ill-manners; or whether if this be the effect of Learning, a Man has not good Reaſon to ſay with* Nero, Quam vellem me neſcire literas.

* See Dr. *Bently's* Preface, *p.* 101.

If

If the Scaligeriana *are the genuine Sayings of the Perſon, whoſe Name they bear, this Quarrel is accounted for otherwiſe; for* Scaliger *there tells us that his Father had written an Oration againſt* Eraſmus, *which the latter cou'd not believe was of his Father's Writing,* quià miles erat, *becauſe he was of the Military Profeſſion; that his Father reſented this ſo heinouſly, that it drew a ſecond Oration from him, which* Eraſmus *got his Friends to buy up, and burnt them all; ſo that now 'tis no where to be had. And indeed if* Eraſmus *had any* Foible, *he ſhew'd it perhaps in his being too ſenſibly touched at the Libels that were written againſt him, as it appears by the* * *Complaints he makes of the Printers of them. However it be, 'tis our Comfort that* Eraſmus *is not the only Perſon, whoſe Fortune it was to fall under* Scaliger's *Diſpleaſure. The ſame Man has call'd* Horace's *Latin in queſtion, condemn'd his Art of Poetry, and cenſured* Ariſtotle's *Rules. The ſame Man, (for with him like* Zimri *in* Abſolon, *every one is either a God or a Devil, but generally ſpeaking they are Devils) has ſaid that all* Ovid's *ſlippery Stuff* † *is not to be compared with that ſingle* Epithalamium *of* Catullus *upon* Thetis's *Marriage, and that all* Heſiod's *Works ought not to be put in the ſame Scale with one line in the* Georgicks. *The ſame Man has arrogantly damn'd* Lucan *and* Silius *in a Breath, who was himſelf one of the moſt aukward unnatural Verſifiers of his Age, and pretended to mend*

* Epiſt. 3. l. 21.
* Lubricitas.

Ovid's

Ovid's *Poetry, which he has done to as much purpoſe as Parſon* Milburn *has mended Mr.* Dryden's *Tranſlation of* Virgil. *The ſame Man has uſed* Cardan *worſe than the moſt contemptible Inſect in Nature, without any Provocation, in the very ſame Book, which he dedicated to him, tho' the Lord knows there was no ſuch mighty difference between them, as to their Philoſophy; and has found Errors in* Cicero's *and* Gellius's *Criticks, who to ſhew the goodneſs of his own, preferred the preſent* Muſæus *to* Homer. *Laſtly, the ſame Man, (to give an Inſtance of his great Sincerity, as we have given ſeveral of his* ſingular Humanity,) *pretends that he writ his* Galliambick Hymn *upon* Bacchus, *in leſs than two hours, amidſt a thouſand other Occupations that diſtracted him, which is as notorious a Truth, as any in Dr.* Bently's *Preface. Yet this is the mighty Man, whom in Conjunction with* Salmaſius, *the aforeſaid Doctor, wou'd palm upon us for the greateſt Men of their Age, and what is very ſurprizing, for the* Ornaments *of the Reformation,* * who by their Influence and Example gave ſuch a Spirit of Learning to it, as made it triumph over its Enemies; *with a great deal of Rhetorical Fuſtian to the ſame purpoſe. What great Services* Scaliger *did to the Reform'd Religion, I wou'd deſire to be informed; and as for the other mercenary Wretch, 'tis true he play'd his ſmall Shot at the Pope's Primacy; but at the ſame time, as far as in him lay, ſtruck at the whole Epiſcopal Order, for which I hope Dr.* Bently *will not thank him, and af-*

* Ibid. *p.* 162.

terwards

terwards was ſhamefully bribed to lick up his own Spittle. But Providence that delights to humble the Proud, raiſed up two Men afterwards to chaſtiſe this wonderful pair of Aſſumers: For Milton, *tho' inferiour to* Salmaſius *in the Righteouſneſs of his Cauſe, yet with all theſe Diſadvantages ſo effectually foiled him that he broke his Heart; and* Schioppius, *who was as errant a Grammarian as any of the Tribe, fell foul upon both the* Scaligers, *and viſited the Iniquities of the Father upon the Son, who in truth did not deſerve it. This is all I have at preſent to ſay of* Eraſmus, *being obliged to reſerve what I have farther to offer upon this Subject, for the Diſſertation I intend to prefix to the new Tranſlation of* Lucian's *Works, done by ſeveral Gentlemen, which will be handed to the Preſs with all convenient ſpeed.*

The

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

The Shipwreck.

COL. I.

The Deſcription of a Tempeſt. The Religious Humour of People in Diſtreſs. The Superſtitious Practice of Worſhipping Saints, *Cenſur'd and Condemn'd.* Adoration *belongs to* God Alone.

ANTONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

An. Moſt dreadful Story! Well! If this be Sailing, I ſhall have the Grace, I hope, to keep my ſelf upon dry Ground. *Ad,* Why all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. *An.* And yet I have e'en a Belly full on't already. It gives me ſuch a Trembling, that methinks I'm in the Storm my ſelf upon the very Hearing of it. *Ad.* But yet when the Danger's over, a Man's well enough content to think on't. There was one Paſſage, I remember, that put the Pilot almoſt to his Wit's end. *An.* What was that I pray? *Ad.* The

The Night was not very Dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle (I think that's the Name on't) at the Main-Maſt-Top, to ſee if he could Make any Land: there drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worſt Sign in the World at Sea, if it be *Single*; but if *Double*, 'tis the contrary. Theſe two Fires were call'd by the Ancients, *Caſtor* and *Pollux*. *An.* What had they to do a Ship-board, I wonder, when the one was a *Horſeman*, and the other a *Wreſtler*? *Ad.* That's as it pleas'd the Poets. But the Steerſman calls out to him; *Mate*, ſays he, (the Sea-term) *don't you ſee what a Companion you have gotten beſide you there? I do*, ſays he, *God ſend us good luck after't.* By and by, the Ball glides down the Ropes, and rouls over and over, cloſe to the Pilot. *An.* And was he not frighten'd out of his Wits almoſt? *Ad.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It ſtopt a little there, and then paſs'd on by the ſide of the Veſſel, till at laſt it ſlipt through the Hatches, and ſo vaniſh'd. Toward Noon, the Tempeſt encreas'd. Did you ever ſee the *Alps*? *An.* Yes, I have. *Ad.* Theſe Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a Raging Sea. One while we were toſt up, that a Man might have toucht the Moon with his Finger; and then down again, that it lookt as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. *An.* What a Madneſs is it for a Man to expoſe himſelf to theſe hazards? *Ad.* When they ſaw that there was no contending with the Storm, In comes the Pilot, as Pale as Death. *An.* There was no Good towards then, I fear. *Ad.* Gentlemen, ſays he, I am no longer Maſter of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and

all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our ſelves for Death. *An.* Marry, a cold Comfort! *Ad.* But firſt, ſays he, we muſt lighten the Ship, for there's no ſtrugling with Neceſſity; we had better try if we can ſave our ſelves with the loſs of our Goods, than loſe both together. The Propoſition was found Reaſonable, and a great deal of Rich Merchandize was caſt over-board. *An.* This was *caſting away* according to the Letter. *Ad.* There was in the Company a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embaſſy to the King of *Gotland*, and had abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Cloaths aboard. *An.* And he, I warrant you, was loath to come to a Compoſition with the Sea. *Ad.* No, not altogether ſo neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved Goods, and that they would either Sink or Swim together. *An.* And what ſaid the Pilot to this? *Ad.* If you and your Trinkets were to Drown by your ſelves, ſays he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our Lives for your Boxes: If you are reſolv'd not to part, ye ſhall e'en go ober-board together. *An.* Spoken like a true *Tarpawlin*. *Ad.* So the *Italian* ſubmitted at length, but with many a bitter Curſe, upward and downward, for committing his Life to ſo boyſterous an Element. *An.* I am no Stranger to the *Italian* humour. *Ad.* The Winds were not one jot the better for the Preſents we had made them, but ſoon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. *An.* Oh Lamentable! *Ad.* And then the Man comes up to us again. *An.* With another Preachment, I hope. *Ad.* He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our Prayers,

Prayers, and Prepare our ſelves for another World, for our time, ſays he, is at hand. One of the Paſſengers aſkt him how many hours he thought the Veſſel might be kept above Water? His Anſwer was, that he could promiſe nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmoſt. *An.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. *Ad.* Upon theſe words he Bauls out immediately, *Cut the Shrowds; down with the Maſt by the board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea.* *An.* But why ſo? *Ad.* Becauſe now they were only a Cumber to the Ship, and of no uſe at all; for we had nothing to truſt to but the Helm. *An.* What became of the Paſſengers in the mean time? *Ad.* Never ſo wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their *Salve Regina*; imploring the *Virgin-Mother*; calling her *the Star of the Sea*; *the Lady of the World*; *the Haven of Health*, with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no News of in the Scripture. *An.* What has ſhe to do with the Sea, that never was upon it? *Ad.* In time paſt, the *Pagans* gave *Venus*, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men: and ſince ſhe look'd no better after them, the *Chriſtians* will have a *Virgin-Preſident*, to ſucceed her that was None. *An.* You're Merry. *Ad.* Some were lying at their length upon the Boards, Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been ſome Incenſed Prince. *An.* Why what did they ſay? *Ad. O moſt Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and moſt Beautiful Sea; Save us, be Gracious to us*; and a deal of ſuch ſtuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. *An.* Moſt ridiculous Superſtition! But what did the reſt?

Ad.

Ad. Some were Spewing, Some were Praying; I remember there was an *Engliſhman* there, What Golden Mountains did he promiſe to our Lady of *Walſingham*, if ever he got ſafe aſhore again! One made a Vow to a Relick of the *Croſs* in one place; a ſecond, to a Relick of it in another; and ſo they did to all the *Virgin Maries* up and down; and they think it goes for nothing, if they do not name the *Place* too. *An.* Childiſh! as if the Saints did not at all dwell in Heaven. *Ad.* And ſome promiſe to turn *Carthuſians*. There was one among the reſt that Vow'd a *Pilgrimage*, *bare-foot* and *bare-head* to *St. James* of *Compoſtella* in a *Coat of Male*, and *begging his Bread all the way*. *An.* Did no body think of *St. Chriſtopher*? *Ad.* I could not but laugh at one Fellow there, that Vow'd to *St. Chriſtopher* in the great Church at *Paris*, as loud as ever he could bellow, (that he might be ſure to be heard) a *Wax-Candle* as big as himſelf. (Now you muſt know that the *Paris St. Chriſtopher* is rather a Mountain than a *Statue.*) He was ſo loud, and went over and over with it ſo often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the Elbow, *Have a care what you Promiſe*, ſays he, *for if you ſhould ſell your ſelf to your Shirt, you are not able to purchaſe ſuch a Candle. Hold your tongue, you fool*, (ſays t'other, ſoftly, for fear *St. Chriſtopher* ſhould hear him;) *Theſe are but words of courſe*; *let me ſet foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get ſo much as a* Tallow-Candle *of me*. *An.* I fancy this Blockhead was a *Hollander*. *Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zealander*. *An.* I wonder no body thought of St. *Paul*; for he has been at Sea you know, and ſuffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt aſhore; and

he underſtood better than other People what it was to be in that Condition. *Ad.* He was not ſo much as nam'd. *An.* But did they Pray all this while? *Ad.* As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *I believe in God*; and ſome had their particular Prayers againſt Dangers, like Charms for Agues. *An.* How Religious does Affliction make a Man! In Proſperity we think of neither God, nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to your ſelf? *Ad.* None of 'em all, I aſſure you. *An.* Why ſo, I beſeech ye? *Ad.* I don't like your way of Conditioning, and Contracting with the Saints. *Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; Save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go a Pilgrimage.* *An.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help? *Ad.* No, not ſo much as that neither. *An.* And why did you not? *Ad.* Becauſe Heaven is large ye know: As put the Caſe, I ſhould recommend my ſelf to St. *Peter*; as he is likelieſt to hear, becauſe he ſtands at the Door. Before he can come to God Almighty, and tell him my Condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. *An.* What did you do then? *Ad.* I e'en went the next way to God himſelf, and ſaid my *Pater Noſter*; the Saints neither Hear ſo readily, nor Give ſo willingly. *An.* But did not your Conſcience check you? Were you not afraid to call him *Father*, whom you had ſo often offended? *Ad.* To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at firſt; but upon récollection, I thought thus with my ſelf: Let a *Father* be never ſo angry with a *Son*, yet if he ſees him falling into a River, he will take him up, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon a Bank.

The

The quieteſt Creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breaſt. *An.* Why, what of her? *Ad.* She neither Clamour'd nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor Infant, prayed ſoftly to her ſelf. By this time the Ship ſtruck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cables, for fear ſhe ſhould fall to pieces. *An.* That was e'en a ſad ſhift. *Ad.* Upon this, up ſtarts an old Prieſt, of about *Threeſcore*, (his Name was *Adam)* ſtrips himſelf to his Shirt, throws away his Boots and Shoes, and bids us provide to Swim; and ſo ſtanding in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of *Gerſon* upon the Five Truths, of the Benefits of *Confeſſion*, and ſo exhorts every Man to prepare himſelf, either for Life or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too; and they confeſt, that had a mind to't. *An.* And what did you? *Ad.* I ſaw every thing was in a hurry, and ſo I confeſt my ſelf privately to God, Condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploring his Mercy. *An.* And whither had you gone, do you think, if you had miſcarry'd? *Ad.* I e'en left that to God; for he is to judge me, and not I my ſelf: and yet I was not without comfortable hopes neither. Whilſt this paſt, the *Steerſman* comes up to us again, all in Tears; prepare your ſelves, good People, ſays he, for we have not one quarter of an hour to live; the Ship leaks from one end to t'other. Preſently after this, he tells us he had made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint ſoever it was, that had the Protection of that Temple, and ſo they all fell down and worſhipped that unknown Power. *An.* If you had known the Saint's name, 'tis

forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. *Ad.* But that we did not know. The Pilot however ſteers his torn and leaky Veſſel toward that Place as well as he could, and if the Ship had not been well Girt, ſhe had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. *An.* A miſerable Caſe! *Ad.* We were now come ſo near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our diſtreſs, and came down in throngs to the Sea-ſide, making Signs, by ſpreading their Cloaks, and holding up their Hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there; giving us likewiſe to underſtand, by caſting their Arms into the Air, how much they pitied our Misfortune. *An.* I would fain know what follow'd. *Ad.* The Veſſel was now come to that paſs, that we had almoſt as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. *An.* You were hard put to't, I perceive. *Ad.* Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: every body preſſes to get in, and the Mariners cry out, they'll ſink the Veſſel, and that they had better every one ſhift for himſelf, and ſwim for't. There was no time now for Conſultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pole, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and ſo they committed themſelves to the Billows. *An.* But what became now of the patient Woman? *Ad.* She was the firſt that got aſhore. *An.* How could that be? *Ad.* We ſet her upon a Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, ſo that ſhe could hardly be waſh'd off, with a Board in her hand that ſerved her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Veſſel, which was the greateſt danger, and ſo ſetting her aflote, we gave her our Bleſſing. She had her Child

in

in her Left-hand, and Row'd with her Right. *An.* What a *Virago* was that? *Ad.* When there was nothing elſe left, one of the Company tore away a *Wooden-Image* of the *Mother-Virgin*, (an old Rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to ſwim upon't. *An.* But did the Boat get ſafe to Land? *Ad.* No, that was loſt at firſt with thirty Men in't. *An.* How came that about? *Ad.* The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off. *An.* What pity 'twas; and how then? *Ad* Truly I took ſo much Care for other People, that I was near drowning my ſelf. *An.* How came that? *Ad.* Becauſe I ſtaid till I could find nothing to help my ſelf withal. *An.* A good Proviſion of Cork would have been worth Money then. *Ad.* I had rather have had it, than a better thing. But looking about me, I bethought my ſelf in good time of the Stump of the Maſt: and becauſe I could not get it off alone, I took a Partner to aſſiſt me: we both plac'd our ſelves upon it, and put to Sea, I held the right corner, and my Companion the left. While we lay tumbling and toſſing, the *Sea-Prieſt* I told you of, ſquabs himſelf down directly upon our Shoulders: it was a Fat heavy Fellow, and we both of us cry'd out, What have we here, this third Man will drown us all: but the *Prieſt* on the other ſide, very temperately bad us pluck up our hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough. *An.* How came he to be ſo late? *Ad.* Nay, he was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican*; for they all had a great reſpect for him: but though they had Confeſt themſelves in the Ship, yet leaving out I know not what Circumſtances, they Confeſs over again,

and one lays his hand upon the other: in which *interim*, the Boat is overturn'd: and this I had from *Adam* himſelf. *An.* Pray what became of the *Dominican?* *Ad.* *Adam* told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and ſtript himſelf naked, he leapt into the Water. *An.* What Saints did he call upon? *Ad.* *Dominicus*, *Thomas*, *Vincentius*, and one of the *Peters*, but I know not which: his great Confident was *Catharina Senenſis*. *An.* Did he ſay nothing of *Chriſt?* *Ad.* Not a word, as the *Prieſt* told me. *An.* He might have done better, if he had not thrown off his *Coul*; for when that was gone, how ſhould St. *Catharine* know him? But go forward with your own Story. *Ad.* While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great misfortune the Thigh of my *Left-hand-man* was broken with a Nail, that made him loſe his Hold; the *Prieſt* gave him his *Benediction*, and came into his place, encouraging me to maintain my Poſt reſolutely, and to keep my Legs ſtill going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-water, for *Neptune* had provided us a *Potion*, as well as a *Bath*, though the Prieſt ſhew'd him a Trick for't. *An.* What was that, I prithee? *Ad.* Why he turn'd his head upon every Billow, and ſtopt his Mouth. *An.* It was a brave old Fellow it ſeems. *Ad.* When we had been awhile *adrift*, and made ſome advance, Chear up, ſays the *Prieſt*, (who was a very tall Man) for I feel ground. No, no, ſaid I, we are too far off yet from the Shore, (and I durſt not ſo much as hope for ſuch a Bleſſing) I tell you again, ſays he, my feet are at the Ground, and I would

would needs perſuade him that it was rather ſome part of the Wreck that was driven on by the Current. I tell you once again, ſays he, that I am juſt now ſcratching the bottom with my Toes. When he had floated a little longer, and that he felt ground again, Do you what you pleaſe, ſays he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Maſt, and wade for't; and ſo he took his opportunity, ſtill to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his knees, and ſet himſelf firm againſt it, one while up, and another while down, like a *Didapper*. Finding that this ſucceeded ſo well with him, I follow'd his example. There ſtood upon the Shore ſeveral Men with long Pikes, which were handed from one to another, and kept them firm againſt the force of the Waves; they were ſtrong body'd Men, and us'd to the Sea, and he that was laſt, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it, and ſo they retire, and draw him aſhore: There were ſome preſerv'd this way? *An.* How many? *Ad. Seven*; but *two* of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. *An.* How many were there of them in the Ship? *Ad. Eight and fifty. An.* Methinks the Tithe might have ſerv'd the Sea as well as it does the Prieſt. So few to ſcape out of ſo great a number! *Ad.* The People, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they ſupplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths, Money, with exceeding chearfulneſs. *An.* What are the People? *Ad. Hollanders. An.* Oh they are much more humane and charitable than their Neighbours. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? *Ad.* No more, I do aſſure

you, ſo long as I keep in my right Wits. *An.* And truly I my ſelf had rather *Hear* theſe Stories, than *Feel* them.

The Religious Pilgrimage.

COL. II.

The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. *The* Virgin-Mother's *Epiſtle to* Glaucoplutus, *complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the* Saints. *The Hiſtory of the* Canterbury Monaſteries; *and the ineſtimable Riches of the Church: With a Reproof of the Superſtition, Magnificence, and Exceſſes of the Times. The Temple of* Thomas Becket; *his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles: With a pleaſant Story of a Purchaſe of our* Ladies Milk *at* Conſtantinople; *notably ſetting forth the Practices and Corruptions of that Age.*

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS.

Me. WHat have we here? The Reſurrection of a Body that has been ſix months in the Grave? 'Tis the very Man. Welcome *Ogygius*. *Og.* And well met *Menedemus*. *Me.* From what quarter of the World art thou come? For we have all given thee for dead here,

here, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thanked I have been as well ſince I ſaw thee laſt, as ever I was in my life. *Me.* And may'ſt thou long live to confute ſuch Stories. But what's the meaning of this Dreſs, I prithee? Theſe *Shells*, *Images*, *Straw-works*, *Snakes-Eggs* for Bracelets? *Og.* O! you muſt know that I have been upon a Viſit to St. *James* of *Compoſtella*; and after that, to the famous Lady t'other ſide the Water, in *England*, (which in truth was a Reviſit, for I had ſeen her three years before.) *Me.* For Curioſity, I ſuppoſe. *Og.* Nay upon the very ſcore of Religion. *Me.* You're beholding to the Greeks, I preſume, for that Religion. *Og.* My Wife's Mother, let me tell you, bound her ſelf with a Vow, that if her Daughter ſhould be delivered of a live Male Child, her Son-in-Law ſhould go to St. *James* in Perſon, and thank him for't. *Me.* And did you ſalute the Saint, only in your own, and your Mother-in-Law's Name? *Og.* No, pardon me, in the Name of the whole Family. *Me.* Truly I am perſuaded, that your Family would have done every jot as well if you had ſav'd your Complement. But pray tell me what Anſwer had you? *Og.* Not a ſyllable; but upon the Tendring of my Preſent, he ſeem'd to ſmile, and gave me a gentle Nod; with this ſame Scallop-ſhell. *Me.* But why that Shell rather than any thing elſe? *Og.* Becauſe there's great Plenty of theſe Shells upon that Coaſt. *Me.* A moſt gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery and Hoſpitality! But this is a ſtrange way of Vowing; for one that does nothing *himſelf*, to make a Vow that *another* Man ſhall work. Put the Caſe, that you ſhould tie up your ſelf

by a Vow to your Saint, that if you ſucceeded in ſuch or ſuch an Affair, I ſhould Faſt twice a week for ſo many Months. Would I pinch my Guts, do ye think, to make good your Vow? *Og.* No, I do not believe you would: No, not if you had made the Vow in your own Name; for you would have found ſome Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you muſt conſider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and ſomewhat of Duty in the Caſe; and Women are Paſſionate you know; and I had an Intereſt at ſtake. *Me.* But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now? What Riſque had you run? *Og.* There would have lien no Action of the Caſe; but yet the Saint, I muſt confeſs, might have ſtopt his Ears ſome other time, or brought ſome ſly miſchief into my Family; (as People in power, you know, are revengeful.) *Me.* Prithee tell me, How is the good Man in Health? Honeſt *James*, What does he do? *Og.* Why truly, matters are come to an ill paſs with him, to what they were formerly. *Me.* He's grown old. *Og.* Leave your Fooling: as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be ſo rife now in the World, that he is ſo little Viſited; and thoſe that do come give him only a bare Salute, and little or nothing elſe; they can beſtow their Money to better purpoſe (they ſay) upon thoſe that want it. *Me.* An impious Opinion! *Og.* And this is the reaſon that this great Apoſtle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold and Jewels, is now brought to the very Block he was made of; and hardly ſo much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. *Me.* If this be true, who knows

but

but in time, People may run down the reſt of the Saints too? *Og.* Nay, I can aſſure you, there goes a ſtrange Letter about from the *Virgin Mary* her ſelf, that looks untowardly that way. *Me.* Which *Mary* do you mean? *Og.* She that is called *Maria a Lapide.* *Me.* Up toward *Baſil*, if I be not miſtaken. *Og.* The very ſame. *Me.* A very *Stony Saint.* But to whom did ſhe write it? *Og.* The Letter tells you the Name too. *Me.* By whom was it ſent? *Og.* By an *Angel* undoubtedly; and found in the Pulpit where he Preached to whom it was written. And to put the matter out of all Doubt, I could ſhew you the very Original. *Me.* But how do you know the Hand of the *Angel* that is the *Virgin's Secretary?* *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* But how will you be able to prove it? *Og.* I have compar'd it with *Bede's Epitaph*, that was Engraven by the ſame *Angel*, and I find them to be perfectly one and the ſame Writing: And I have read the *Angel's Diſcharge* to St. *Ægidius* for *Charles the Great*; they agree to a Tittle *. And is not this a ſufficient Proof? *Me.* May a body ſee't a little? *Og.* You may, if you'll damn your ſelf to the Pit of Hell that you'll never ſpeak on't. *Me.* 'Tis as ſafe as if you diſcover'd it to a Stone. *Og.* But there are ſome Stones that a body would not truſt. *Me.* Speak it to a Mute then. *Og.* Upon that Condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your Ears. *Me.* Begin then.

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* *The Story goes, that* Charles the Great, *being in a Fit of Deſperation, St.* Giles *obtained from an Angel a Pardon for him in theſe Words:* Egidii merito Caroli Peccata remitto.

MARY,

MARY, *the Mother of* Jesus, *to* Glaucoplutus, *Greeting. These are to give you to understand, that we take in good part your strenuous Endeavours (as a True Disciple of* Luther) *to Convince the World of the Vanity and Needlesness of* Invocating Saints: *For I was e'en wearied out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions, and Complaints: Every body comes to me; as if my Son were to be always a Child, because he is Painted so; And because they see him at my Breast still, they take for granted, that he dares deny me nothing that I ask him, for fear that, when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the Bubby. Nay, and their Requests are sometimes so extravagant, that I'm asham'd to mention them; and that which a young Fellow (not wholly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin. The* Merchant *when he is to make a long Voyage, desires me to take Care of his* Concubine. *The Professed* Nun, *when she is to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn* Prostitute. *The* Soldier *marches to a* Butchery *and* Slaughter, *with these Words in his Mouth,* Blessed Virgin, put into my hands a Fat Prisoner, or a Rich Plunder. *The* Gamester *prays to me for a good Hand at* Dice, *and promises me a Snip with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he has but an Ill Run, how am I Curs'd, and Rail'd at, because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness? The* Usurer *prays for* Ten in the Hundred; *and I am no longer the Mother of Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly Wicked,*

Wicked, as Fooliſh. The Maids, *they pray for* Rich *and* Handſome Huſbands; *the* Wives *for* Fair Children; *the* Big-belly'd, *for* Eaſie Labour; *the* Old Trot, *for* Good Lungs, *and that I would keep her from* Coughs *and* Catarrahes. *He that is Mop'd and Decrepit, would be* Young *again. The* Philoſopher *prays for the Faculty of ſtarting* Difficulties never to be Reſolv'd: *The* Prieſt *for a* Plump Benefice; *the* Biſhop *for the* Preſervation of his own Dioceſe; *the* Mariner *for a* Proſperous Voyage; *the* Magiſtrate, that I would ſhew him my Son before he dies; *the* Courtier, *that he may make an* Effectual Confeſſion *upon the Point of* Death, *(as the laſt thing that he intends to do;) the* Huſbandman *for* Seaſonable Weather; *and his* Wife *for her* Pigs *and* Poultry *If I deny them any thing, I am preſently hard-hearted. If I ſend 'em to my Son, their Anſwer is,* if you'll but ſay the word, I'm ſure he'll do't. *How is it poſſible now for me, that am a lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gameſters, Princes, Plowmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? And all this is nothing yet, to what I ſuffer. And this trouble is almoſt over too, (make me thankful for't) if the Riddance were not accompany'd with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have loſt by't, is worth a great deal more than the leiſure that I have gotten; for inſtead of the* Queen of the Heavens, *and the* Lady of the World, *not one of a thouſand treats me now ſo much as with a ſingle* Ave Mary. *Oh! the Preſents of Gold, and precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the Rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! where-*

as,

as, I am now fain to content my ſelf with one half of a Veſt, and that mouſe-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep Life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would ſtop here, which they ſay you will not, till you have ſtript the Altars, *as well as the* Saints. *Let me adviſe you, over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, than you are aware of. What will you get by throwing* Peter *out of the* Church, *when he comes to keep you out of Heaven?* Paul *has a* Sword; Bartlemew *has a* Knife; *the* Monk William *has a* Privy Coat *under his Habit, and a* Lance *to boot. What will you do when you come to encounter* George *on Horſe-back in his* Curiaſſe Arms, *with his* Spear *and his* Whinyard? *and* Anthony *himſelf has his* Holy Fire. *Nor is there any one of them all, that one way or other, cannot do miſchief enough if he pleaſes. Nay, weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compaſs your ends upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm reſolv'd you ſhall have both or none. If you'll ſet up a Church without Chriſt, you may. This I give you to underſtand, and you ſhall do well to conſider of an Anſwer, for I have laid the thing to heart.*

From our *Stone-houſe*, the
Kalends of *Auguſt*,
1524.

Me. This is a terrible menacing Letter, and *Glaucoplutus*, I ſuppoſe, will have a care what he does. *Og.* So he will, if he be wiſe. *Me.* I wonder why honeſt *James* wrote nothing to him

him about it. *Og.* 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. *Me.* But what Providence carry'd you again into *England?* *Og.* Why truly I had the Invitation of a fair Wind; and beſide, I was half engaged, within two or three years after my laſt Viſit, to give that beyond Sea-Saint another. *Me.* Well, and what had you to beg of her? *Og.* Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the Encreaſe of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this World, and everlaſting Felicity in the World to come. *Me.* But could not our *Virgin Mother* have done as much for you here? She has a Church at *Antwerp*, much more glorious than that beyond the Seas. *Og.* It may be our Lady here might have don't; but ſhe diſpences her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner ſhe pleaſes; and accommodates her ſelf to our Affections. *Me.* I have often heard of *James*; but give me ſome Account, I prithee, of the Reputation and Authority of that Beyond-Sea Lady. *Og.* You ſhall have it in as few Words as poſſible. Her Name is ſo famous all over *England*, that you ſhall hardly find any Man there, that believes he can proſper in the World, without making a yearly Preſent, more or leſs, to this Lady. *Me.* Where does ſhe keep her Reſidence? *Og.* Near the Coaſt, upon the furtheſt part, *Eaſtward*, of the Iſland, in a Town that ſupports it ſelf chiefly upon the reſort of Strangers. There is a College of Canons, to which the Latins have added the Name of *Regulars*: and they are betwixt *Monks*, and *Canons*, which they call *Seculars*. *Me.* You make them *Amphibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.*

Yes, and you may take in *Crocodiles* too: But trifling apart, you ſhall hear in three Words what they are; in *Odious Caſes*, they are *Canons*; in *Favourable*, they are *Monks*. *Me.* I'm in the dark ſtill. *Og.* Why then you ſhall have a Mathematical Illuſtration. If there ſhould come a Thunderbolt from *Rome* againſt all *Monks*, then they'll be all *Canons*. Or if his Holineſs ſhould allow all *Monks* to take Wives, then they'll be all *Monks*. *Me.* Theſe are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. *Og.* But to the Point: This College has little elſe to maintain it, than the Liberality of the Virgin; for all Preſents of Value are laid up; but for ſmall Money, and things of little Moment, it goes to the feeding of the Flock, and the Head of it, whom they call the *Prior*. *Me.* What are they? Men of good Lives? *Og.* Not much amiſs; for their Piety is more worth than their Revenue. The Church is Neat and Artificial; but the *Virgin* does not live in it her ſelf; for upon the point of Honour, ſhe has given it to her Son; but ſhe has her Place however upon his Right Hand. *Me.* Upon his Right Hand? Which way looks her Son then? *Og.* That's well thought of. When he looks toward the *Weſt*, he has his Mother on his *Right Hand*; and when to the *Eaſt*, on his *Left*: And ſhe does not dwell here neither; for the Building is not finiſht, the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind, you'll ſay, that comes from the Sea. *Me.* This is ſomewhat hard methinks; but where does ſhe dwell then? *Og.* In that unfiniſht Church I told you of, there's a ſmall boarded Chappel, with a little Door on each

each ſide to receive Viſitors. There's ſcarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the Tapers, but a moſt delicious Perfume. *Me.* Theſe things cannot but conduce ſtrangely to Religion. *Og.* You would ſay ſomething, *Menedemus*, if you ſaw it within, how it glitters with Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Rubies, *&c.* *Me.* You have ſet me agog to go thither too. *Og.* Take my word for't, if you do, you ſhall never repent your Journey. *Me.* Is there no *Holy Oyl* there? *Og.* Well ſaid, *Simpleton:* That *Oyl* is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of *Andrew*, *Katherine*, &c. *Mary*, you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was my Miſtake; but I pray go on with your Story. *Og.* For the better Propagation of Religion they ſhew ſome things at one Place, and ſome at another. *Me.* And perhaps it turns to their Profit too; as we ſay, *Many a Little makes a Mickle.* *Og.* And you never fail of ſome body at hand to ſhew you what you have a mind to ſee. *Me.* One of the Canons it may be. *Og.* No, by no means; they are not made uſe of, for fear that under colour of Religion, they ſhould prove Irreligious, and loſe their own Virginity in the very ſervice of the *Virgin.* In the Inward Chappel, there ſtands a *Regular* at the Altar. *Me.* And what's his Buſineſs? *Og.* Only to receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* But may not a Man chuſe whether he will give any thing or no? *Og.* Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modeſty in ſome People; they will give bountifully, if any body looks on; but not one farthing perhaps without a Witneſs; or at leaſt not ſo much as otherwiſe. *Me.* This is right Fleſh and Blood,

and I find it my ſelf. *Og.* Nay, there are ſome ſo ſtrangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous ſlight of hand they'll ſteal away another. *Me.* But what if no body were by? Would not the *Virgin* call them to account? *Og.* Why ſhould ſhe take any more notice of them, than God himſelf does, when People break into his Temple, Rob his Altars, and Commit Sacrilege? *Me.* The impious Confidence of theſe Wretches, and the Patience of Almighty God, are both of them admirable. *Og.* Upon the *North ſide*, there is a certain Gate (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall that encloſes the Church-yard; it has a very little Door, like the Wicket that you ſee in ſome great Gates of Noblemens Houſes. A Man muſt venture the breaking of his Shins, and ſtoop too, or there's no getting in. *Me.* An Enemy would be hard put to't to enter a Town at ſuch a Paſſage. *Og.* So a Man would think; and yet the *Verger* told me for certain, that a Knight a Horſe-back, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Eſcape through this Door, and ſav'd himſelf. When he was at the laſt pinch, he bethought himſelf of a ſudden, and recommended himſelf to the Bleſſed *Virgin*, there at hand, reſolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: when all in an inſtant (a thing almoſt incredible) he and his Horſe were convey'd ſafe into the Church-yard, and his Adverſary ſtark mad on the other ſide for his Diſappointment. *Me.* And did you really believe what he told you? *Og.* Beyond all diſpute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected it from a Man of your Philoſophy. *Og.* Nay,

which is more, he ſhew'd me the very Image of this Knight, in a Copper Plate that was nail'd to the Door, in the very Cloaths that were then in faſhion, and are to be ſeen yet in ſeveral old *Engliſh* Pictures: which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in thoſe days had but an ill time on't. *Me.* How ſo? *Og.* He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hoſe; but they were made ſo ſtrait, as if he had been rather ſtitcht up in them, than they cut out for him. In another Plate there was an exact Deſcription of the Chappel, the Figure and the Size of it. *Og.* So that now there was no further doubt to be made upon the matter. *Og.* Under this little Gate, there's an Iron Grate, that was made only for one to paſs a foot; for it would not have been decent that any Horſe ſhould afterward trample upon the Ground, that the former Horſeman had conſecrated to the *Virgin.* *Me.* You have Reaſon. *Og. Eaſtward* from thence, there's another Chappel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies; thither I went, and another Officer receiv'd me: When we had Pray'd a little, he ſhews the middle Joint of a Man's Finger; firſt I kiſt it, and then I aſkt to whom that Relick formerly belong'd? He told me to St. *Peter.* What, ſaid I, the *Apoſtle?* He told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have anſwered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, St. *Peter,* ſaid I, was a very proper Fellow then: Which ſet ſome of the Company a laughing, truly to my trouble; for if they had kept their Countenance, we ſhould have had the whole Hiſtory of the Relicks. But however we drop

the Man ſome ſmall Money, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Juſt before this Chappel, ſtood a little Houſe, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither thorough the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be ſeen but Ice and Snow. Within this Houſe there were two Pits brim full, that ſprang (as he told us) from a Fountain conſecrated to the *Holy Virgin*. The Water is ſtrangely cold, and the beſt Remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. *Me.* Juſt as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. *Og.* You muſt conſider, my Friend, this is a Miracle. Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirſt. *Me.* That ſhift goes a great way in the Story. *Og.* It was poſitively affirm'd that this Spring burſt out in an inſtant, at the Command of the *Holy Virgin*. Upon a ſtrict Obſervation of every thing I ſaw, I aſkt the Officer how many Years it might be ſince that little Houſe was brought thither? He told me that it had been there for ſome Ages; and yet (ſaid I) methinks the Walls do not ſeem to be of that Antiquity: and he did not much deny it. Nor theſe Pillars, (ſaid I.) No Sir, ſays he, they are but of late ſtanding, (and the thing diſcover'd it ſelf.) And then, ſaid I, methinks that Straw, thoſe Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been ſo long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, ſays he; and what do you think, ſaid I, of thoſe Croſs Beams and Rafters? They cannot be near ſo old? He confeſt they were not. At laſt, when I had queſtioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, ſaid I, that this is the Houſe

Houſe that was brought ſo far in the Air ſo many Ages ago? *Me.* Prithee how did he come off there? *Og.* Without any more to do, he ſhew'd us an old *Bear-ſkin* that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almoſt laught at us to our very teeth, as People under an invincible Ignorance. Upon ſeeming better ſatisfy'd, and excuſing our heavineſs of Apprehenſion, we came then to the *Virgin's Milk*. *Me.* It is with the *Virgin's Milk* as with her *Son's Blood*; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they had in their Bodies. *Og.* And ſo they tell us of the *Croſs*, which is ſhew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in ſo many Relicks, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an *Eaſt-India-Ship*: and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Croſs upon his Shoulders. *Me.* And is not this a wonderful thing too? *Og.* It is extraordinary, I muſt confeſs; but nothing is wonderful to an Almighty Power, that can encreaſe every thing according to his own Pleaſure. *Me.* 'Tis well done however to make the beſt on't: but I'm afraid that we have many a Trick put upon us, under the Maſk of Piety and Religion. *Og.* I cannot think that God himſelf would ſuffer ſuch Mockeries to paſs unpuniſht. *Me.* And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themſelves (ſuch is the Tenderneſs of God) to ſcape in this World without ſo much as the leaſt Check for their Impieties? *Og.* This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was ſpeaking of, is kept upon the High-Altar; *Chriſt* in the *Middle*, and his *Mother*, for reſpect's ſake, at his *Right-hand*. The *Milk*, you muſt know, repreſents his *Mother*. *Me.* Can you ſee it

then? *Og.* Yes, for 'tis preſerv'd in a Cryſtal Glaſs. *Me.* And is it liquid too? *Og.* What do you talk to me of liquid, when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred Years ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks juſt like pounded Chalk with the White of an Egg. *Me.* But will they not let a Man ſee it open? *Og.* Not upon any terms. Men would be kiſſing of it, and profane it. *Me.* You ſay very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. *Og.* So ſoon as the Officer ſees us, he runs preſently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, falls down, and worſhips; and by and by gives us the *Holy Milk* to kiſs; and we proſtrated our ſelves too, in the firſt place bowing to Chriſt, and then applying to the *Virgin*, in the following Prayer, which I had in readineſs for this purpoſe.

VIrgin Mother! *That haſt deſervedly given ſuck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son* Jeſus *at thy* Virgin's Breaſts; *We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Blood, may our ſelves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being void of Malice, Fraud and Deceit, we may daily thirſt after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be perfect Man, and to the Meaſure of the Fulneſs of Chriſt, whoſe bleſſed Society thou ſhalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt,* Amen.

Me. Truly a very devout Prayer: but what Return? *Og.* If my Eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleaſed; for the *Holy Milk* ſeem'd to leap and ſparkle; and the *Euchariſt*,

of

of a ſudden, lookt brighter than uſual. In the mean while, the *Verger* came to us, and without a word ſpeaking, held out ſuch a kind of Table as they uſe in *Germany* upon their Bridges, when they take Toll. *Me.* I remember thoſe Tables very well, and have curſt them many a time in my Travels that way. *Og.* We laid down ſome Pieces of Money, which he preſented to the *Virgin.* After this, by our Interpreter, one *Robert Aldridge*, (as I remember) a well ſpoken young Man, and a great Maſter of the *Engliſh* Tongue, I aſkt as civilly as I could, what Aſſurance they had that this was the *Milk* of the *Virgin?* which I did, with a pious Intention, that I might ſtop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainſayers. The Officer, at firſt, contracted his Brow, without a word ſpeaking; and thereupon I preſt the Interpreter to put the ſame Queſtion to him again, but in the faireſt manner imaginable; which he did in ſo obliging a faſhion, that if the Addreſs had been to the Mother her ſelf, when ſhe had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiſs. But the Officer, as if he had been inſpir'd with ſome *Enthuſiaſm*, expreſſing in his Countenance the Horror and Deteſtation he had for ſo blaſphemous a Queſtion; *What need is there*, ſays he, *of theſe Enquiries, when you have ſo Authentick a Record for the truth of the matter?* And we had undoubtedly been turn'd out for Hereticks, if we had not ſweeten'd the angry Man with a few Pence. *Me.* But how did you behave your ſelves in the Interim? *Og.* Juſt as if we had been ſtunded with a Cudgel, or ſtruck with Thunder. We did moſt humbly beg his Pardon (as in holy matters a Man ought to do) and ſo went our

way from thence to the little Chappel, which is the peculiar Receptacle of the *Holy Virgin.* In our way thither, comes one of the Under-Officers to us, ſtaring us in the Face as if he knew us; and after him a ſecond and a third, all gaping upon us after the ſame manner. *Me.* Who knows but they might have a Mind to draw your Picture? *Og.* But my Thoughts lookt quite another way. *Me.* Why, what did you imagine then? *Og.* That ſome body had robbed the Virgin's Chappel, and that I had been ſuſpected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy Place with this Prayer to the *Virgin-Mother* in my Mouth.

OH! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother and a Virgin; the Happieſt of Mothers, and the Pureſt of Virgins: We that are impure do now preſent our ſelves before thee that art Pure; humbly ſaluting and paying Reverence unto thee, with our ſmall Offerings, ſuch as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy moſt holy Life, and that we might deſerve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, ſpiritually to conceive the Lord Jeſus *in our Souls, and having once received him, never to loſe him.* Amen.

And ſo I kiſt the Altar, laid down my Offering, and departed. *Me.* What did the *Virgin* here? Did ſhe give you no token that your Prayer was heard? *Og.* It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and ſhe ſtood in the dark upon the Right-hand of the Altar: but in fine, my Courage was ſo taken down by the Check the former Officer gave me, that I durſt not ſo much as lift up my Eyes again. *Me.* So

that

that this Adventure, I perceive, did not ſucceed ſo well. *Og.* Oh beſt of all. *Me.* You have put me in Courage again; for, as your Author has it, my Heart was e'en ſunk into my Breeches. *Og.* After Dinner we go to Church again. *Me.* How durſt you do that, under a ſuſpicion of Sacrilege? *Og.* It may be I was, but ſo long as I did not ſuſpect my ſelf, all was well: a good Conſcience fears nothing. I had a great Mind to ſee the Record that the *Verger* referr'd us to; and after a long ſearch, at laſt we found it: but the Table was hung ſo high, that a Man muſt have good Eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the beſt, nor yet the worſt: but as *Aldridge* read, I went along with him; for I had not Faith enough wholly to rely upon him in ſo important an Affair. *Me.* But were you ſatisfy'd in the point at laſt? *Og.* So fully, that I was aſham'd that ever I had doubted of it: every thing was made ſo clear, the Name, the Place, the very Order of the Proceeding; and, in one word, there was nothing more to be deſired.

There was one *William* (born at *Paris*) a Man of general Piety, but moſt particularly induſtrious in gathering together all the Relicks of Saints, that were to be gotten over the whole World. This Perſon, after he had travell'd ſeveral Countries, and taken a View of all Monaſteries and Temples, where-ever he paſs'd, came at laſt to *Conſtantinople*, where a Brother of his was that time a Biſhop; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the *Mother Virgin's Milk*; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either by

by Art, or for Love, or Money, it would make him the happieſt Man in Nature; and that all the Relicks, which he had hitherto collected, were nothing to't. This ſame *William* never reſted till he had obtain'd the one half of this *Holy Milk*; which he valu'd above the Treaſure of an Empire. *Me.* No queſtion of it; and a thing ſo unexpected too. *Og.* He goes ſtrait homeward, and falls ſick upon the way. *Me.* As there's no truſt to human Felicity, either that it ſhall be perfect or long liv'd. *Og.* Finding himſelf in danger, he calls a *Frenchman* to him, (his Friend and Fellow-Traveller) makes him ſwear ſecreſy, and then delivers him this *Milk*, upon Condition, that if he gets home ſafe, he ſhould depoſite that Treaſure upon the Altar of the *Holy Virgin* in the famous Church of *Paris*; that Church that has the *Seine* on each ſide of it; as if the River it ſelf gave place, in Reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be ſhort, *William* is dead and bury'd, the other takes Poſt, and he dies too; but finding himſelf in extremity, he delivers the Milk to an *Engliſh* Nobleman, but under the ſtricteſt Obligation imaginable, that the Count ſhould ſo diſpoſe of it as he himſelf would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the Preſence of the Canons of the Place, who in thoſe Days were ſtill called *Regulars*, (as they are yet at *St. Genoveve.*) Upon his Requeſt, theſe *Regulars* were prevail'd upon to divide the Milk with him; one Moiety whereof was carry'd into *England*, and by him afterward depoſited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulſe. *Me.* Why this is a Story now that hangs handſomely

ſomely together. *Og.* And to put all out of doubt, the very Biſhops Names are ſet down, that were authorized to grant Releaſes and Indulgences to thoſe that ſhould come to ſee it, according to the Power to them given; but not without ſome Obligation or other, in token of their Veneration. *Me.* Very good; and how far did that Power extend? *Og.* To *forty* Days. *Me.* But are there Days in *Purgatory*? *Og.* There is Time there. *Me.* But when the ſtock of *forty Days* is gone, have they no more to beſtow? *Og.* Oh you miſtake the buſineſs! for 'tis not here as in the Tub of the *Danaides*, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the leſs in the Veſſel. *Me.* But what if they ſhould now give a Remiſſion for *forty Days* to 100000 *Men*, has every one of them his proportion? *Og.* All alike. *Me.* And ſuppoſe a Man ſhould have *forty Days* granted him in the *Morning*, have they wherewithal to give him *forty Days* more at *Night*? *Og.* Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every Hour. *Me.* If I had but ſuch a Device at home, I ſhould not aſk much to ſet up withal. *Og.* You might e'en as well wiſh to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as ſoon have your aſking. But to return to my Hiſtory: There was one Argument added, which methought was of great Piety and Candor, which was, that tho' the *Virgin's Milk* in many other Places might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the moſt eſteem'd, becauſe it was ſav'd as it fell from the Virgin's Breaſts, without touching the Ground; whereas the other was ſcrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.*

From

From the very Mouth of the Nun at *Conſtantinople* that gave it. *Me.* And it may be ſhe had it from St. *Bernard*. *Og.* I believe ſhe had. *Me.* For he had the Happineſs to taſte the Milk of the ſame Breaſt that ſuck'd our Saviour: ſo that I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous*, than *Mellifluous*. But how is that the *Virgin's Milk*, that did not flow from her *Breaſts*? *Og.* It did flow from her Breaſts; but dropping upon the Rock ſhe ſat upon, it was there concreted, and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and encreas'd. *Me.* You ſay well, go forward now. *Og.* We were now upon the point of marching off; but ſtill walking and looking about us to ſee if there were any thing elſe worth taking notice of: and there were the *Chappel-Officers* again, learing at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have ſpoken to us, but had not the face to do't. *Me.* And did not your Heart go pitapat upon't? *Og.* No, not at all: but on the contrary, I look'd them chearfully in the very Eyes, as who ſhould ſay, *Speak and welcome.* At length one of them comes to me, and aſks me my Name. I tell it him. *Are not you the Man*, ſays he, *that a matter of two Years ſince ſet up a* Votive-Table *here in* Hebrew Letters? I told him I was that Perſon. *Me.* Do you write *Hebrew* then? *Og.* No: but let me tell you, they take every thing to be *Hebrew* they do not underſtand. By and by comes (upon calling I ſuppoſe) the Πρῶτος ὑστερος of the College. *Me.* What Dignity is that? Have they no *Abbot*? *Og.* No: *Me.* Why ſo? *Og.* Becauſe they don't underſtand *Hebrew*. *Me.* Have they no Biſhop? *Og.* Neither. *Me.* What's the

the Reaſon on't? *Og.* The *Virgin* is ſo poor, that ſhe is not able to be at the Charge of a *Staff* and *Mitre*; for you muſt know, the Price is extremely rais'd. *Me.* But methinks at leaſt they ſhould have a *Preſident*. *Og.* No, nor that neither. *Me.* What hinders it? *Og.* Becauſe a *Preſident* is a Name of *Dignity*, not of *Holineſs*. And therefore the Colleges of Canons will have no Abbots. *Me.* But this ſame Πρῶτον ὕστερον is a thing I never heard of before. *Og.* You are but an eaſy Grammarian, I perceive. *Me.* I have heard of it indeed in *Rhetorick*. *Og.* Obſerve me now: He that is next to the *Prior*, is the *Poſterior-Prior*. *Me.* Yes the *Sub-Prior*. *Og.* That Man ſaluted me with great Courteſy, and then fell to tell me what Pains had been taken to read thoſe Verſes; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no purpoſe; how often ſuch a Doctor of Law, and another Doctor of Divinity, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One would have the Character to be *Arabick*, another look'd upon't as a *Sham*, and to ſignify nothing at all; but in concluſion, there was one found out that made a ſhift to read the Title, which was written in *Latin* and *Roman Capitals*. The *Greek* Verſes in *Greek Capitals*, which at firſt ſight lookt like *Roman*. Upon their Requeſt, I turn'd them Word for Word into *Latin*, and they would have paid me for my Pains; but I excus'd my ſelf with a Proteſtation, that for the Holy Virgin's Sake I would do any thing in the World; and that if ſhe had any Letters to ſend, even to *Jeruſalem*, I would not ſtick to go upon the Errand. *Me.* As if ſhe could want Carriers, that has ſo many Angels perpetually waiting about her.

Og.

Og. He took out of his Purſe a little piece of Wood, that was cut off from the *Beam* the *Virgin Mother* ſtood upon, and made me a Preſent of it. I found by the wonderful Fragancy of it, that the thing was ſacred, and could not do leſs than kiſs it twenty times over; and in the loweſt Poſture of Humility (bare-headed, and with the higheſt degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. *Me.* May'nt a Man ſee it? *Og.* I'm not againſt it; but if you have either eat or drunk to Day, or had to do with your Wife laſt Night, I would not adviſe you to look upon't. *Me.* Shew me't however, and I'll ſtand the venture. *Og.* Why there 'tis then. *Me.* How happy a Man art thou now to have ſuch a Preſent! *Og.* Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the *Indies*. I'll ſet it in Gold, and put it in a Cryſtal Caſe. *Hyſteroprotos*, when he ſaw me ſo over-joy'd at the Favour I had already receiv'd, began to think me worthy of greater; and aſkt me, if I had ſeen the *Virgin's Secrets?* The Expreſſion ſtartled me, and yet I durſt not ſo much as deſire him to expound himſelf; for a Bodies Tongue may ſlip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However I told him that I had not as yet ſeen 'em, and that I much deſired to ſee them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Ecſtaſy; two Tapers preſently lighted, and an Image produc'd, of no great Value for the Bigneſs, Matter or Workmanſhip, but of wonderful Virtue. *Me.* It is not the Bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's *Chriſtopher* at *Paris*; there's a Waggon-load of him, a very *Coloſſus*, nay I might have ſaid a *Mountain*, and yet I never heard of any Miracles

cles that he wrought. *Og.* There's a Gem at the Feet of the Virgin, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* have not yet found a Name for: the *French* call it a *Toadſtone*, from the reſemblance of a Toad in it, beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life; and, to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither: and the Image does not ſtand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. *Me.* Perhaps People may fancy the Likeneſs of a Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle in the ſtalk of a *Brake* or *Fern:* or as Boys do burning Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. *Og.* Nay, for your ſatisfaction, one living Toad is not liker another. *Me.* Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories; you had beſt go with your Toad to ſome body elſe. *Og.* This Humour of yours, *Menedemus*, does not at all ſurprize me; for if I my ſelf had not ſeen it with theſe Eyes, (mark me, with theſe very Eyes) if the whole Tribe of School-men had ſworn it to me, I ſhould never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough methinks upon theſe Rarities of Nature. *Me.* And why not curious enough? Becauſe I cannot be perſuaded that Aſſes fly. *Og.* But do you not ſee how Nature entertains her ſelf in the Colours and Shapes of all things, and eſpecially of precious Stones? What admirable Virtues ſhe has implanted in them, and incredible too, if Experience had not forc'd us to an Acknowledgment of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-ſtone, or driven away without touching it, if you had not ſeen it with your own Eyes? *Me.* Truly I think I ſhould not, though

though ten *Ariſtotles* had ſworn the Truth of it. *Og.* Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found ſo by Experiment. Do we not find the Figure of the *Bolt* in the *Thunder-ſtone*? *Fire* in the *Carbuncle*? the Figure of *Hail*, and the invincible Coldneſs of it (even as if it were caſt into the Fire) in the *Hail-ſtone*? the Waves of the *Sea* in the *Emerald*? the Figure of the *Sea-Crab* in the *Carcinias*? of a *Viper* in the *Echites*? of a *Gilt-head* in the *Scarites*? of a *Hawk* in the *Hieraclites*? of a *Crane's Neck* in the *Geranites*? In one Stone, you have the Eye of a *Goat*; in another, of a *Hog*; in another, *three human Eyes* together: In the *Licophthalmus* you will find the Eye of a *Wolf*, with four Colours in't, fiery, bloody, and black in the middle, encompaſſed with white. One Stone has the Figure of a *Bean* in the middle; another the Trunk of a *Tree*, and it burns like Wood too; the Reſemblance of Ivy in another. One ſhews you the Beams of *Lightning*; another looks as if there were a *Flame* in't; and in ſome Stones you ſhall find *Sparkles*; the Colour of *Saffron*, of a *Roſe*, *Braſs*, the Figure of an *Eagle*, a *Peacock*, an *Aſp*, a *Piſmire*, a *Bittle*, or *Scorpion*. It would be endleſs to purſue this Subject; for there is not any Element, living Creature, or Plant, which Nature (as it were to ſport her ſelf) has not given us ſome Reſemblance of in Stones. Why ſhould you wonder then at this Story I have told you of the Toad? *Me.* I did not think Nature had had ſo much ſpare time, as to divert her ſelf in drawing Pictures. *Og.* 'Tis rather to exerciſe our Curioſity, and keep us from Idleneſs, or worſe Diverſions, as running mad after

after Buffoons, Dice, Fortune-tellers, and Hocus's, *&c. Me.* All this is too true. *Og.* I have heard that if you put this Toad-ſtone into Vinegar, it ſhall move the Legs, and ſwim. *Me.* But why is it dedicated to the *Virgin*? *Og.* 'Tis laid at her Feet, to ſhew that ſhe has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguiſhed all Uncleanneſs, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Deſires. *Me.* Wo be to us then that have ſo much of the Toad ſtill in our Hearts. *Og.* But if we worſhip the *Virgin* as we ought, we ſhall be pure. *Me.* How would ſhe have us worſhip her? *Og.* By the Imitation of her. *Me.* That's ſoon ſaid, but not ſo eaſily perform'd. *Og.* 'Tis hard, I confeſs, but well worth the Pains. *Me.* Proceed now, and finiſh what you have begun. *Og.* The Man ſhew'd us next certain Gold and Silver Statues: This (ſays he) is ſolid Gold, this only Silver gilt; and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Preſenter of every Piece. The Man then taking notice of the Satisfaction I found to ſee the *Virgin* endow'd with ſo rich a Treaſure; you are ſo good a Man, ſays he, that I cannot honeſtly conceal any thing from you, and will ſhew you now the greateſt Privacies the *Virgin* has; and, at that Word, he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great Value: It would be a Days Work to tell you the Particulars. So that thus far my Journey ſucceeded to my Wiſh: I ſatisfied my Curioſity abundantly, and brought away this Ineſtimable Preſent with me, as a Token of the *Virgin*'s Love. *Me.* Did you ever make any Tryal of the Virtues of this Token? *Og.* Yes, I have: I was three or four Days

ago in a Tipling houſe, and there was a Fellow ſtark ſtaring mad, that they were juſt about to lay him in Chains: I only laid this Piece of Wood under his Pillow, (without his Privity) he fell into a ſound Sleep, and in the Morning roſe as ſober as ever he was in his Life. *Me.* But art ſure he was not drunk? for Sleep is the beſt Remedy in the World for that Diſeaſe. *Og.* This is not a Subject, *Menedemus*, for Raillery; 'tis neither honeſt nor ſafe to make Sport with the Saints: Nay, the Man himſelf told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. *Me.* Of *Hellebore* it may be. *Og.* That's uncertain; but of a certainty, this Man is in his Wits again. *Me.* Did you take no notice of *Thomas* the *Archbiſhop* of *Canterbury*? *Og.* Yes ſure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famouſeſt Pilgrimages in the World. *Me.* If it were not a Trouble to you, I would fain hear ſomething of it. *Og.* Nay, 'tis ſo far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

THat part of *England* that looks toward *France* and *Flanders*, is called *Kent*; there are two Monaſteries in't, that are almoſt contiguous, and they are both *Benedictines*. That which bears the Name of St. *Auguſtine* ſeems to be the ancienter; and that of St. *Thomas* I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbiſhop, where he paſs'd his time with a few Monks that he made Choice of for his Companions; as the Prelates at this Day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houſes of other Canons; for in times paſt, both Biſhops

ſhops and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But St. *Thomas*'s Church is ſo eminent, that it puts Religion into a Man's Thoughts as far as he can ſee it; and indeed it over ſhadows the Neighbourhood, and keeps the Light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that ſeem in a manner to bid Viſitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the *South-Porch* ſtands the Statues of three armed Men, that murther'd the Holy Man, with their Names and Families. *Me.* Why had the Wretches ſo much Honour done them? *Og.* It is the ſame Honour that was done to *Judas*, *Pilate*, and *Caiaphas*, and the Band of wicked Soldiers, whoſe Images and Pictures are commonly ſeen upon the moſt magnificent Altars. Their Names, I ſuppoſe, are there expreſs'd, for fear ſome body elſe hereafter ſhould have the Glory of the Fact that had no Title to't; and beſides they ſtand there for a Warning to Courtiers, that they meddle no more with Biſhops or Poſſeſſions of the Church; for thoſe three Ruffians ran mad upon the Horror of the Act, and had never come to themſelves again, if St. *Thomas* had not been mov'd on their Behalf. *Me.* Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! *Og.* The firſt Proſpect upon entring the Church, is only the Largeneſs and the Majeſty of the Body of it, which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing there to be ſeen then? *Og.* Only the Bulk of the Structure, and the Goſpel of *Nicodemus*; with ſome other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. *Me.* And what more? *Og.* The Quire is ſhut up with Iron Gates, ſo that

there's no Entrance; but the View is ſtill open from one End of the Church to the other. There's an Aſcent to the Quire of many Steps, under which there is a certain Vault, that opens a Paſſage to the *North-ſide*, where we ſaw a Wooden Altar that's dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that ſtill reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good Man upon the Point of Death is ſaid to have taken his laſt leave of the *Virgin*. Upon the Altar, there's a Piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Aſſaſſins daſh'd together, and confounded, to make ſure Work on't. We did with a moſt Religious Solemnity kiſs the ſacred Ruſt of this Weapon, for the Martyr's Sake. From hence we paſs'd down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too: They ſhew'd us firſt the Martyr's Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our Lips; but the reſt was cover'd with Silver: They ſhew'd us alſo a Leaden Plate inſcribed *Thomas Acrenſis*; and there are hung up in the dark Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification: It would make a Man ſhrug to look upon 'em, nor would the Effeminacy of this Age endure them. *Me.* No, nor the Monks neither perhaps. *Og.* I can ſay little to tnat Point, nor does it concern me. *Me.* But this is all Truth however. *Og.* From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the *North-ſide* they unlock a private Place: It is incredible what a World of Bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Shins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers,

gers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiſs'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiſcreetly enough interrupted the Officer in his Buſineſs. *Me* What was he? *Og.* An *Engliſhman*, one *Gratian Pull*, (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious Man, but not ſo well affected this way as I could have wiſh'd him. *Me.* Some *Wicklifiſt* perhaps. *Og.* No, I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not. *Me.* And did not your Officer take Offence at him? *Og:* He brought us out an Arm with the Fleſh upon it, that was ſtill bloody; and he was ſo ſqueamiſh forſooth, that he made a Mouth at it when he ſhould have kiſs'd it; whereupon the Officer ſhut up all again. From hence we went to ſee the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treaſure that was hidden under it. If you had ſeen the Gold and Silver that we ſaw, you would have look'd upon *Midas* and *Cræſus* as little better than Beggars. *Me.* And was there no kiſſing here? *Og.* No; but methought I began to change my Prayer. *Me.* Why what was the matter? *Og.* I was e'en upon wiſhing that I had but ſuch Reliques as I ſaw there at home in my own Coffers. *Me.* A moſt ſacrilegious Wiſh! *Og.* I do confeſs it; and I do aſſure you, I aſk'd the Saint Forgiveneſs for't before I went out of the Church. Our next Remove was into the *Veſtry*; Good God! what a Pomp of rich Veſtments, what a Proviſion of golden Candleſticks did we ſee there! And there was St. *Thomas*'s *Crook*; it look'd juſt like a Reed cover'd over with a Sil-

ver Plate; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about ſome three Foot and half high. *Me.* Was there never a *Croſs?* *Og.* Not that I ſaw. There was a Silk Gown, but it was courſe and plain, without either Pearl or Embroidery; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was ſtill ſweaty and bloody. Theſe Monuments of ancient Thrift we kiſs'd moſt willingly. *Me.* But do they ſhew theſe Rarities to every body? *Og.* Oh bleſs me! no ſuch matter, I warrant ye. *Me.* How came you then to have ſuch Credit with them? *Og.* I had ſome Acquaintance, let me tell ye, with *Archbiſhop Warham*, and paſs'd under his Recommendation. *Me.* A Man of great Humanity, they ſay. *Og.* You would take him for Humanity it ſelf, if you knew him. A Perſon of that exquiſite Learning, that Candor of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a moſt accompliſh'd Prelate. From hence we are carry'd yet farther; for beyond the High Altar, there is ſtill another Aſcent, as if it were into a new Church. We were ſhewn in a certain Chappel there the whole Face of the good Man, all gilt, and ſet out with Jewels; where, by an unexpected miſchance, we had like to have ſpoil'd the whole Buſineſs. *Me.* And how was that as you love me? *Og.* My Friend *Gratian* loſt himſelf here extremely. After a ſhort Prayer, Good Father (ſays he to the Aſſiſtant of him that ſhew'd us the Relicks) I have heard that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor; is it true or not? For certain, ſays he, ſo he was; and began to inſtance in ſeveral Charitable Works that he had done. And

he

he has undoubtedly the ſame good Inclination ſtill (ſays *Gratian)* unleſs perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (ſays he again) if this Holy Man was ſo charitable when he was poor, and wanted for his own Neceſſities himſelf, I cannot but think now he is rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if ſome poor Women with Children ready to ſtarve, or in danger to proſtitute themſelves for Bread, or with a Huſband agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if ſuch a miſerable Woman, I ſay, ſhould aſk him leave to make bold with ſome ſmall Proportion of his vaſt Treaſure, for the Relief of her wretched Family. The Aſſiſtant of the Golden Head making no Reply, I am fully perſuaded, ſays *Gratian* (o'the ſudain) that the good Man would be glad at's Heart, (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this ſhould be ſtill the better for him. The Officer upon this fell to frowning, pouting, and looking at us as if he would have eaten us; and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbiſhop's Recommendation, we had been rail'd at, ſpit upon, and thrown out of the Church: But I did however what I could to pacify the Man; we told him *Gratian* was a Droll, and all this was but his way of Fooling; ſo that with good Words and a little Silver I made up the Quarrel. *Me.* I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I conſider the infinite Expence upon Building, Beautifying, and Enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold Thoughts but condemn the unmeaſurable Exceſs; not but that I would have magnificent Temples, and ſuch Veſtments and Veſſels as may ſupport the Dignity of a

ſolemn Worſhip; but to have ſo many Golden Fonts, Candleſticks and Statues, ſuch a Profuſion upon Organs and Church-Muſick, while our Brethren, and the Living Temples of Chriſt, are ready to periſh for want of Meat and Lodging; this is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. *Og.* There is no Man, either of Brains or Piety, but is pleas'd with a Moderation in theſe Caſes; but an Exceſs of Piety is an Error on the Right Hand, and deſerves Favour, eſpecially conſidering the croſs Humour of thoſe People, that rob Churches inſtead of building them: And beſide, the large Donatives come from Princes and great Perſons, and the Money would be worſe employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church is accounted Sacrilege. It is a Diſcouragement to the Charity of thoſe that are enclin'd to give; and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Church-men are rather Guardians of theſe Treaſures, than Maſters; and it is much a better Sight, a Church that is gloriouſly Endow'd and Beautify'd, than a Church that is ſordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable than a Temple. *Me.* And yet we read of Biſhops of old, that were commended for ſelling their Plate to relieve the Poor. *Og.* And ſo they are commended at this Day; but the Commendation is all, for I ſuppoſe they have neither the Power nor the Will to follow the Preſident. *Me.* But I hinder your Relation, and I am now expecting the Cataſtrophe of your Story. *Og.* And you ſhall have it in a few Words. Upon this, out comes the Head of the College. *Me.* Whom do you mean, the *Abbot* of the Place? *Og.* He wears a *Mitre*,

and

and has the Revenue of an *Abbot*, only he wants the *Name*, and they call him the *Prior*, the *Archbiſhop* himſelf ſupplying the Place of the *Abbot*; for of old, every *Archbiſhop* there was a *Monk*. *Me.* If I had the Revenue of an *Abbot*, I would not care tho' they call'd me a *Camel*. *Og.* He ſeem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent Man, and to be in ſome meaſure a *Scotiſt*. He open'd us the Box, in which the Remainder of the Holy Man's Body is ſaid to be depoſited. *Me.* Did you ſee it? *Og.* That's not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There ſtood a Wooden Box upon a Golden one; and upon the craning up of that with Ropes, bleſs me, what a Treaſure was there diſcover'd! *Me.* What is't you ſay? *Og.* The baſeſt part of it was Gold; every thing ſparkled and flam'd with vaſt and ineſtimable Gems; ſome of them as big or bigger than a Gooſe Egg. There ſtood about with great Veneration ſome of the Monks: Upon the taking off of the Cover, we all worſhip'd; the *Prior* with a white Wand touch'd every Stone one by one, telling us the Name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richeſt of them were given by Princes. *Me.* He had need have a good Memory methinks. *Og.* You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Leſſon that he ſays often over. From hence we were carry'd back into a Vault: It is ſomewhat dark, and there it is that the *Virgin-Mother* has her Reſidence; it is doubly rail'd in, and encompaſſed with Iron-Bars. *Me.* Why what does ſhe fear? *Og.* Nothing, I ſuppoſe, but Thieves; and in my Life I never ſaw a fairer Temptation or Booty.

Me.

Me. What do you tell me of Riches in the dark? *Og.* But we had Light enough brought us to ſee the Wealth of the richeſt Empire. *Me.* Is it beyond that of the *Parathalaſſian Virgin*? *Og.* Very much in Appearance, but for what's conceal'd, ſhe her ſelf knows beſt. And take this along with ye, that theſe precious things are only ſhew'd to Perſons of eminent Quality, and to particular Friends. In the end we were conducted back to the Veſtry, where was a Box with a black Leather Cover upon it: This Box was ſet upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their Knees, and worſhip'd. *Me.* What was in't? *Og.* Rags of old Handkerchiefs in abundance, that carry'd ſtill about them the Marks of the uſe they had been put to. Theſe, as they told us, were ſome Relicks of the Linnen the good Man had made uſe of about his Noſe, his Body, and other homely purpoſes. Upon this my Friend *Gratian* forfeited his Credit once more; for the gentle *Prior* offering him one of theſe Rags for a Preſent, as the higheſt Obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it ſqueamiſhly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry Mouth laid it down again, (a Trick that he had got when he would expreſs his Contempt of any thing.) This Rudeneſs made me both aſham'd and afraid; but yet the Prior was ſo good, (tho' ſenſible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterouſly; and after the Civility of a Glaſs of Wine, we were fairly diſmiſs'd, and return'd to *London*. *Me.* What needed that when you were nearer your own ſhore before? *Og.* 'Tis true, but it is a Coaſt ſo infamous for Cheats and Piracies, that I had rather

rather run the Hazard of the worſt of Rocks or Flats, than of that People. I'll tell you what I ſaw in my laſt Paſſage that way: There was a great many People at *Calis* that took a *Chaloup* to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the reſt a poor, beggarly *French-man*, and they would have two Sols for his Paſſage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boat's Length) the Fellow pleads Poverty; and they in a Frolick would needs ſearch him. Upon the examining of his Shooes, they find ten or twelve Pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado but kept the Money, and laugh'd and rail'd at the *French-man* for his Pains. *Me.* What did the young Man? *Og.* What ſhould he do but lament his Misfortune? *Me.* Had they any Authority for what they did? *Og.* The ſame Commiſſion that an Inn-keeper has to rob his Gueſt, or a Highway man to take a Purſe. *Me.* 'Tis a ſtrange Confidence to do ſuch a Villany before ſo many Witneſſes. *Og.* They are ſo us'd to't, that they think they do well in't: There were divers in the great Ship that lookt on, and ſeveral *Engliſh* Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpoſe: They take a Pride in't, as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boaſts that they had catch'd the *French-mân* in his Roguery. *Me.* I would without any more to do hang up theſe Coaſt-Thieves, and make Sport with them at the very Gallows. *Og.* Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little Thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? And it holds betwixt Maſters and Servants. So that I am reſolv'd for the future

future rather to go five hundred Leagues about, than to take the Advantage of this accurſed *Compendium*. Nay, in ſome reſpects this Paſſage is worſe than that to Hell it ſelf; for there the Deſcent is eaſy, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worſe at t'other. There were at that time ſome *Antwerp* Merchants at *London*, and ſo I propounded to take my Paſſage with them. *Me.* Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their Fellows? *Og.* *An Ape will be always an Ape*, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to thoſe that live upon the Catch, theſe Men are Angels. *Me.* I ſhall remember this if ever it comes in my Head to go for *England:* But I have led you out of your way. *Og.* Very good. In our Journey to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow hollow ſteep way, and a great Bank on each ſide, ſo that there's no ſcaping or avoiding; upon the Left Hand of that way, there ſtands a little Cottage or Receptacle for *Mendicants*. Upon the Noiſe of any Horſemen, comes an old Man out into the way: He firſt ſprinkles you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shoe with a Braſs Ring to't; and in it a Glaſs, as if it were ſome Gem: This you are to kiſs, and give the poor Fellow ſome ſmall Piece of Money. *Me.* I had rather meet a Company of old Beggars in ſuch a way, than a Troop of luſty Rogues upon the Pad. *Og. Gratian* rode upon my Left Hand next to this Cottage, where he had his Share of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon preſenting him the Shooe, he aſkt the manner of it. This, ſays the poor Man, is the

Shooe

Shooe of St. *Thomas*. *Gratian* was in a Choler upon't, and turning to me, *What a Devil*, ſaid he, *would theſe Brutes have? If we ſubmit to kiſs their Shooes, by the ſame Reaſon we may be brought in time to kiſs their Arſes too.* I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a ſmall Charity to comfort him. *Me.* In my Opinion *Gratian* was not angry without a Cauſe; I ſhould not diſlike the preſerving old Shooes and Garments, as an Inſtance of the Moderation of our Fore-fathers, but I am abſolutely againſt the forcing People to kiſs 'em. He that is ſo zealous as to do it upon that Account may be left to his Liberty. *Og.* Not to diſſemble the matter, I think it were better let alone than done; but in caſe of what cannot be mended on a ſudden, it is my Cuſtom to make the beſt on't. How much have I been pleas'd with this Contemplation, that a good Man is like a Sheep, and a wicked like a harmful *Creature*! The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very Corruption and the Smell of it is miſchievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its Milk, cloaths us with its Wool, and fattens our Ground with its Ordure, and when 'tis dead, it ſerves us ſtill with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, Men that are furious, and given to their Luſts, while they live they are troubleſome to all, and when they are dead, what with the Noiſe of Bells, and the Pomp of their Funerals, they are ſtill a Vexation to the Living, and ſometimes to their Succeſſors, by cauſing new Exactions; but the good Man makes himſelf profitable in all reſpects to the whole World. As this Saint by his Preſident, his Learning, and his good Counſel, invited all Men to Piety; he comforted the

the Friendleſs, aſſiſted the Needy, and if it were poſſible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Prieſthood all over *England*; nay, and with this very Fragment of his Shooe he maintains a Conventicle of poor Men. *Me.* This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but ſeeing you are of this Mind, I wonder you ſhould never go to ſee St. *Patrick*'s *Den*, of which the World tells ſo many Wonders, which I muſt confeſs are no Articles of my Faith. *Og.* Take my Word for't, Friend, all the prodigious things that ever you heard of it, fall ſhort of the Truth. *Me.* Why, were you ever in't then? *Og.* Yes, and I had as good have paſs'd the *Stygian Lake*, or deſcended into the Jaws of *Avernus*. I was where I could ſee all that's done in Hell. *Me.* Do but bleſs me with the Story of it. *Og.* We have made this Dialogue long enough already; let that rather ſerve for the Beginning of another. 'Tis time for me to go home, and beſpeak Supper, for I have not din'd to Day. *Me.* You do not faſt out of Conſcience, I hope. *Og.* No, but out of Spight. *Me.* What to your Belly? *Og.* No, no, but to the unconſcionable Victuallers, that ſet high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of Revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at Dinner; and when I find a Dinner to my Mind, my Stomach is out of Order toward Supper. *Me.* And are not you aſham'd to ſhew your ſelf ſo narrow and penurious? *Og.* Believe me, *Menedemus*, in ſuch a Caſe as this Shame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uſes. *Me.* I do e'en long

long for the Remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. *Og.* In troth I am beholden to you for offering your ſelf uninvited, when others, tho' never ſo earneſtly invited, will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me perſuade you to Sup at home to Night; for I have time little enough for the Buſineſs of my Family: And yet now, I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you ſhall invite me and my Wife to Dinner to Morrow, and then if you pleaſe we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather than fail, we will not part then neither, till you profeſs you have your Belly-full. Never ſcratch your Head for the matter; do you but provide, and depend upon it we'll keep touch with ye. *Me.* If I can't have your Company cheaper, ſo let it be; I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce; for your Diſcourſe muſt be the beſt part of your Dinner. *Og.* But do you hear? Have I not ſet you agog now upon Travelling? *Me.* I do not know what you may do by that time you have finiſh'd your Relation; but at preſent I find Work enough to do to maintain my Poſt. *Og.* What's your Meaning for that? *Me.* I walk about my Houſe, go to my Study, take Care of my Girls, and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and ſo into my Kitchen, to ſee if any thing be amiſs there, and then up and down, obſerving how my Wife and how my Children behave themſelves, for I am very ſolicitous to have every thing as it ſhould be; this is my Poſt. *Og.* Prithee eaſe thy ſelf, and leave that to St. *James.* *Me.* *I have Divine Authority for looking after my Fa-*

mily my ſelf, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints.

OF RASH VOWS.

COL. III.

The Vanity and Miſery of Rambling Voyages. *The Folly of Inconſiderate* Vows. *With ſome Pleaſant Reflections upon pretended* Indulgencies *or* Pardons.

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

Ar. WELL met once again, my dear *Cornelius*; 'tis a thouſand Year methinks ſince I ſaw thee. *Cor.* What! my old Acquaintance, *Arnoldus?* the Man of the whole World I long'd to ſee. *Ar.* We all gave thee for loſt. But prithee where haſt been Rambling all this while? *Cor.* In the other World. *Ar.* Why truly by thy ſlovenly Dreſs and this lean ghaſtly Carcaſs, a Body would e'en judge as much. *Cor.* Well! but I han't been with *Old Nick* yet, for all that. I am come from *Jeruſalem*. *Ar.* And what Wind blew thee thither? *Cor.* The very ſame Wind that blows other People to the ſame Place. *Ar.* Some Whimſy,

Whimſy, I ſuppoſe. *Cor.* There are more Fools than one however. *Ar.* What did ye hunt for there? *Cor. Miſery.* *Ar.* Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth ſeeing? *Cor.* Why truly little or nothing. They ſhew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be moſtly Counterfeit, and mere Contrivances to gull the credulous and ſimple People. Nay, I am not yet ſatisfied that they can ſo much as tell ye the preciſe Place where *Jeruſalem* ſtood. *Ar.* What did ye ſee then? *Cor.* Only Barbarity and Deſolation. *Ar.* But the *Holy Land* (I hope) has made ye a *Holy Man?* *Cor.* No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worſe than I went out. *Ar.* You have filled your Pockets perhaps. *Cor.* So far from it, that a Snake that has caſt her Skin is not ſo bare as I am. *Ar.* Do you not repent ye then of ſo long a Journey to ſo little purpoſe? *Cor.* As if that Repentance would not be to as little purpoſe as the Journey. Nay, I cannot ſo much as be aſham'd on't, there are ſo many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. *Ar.* What's the Fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? *Cor.* Oh! very much. *Ar.* Let's know it then? I ſhall live the more at my Eaſe hereafter for't. *Ar.* You'll have the Pleaſure of telling old Stories when the Danger's over. *Cor.* That's ſomething, but not all. *Ar.* Is there any Advantage in it elſe then? *Cor.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* Pray'e, what may that be? *Cor.* It furniſhes a Man with Table-talk and Diſcourſe upon all Occaſions; the Hiſtory of ſuch an Adventure. 'Tis a ſtrange Delight that one Coxcomb takes in telling of Lies, and

another in the hearing of them. *Ar.* Truly that goes a great way. *Cor.* Nay I am well enough pleaſed my ſelf to hear other Travellers amplify upon Matters that they never ſaw nor heard; and they do it with ſo much Confidence too, that in things, even the moſt ridiculous and impoſſible, they believe themſelves. *Ar.* A perverſe kind of Satisfaction! But there's ſomething however for your Money. *Cor.* This is a more tolerable Courſe yet, than that of a Mercenary *Soldier.* An Army is the very Nurſery of all Wickedneſs. *Ar.* But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like Humour. *Cor.* And yet a Lye is more pardonable than a *Calumny*, or than either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or encouraging it, or laviſhing away a Man's Time and Fortune in Gaming. *Ar.* I'm of your Opinion. *Cor.* But then there's another Benefit I reap by my Travels. *Ar.* What's that? *Cor.* If I ſhould find any Friend of mine tainted with this Phrenſy, I ſhould adviſe him to ſtay at home; as a Mariner that has been wreck'd himſelf bids another have a Care of the Place where he miſcarry'd. *Ar.* This Caution would have done well, if it had come in time. *Cor.* Why, are you ſick of the ſame Diſeaſe too? *Ar.* Yes, I have been at *Rome* my ſelf, and at *Compoſtella.* *Cor.* Bleſs me! How proud I am to play the fool in ſuch Company! But what Angel put this into thy Head? *Ar.* What Devil rather? Eſpecially to leave a handſome young Wife, ſeveral Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily Induſtry. *Cor.* It muſt be ſome mighty matter ſure, that could carry ye away from all theſe Obligations: What was't,

I prithee? *Ar.* I'm aſham'd on't. *Cor.* What, to me, thy Friend and thy Fellow-ſufferer. *Ar.* There was a Knot of neighbourly good Fellows of us drinking together; and when we were high-flown, one was for making a Viſit to St. *James*; another, to St. *Peter*: *If you'll go, I'll go*, ſays one; and *I'll go, if you'll go*, ſays another; till at laſt, we concluded upon it to go altogether. I was willing, I confeſs, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker; and rather than break Company, I e'en paſt my Promiſe: The next Queſtion was, whether we ſhould march for *Rome* or *Compoſtella*? And upon the Debate, it was determined that (God willing) we ſhould begin our Journey the very next Morning, and viſit *both*. *Cor.* A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, than upon Copper. *Ar.* After this, a ſwinging Glaſs was put about to the *Bon Voyage*; and when every Man in his Courſe had *done Reaſon* to't, the Vow was ſealed, and became inviolable. *Cor.* A new Religion! But did ye all come ſafe back again? *Ar.* All but *Three*. *One* dy'd upon the way; but gave us in Charge to remember his humble Service to *Peter* and *James*: *Another* at *Rome*, who bad us commend him (when we returned) to his Wife and Children: The *third* we left deſperately ſick at *Florence*, and I believe he is in Heaven long e'er this. *Cor.* Was he a very good Man? *Ar.* The beſt Droll in Nature. *Cor.* Why ſhould ye think he is in Heaven then? *Ar.* Becauſe he had a whole Satchel full of large *Indulgences*. *Cor.* I hear ye: But 'tis a huge way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told, there are ſuch a World of Thieves

in the middle Region of the Air. *Ar.* That's true; but he was ſo fortified with *Bulls*. *Cor.* In what Language? *Ar.* In *Latin*. *Cor.* Well! and does that ſecure him? *Ar.* Yes, unleſs he ſhould fall upon ſome Spirit that does not underſtand *Latin*; and in that caſe he muſt back to *Rome*, and get a new Inſtrument. *Cor.* Do they ſell any *Bulls* there to the *Dead*? *Ar.* Yes, yes, as thick as Hops. *Cor.* Have a care what ye ſay, for there are Spies abroad. *Ar.* I don't ſpeak againſt *Indulgences*, tho' I cannot but laugh at the Freak of my fudling Companion: He was otherwiſe the vaineſt Trifler that ever was born, and yet choſe rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when ſhall we have the Trial of Skill ye told us of? *Cor.* We'll ſet a time for a little *Drinking Bout*; give Notice of it to our *Comrades*, and then meet and tell Lies in our turns Helter-ſkelter. *Ar.* So let it be then.

THE

The Soldier's Confeſſion.

COL. IV.

The Hardſhip and Iniquity of a Military Life: *With the Mockery of a* Formal Confeſſion.

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

Han. WHY how now, Soldier? What's the matter? A *Mercury* turn'd into a *Vulcan*? *Th.* What do you talk to me of your *Mercuries* and *Vulcans*? *Han.* Why you went out upon the *Wing*, and are come back *Limping*. *Th.* I'm come back like a Soldier then. *Han.* A Soldier, ſay'ſt? In my Conſcience, thou'dſt out-run a Deer, if thou hadſt but an Enemy at thy Heels. *Th.* The Hope of Booty makes many a Man valiant. *Han.* Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoils have ye brought off? *Th.* Empty Pockets. *Han.* That's light Carriage however. *Th.* But then I have a huge Burthen of Sins. *Han.* Sin is a terrible Weight indeed. The Prophet calls it *Lead*. *Th.* In my whole Life I never ſaw ſo much Villany; and I had my part in't too. *Han.* How do ye like a Military Life then? *Th.* It is undoubtedly of all Courſes the moſt wicked and the moſt miſerable. *Han.* And yet ſome People, ye ſee, whether for Money or Curioſity, make as much

haſte to a Battle, as to a *Banquet:* What do they ail, I wonder? *Th.* I look upon 'em to be abſolutely poſſeſs'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they would never anticipate their Fate. *Han.* So one would think; for put them upon honeſt Buſineſs, they'll ſcarce ſtir a foot in't for any Money. But how went the Battle? Who got the better on't? *Th.* What with the Noiſe and Clamor of Drums and Trumpets, Horſes and Arms, I was ſo far from knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was my ſelf. *Han.* But I have ſeen thoſe, that after a fought Field would paint ye every Circumſtance ſo to the Life, as if they had only look'd on. Such an Officer Said this, and t'other Did that; and every Word and Action to a tittle. *Th.* I am of Opinion, that theſe Men ly'd moſt confoundedly. In ſhort, if you would know what was done in my *Tent*, I can tell ye; but for the Hiſtory of the *Battle*, I can ſay nothing to't. *Han.* What not ſo much as how ye came lame? *Th.* Scarce that upon my Honour: But I ſuppoſe it might be ſome Stone, the Heel of a Horſe, or ſo. *Han.* Well, but ſhall I tell you now how it came? *Th.* Why, who ſhould tell you? *Han.* No body, but I fancy it. *Th.* Gueſs then. *Han.* You were e'en running away, and got a Srain with a Stumble. *Th.* Let me die if you have not hit the Nail on the Head. *Han.* Go get ye home, and tell your Wife of your Exploits. *Th.* I ſhall be rattled to ſome Tune, when ſhe ſees what a trim I am come back in. *Han.* I do not doubt but you have robb'd and ſtol'n ſufficiently; What *Reſtitution* now? *Th.* 'Tis made already. *Han.* To whom? *Th.* To *Wenches*, *Sutlers*, *Gameſters*.

Gameſters. *Han.* Done like a Man of War; it is but reaſonable that what's *Ill got* ſhould be *Worſe ſpent.* But have you kept your Fingers all this while from *Sacrilege?* *Th.* We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houſes; but in Hoſtility ye know, there's nothing Sacred. *Han.* But what Satisfaction? *Th.* In a ſtate of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. *Han.* By the Law of Arms, ye mean. *Th.* Right. *Han.* But that Law is the higheſt Degree of Iniquity; nor was it Piety, but the Hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. *Th.* 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other *Swordſmen.* *Han.* 'Tis ſome Excuſe yet to be mad with the major part. *Th.* I have heard a Parſon in the Pulpit ſay, that *War* was *Lawful.* *Han.* Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be *Lawful* in a *Prince,* and yet not ſo with *You.* *Th.* The *Rabbies* hold that every Man may live by his Calling. *Han.* Burning of Houſes, ſpoiling of Temples, raviſhing of Nuns, robbing the Miſerable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable Calling! *Th.* Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beaſts? *Han.* But did you never think what would become of your Soul, if ye ſhould be knockt on the Head? *Th.* Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended my ſelf once for all to St. *Barbara.* *Han.* And did ſhe take ye into her Protection? *Th.* I fancy'd ſo; for methought ſhe gave me a little Nod. *Han.* At what time was't? In the Morning? *Th.* No, no, 'twas after Supper. *Han.* And by that time, I ſuppoſe, the *Trees walk'd,* as well as the *Saint*

nodded. *Th.* This Man's a Witch. But *Chriſtopher* was the Saint I moſt depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my Eye. *Han.* What in your Tent? How ſhould a Saint come there? *Th.* We had it drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. *Han.* So that you pray'd to *Chriſtopher* the *Collier*; a ſure Card to truſt to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven all this, unleſs you go to *Rome*. *Th.* Yes, yes, I know a ſhorter way. *Han.* How's that? *Th.* I'll away to the *Dominicans*, and I can do my Buſineſs there with the Commiſſaries for a Trifle. *Han.* What for *Sacrilege?* *Th.* Why, if I had robb'd *Chriſt* himſelf, and cut off his Head over and above, they have Pardons would reach it, and Commiſſions large enough to compound for't. *Han.* That's well: But what if God himſelf ſhould not paſs the Compoſition? *Th.* Oh! he's merciful. I am more afraid of the Devil's not letting go his hold. *Han.* What Confeſſor do you intend to make uſe of? *Th.* Some Prieſt that has neither Shame in him, nor Conſcience. *Han.* *Like to Like*; And when that's over, you'll go ſtrait away like a good Chriſtian to the Communion. *Th.* Why not? For when I have once diſcharged my Iniquities into his Cowl, and caſt off my Burthen, let him that abſolves me look to the reſt. *Han.* But hark ye: How can you be ſure that he *does* abſolve ye, when you *think* he does? *Th.* Oh very well. *Han.* But ye do not tell me how yet. *Th.* He lays his Hand upon my Head, and then mumbles ſomething to himſelf; I don't know what it is. *Han.* What if he ſhould give you all your Sins again, when he lays his Hand upon

on your Head, and that theſe following ſhould be the Words he mumbles to himſelf, *I abſolve thee from all the Good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I reſtore thee to thy ſelf, and I leave thee juſt as I found thee.* *Th.* Let him take a Care what he ſays: 'tis enough for me that I *believe* I am abſolv'd. *Han.* But that Belief may be dangerous: and what now if he ſhould not abſolve ye at all? *Th.* 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troubleſome Man, that will be waking a Bodies Conſcience when 'tis faſt aſleep. *Han.* But a bleſſed Encounter to meet a Friend that gives good Advice, when a Body needs it. *Th.* How good I know not, but I'm ſure 'tis not very *Pleaſant.*

The INNS.

COL. V.

The Civility *of the People at* Lions *to Strangers and Travellers; and the Sweetneſs of the Place. The* Churliſhneſs *of a* German Hoſt; *with a lively Deſcription of their Entertainment in their* Stoves.

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS.

Be. WHat's the reaſon, I wonder, that People will never be gotten out of *Lions* under two or three Days Stay there? For when

when I am once upon the way my ſelf, I can never be quiet till I come to my Journey's End. *Gu.* Now do I rather wonder that People can be gotten from thence at all. *Be.* Why ſo? *Gu.* Becauſe 'tis the very Place where the *Sirens* charm'd *Ulyſſes* and his *Mates*; or 'tis at leaſt the *Moral* of *that Fable.* When a Man is there at his Inn, he's as well as if he were at his own Houſe. *Be.* Why what's the way on't then? *Gu.* The Women are very handſome there, and the Table never without one of 'em to ſeaſon the Entertainment; and with ingenious and innocent Raillery to keep the Gueſts in good Humour. Firſt came the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine Woman, and of ſo pretty a kind of Wit and Faſhion, that it was impoſſible to be ſad while ſhe was in the Company: And you are not received there like Strangers neither, but as if you were familiar Friends and old Acquaintance the firſt Minute you ſee one another. *Be.* Oh I know the *French* way of Civility very well. *Gu.* Now becauſe they could not be always with us, (what with Buſineſs, and what out of reſpect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to ſupply her Place till ſhe could return, a Laſs that was ſo well inſtructed in the Knack of *Repartees*, ſhe had a Word for every body, and no Conceit came amiſs to her; (the Mother you muſt know was ſomewhat in Years.) *Be.* Well, but how were you treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? *Gu.* Truly ſo ſplendidly and ſo cheap, that I was amaz'd at it. And then after Dinner we chatted away the time ſo merrily, that I was ſtill at home methought.

thought. *Be.* And how went Matters in your Chambers? *Gu.* Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thouſand Ape-tricks; and their main Buſineſs was to know what Linen we had to waſh: In one Word, they were all Females that we ſaw there, ſave only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too ſometimes. Upon our coming away, they could not have ſhew'd more Affection and Tenderneſs at parting if we had been their own Brothers. *Be.* This Mode may do well enough in *France*; but the manly way of the *Germans* methinks pleaſes me better. *Gu.* I never was in *Germany*, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. *Be.* I can tell you for as much on't as I ſaw; but how 'tis in other parts of *Germany*, I can ſay little. Mine Hoſt never ſalutes his Gueſt, for fear he ſhould be thought to have ſome Deſign upon him, which is look'd upon as below the Dignity and Gravity of a *German*. When ye have call'd a good while at the Gate, the Maſter of the Inn puts his Head out of the Stove-window, like a Tortoiſe from under his Shell, (for till the Summer Solſtice they live commonly in Stoves;) then does he expect that you ſhould aſk him if there be any Lodging there? If he makes you no Anſwer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a Word's ſpeaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and curry your own Horſe as you pleaſe your ſelf; for there are no Servants there to do that Office, unleſs it be in an Inn of extraordinary Note, and then you have one to ſhew you the Stable, and a ſtanding for your Horſe, but incommodious enough; for they keep

keep the beſt Places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault any thing, they tell you at next Word, *You'd beſt look out another Inn.* In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almoſt as dear too as Oats. When you have dreſt your Horſe, you come *whole* into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all Comers. *Gu.* Now in *France* you have your Chamber preſently appointed you, where you may change your Linnen, clean, warm, or reſt your ſelf as you pleaſe. *Be.* There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots, don your Shooes, change your Shirt if you will, hang up your Cloaths, or ſet your ſelf a drying. If you have a mind to waſh, the Water's ready; but then you muſt have more Water to fetch off the Dirt of that. *Gu.* I am clearly for theſe *manly* People (as you call 'em.) *Be.* If you come in at *Four Afternoon*, you muſt not expect to Sup before *Nine* or *Ten*. *Gu.* What's the Reaſon of that? *Be* They never make any think ready till they ſee their whole Company, that they may have but one Work on't. *Gu.* For Brevity Sake. *Be.* Right: So that you ſhall have betwixt fourſcore and an hundred Perſons ſometimes in the ſame Stove; Horſe and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Wagoners, Huſbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. *Gu.* Why here is the true *Convent*, (or *Cœnobium*) then? *Be.* One's combing of his Head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleanſing of his Boots or Hob-nail Shooes; others belching of Garlick: Without more ado, the Confuſion of *Babel*, for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If they

they ſee any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a Man of Quality, they ſtand gaping at him as if he were an *African Monſter*; nay, when they are ſet at the Table, and he behind them, they'll be ſtill looking back at him, and ſtaring him in the Face till they forget their Suppers. *Gu.* There's none of this gazing at *Rome*, *Paris*, or *Venice*, &c. *Be.* Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal Sin to call for any thing. When 'tis ſo late that there's no hope of any more Gueſts, out comes ye an old grey-bearded Servant, cloſe cropt, with a ſour crabb'd Look, and in a ſordid Habit. *Gu.* He would make a good Cup bearer to a Cardinal. *Be.* He over looks the Place, and counts to himſelf the Number of the Gueſts; and the more Company, the more Fire he puts in the Stove, though they were half ſmother'd before: For 'tis a token of reſpect to ſtew the People into a Sweat. If any Man that's ready to choak with the Fume, does but open the Window never ſo little, mine Hoſt bids him ſhut it again. If he ſays he's not able to bear it, *get ye another Inn then*, cries the Maſter. *Gu.* 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when Mens Bodies are open'd with the Heat, to draw in the Vapour of ſo many Folks together, to eat in the ſame Place, and ſtay there ſo many Hours: To ſay nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt Breaths, ſome of 'em tainted with ſecret Diſeaſes, and every Man contributing to the Contagion: Nay, they have moſt of 'em the *French* Itch too; (and yet why the *French*, when 'tis common to all Nations?) ſo that a Man might be as ſafe among ſo many *Lepers*. Tell me now, what is this ſhort of a Peſtilence? *Be.*

They are ſtrong ſtout Men, and laugh at theſe Niceties. *Gu.* But in the mean time they are bold at other Mens Perils. *Be.* Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a point of Reſolution not to depart from a Cuſtom. *Gu.* And yet till within theſe five and twenty Years nothing was more common in *Brabant* than hot Baths; but we have no more of 'em now, ſince they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. *Be.* Now let me go on: By and by comes your bearded *Ganimede* in again, and lays ye his juſt Number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damaſk (with a Pox to 'em) but the Remnants rather of an old Sail. There are eight Gueſts at leaſt allotted to every Table; and every Man that knows the Faſhion of the Country places himſelf where he likes: Rich and Poor, Maſter and Servant, 'tis all one. *Gu.* This was the Primitive Equality which is now driven out of the World by Tyranny; the very Life (as I ſuppoſe) of the holy Diſciples with their Maſter. *Be.* When they are all ſeated, out comes the Dog-looking grey-Beard again, counts his Company once more over, and by and by brings every Man his Wooden Diſh, with a Spoon of the ſame Mettle, and then a Glaſs; a while after comes the Bread, which the Gueſts may chip at Leiſure while the Porridge are a boiling; for there they ſit waiting perhaps ſome half an Hour. *Gu.* Do none of 'em call for Meat in the mean time? *Be.* Not if they know the Country. At laſt, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the Sharpneſs and Subtlety of it is fitter for a Schoolman than for a Traveller; none of your heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye. But if a Body

ſhould

ſhould privately offer a Piece of Money to get a Can of better Wine ſomewhere elſe, they'll give ye a Look, without ſpeaking a Word, as if they would murder ye. If you preſs it farther, they'll tell you preſently, here have been ſuch and ſuch *Counts* and *Marquiſſes*, that found no Fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, ye'd beſt mend your ſelf elſewhere. You muſt obſerve now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen in effect to be *Men*; and whereever ye come, they are ſhewing you their *Arms*. By this time comes in a Morſel to pacify a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Diſhes. The firſt with Sippets of Bread in Fleſh Porridge; or, if it be a Fiſh-day, in a Soupe of Pulſe. After that, comes in another Soupe; and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boil'd, or of Salt Meats twice heat; and then Pulſe again, or perhaps ſome more ſubſtantial Diſh. When ye have taken off the Edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roaſt Meat, or Stew'd Fiſh, (which is not amiſs) but they are ſparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the Method of their Eating, which they order as Comedians do their Scenes, into ſo many Courſes of Chops, and Soupes; ſtill taking Care that the laſt Act may be beſt. *Gu.* The Poets Method too. *Be.* Now 'tis Death for any Man to ſay, *Take away this Diſh, here's no body eats*; for you are bound to ſit out your time, which (as I take it) they meaſure by an Hour-glaſs. And at length out comes your old Servant again, or mine Hoſt himſelf, (who is no better clad) and aſks ye, *What Cheer, Gentlemen?* By and by comes a Can of more Generous Wine.

They are Men of Conſcience, ye muſt know, and love thoſe moſt that drink moſt; for (ſay they) you are all upon the Club, and he that drinks moſt pays no more than he that drinks leaſt. *Gu.* Why theſe People are Wits. *Be.* There are many of 'em that ſpend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their *Ordnary*. But before I leave this Entertainment, what a horrible Noiſe and Confuſion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! Without more Words it deafens a Man; and then you ſhall many times have a Mixture of Mimicks and Buffoons in among them; a moſt deteſtable ſort of Men, and yet you would not think how theſe People delight in 'em. There's ſuch a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundring up and down, that there's no hearing one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your Heads, and yet this is it they take to be a pleaſant Life; and there you are condemn'd to ſit in ſpite of your Heart till toward Midnight. *Gu.* Come make an End of your Meal, for I'm e'en ſick on't too. *Be.* Preſently. At length when the Cheeſe is taken away, (which muſt be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't) in comes your *Ganimede* once again, with a wooden Trencher, and ſo many Circles and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table with a grim Countenance, and without Speaking; by his Look and by his Diſh you would take him for a *Charon*. They that underſtand the Meaning of all this, lay down their Money one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd: The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himſelf; if all

all be paid, he gives you a Nod. *Gu.* But what if there ſhould be too much? *Be.* Perhaps he'll give ye it again; for I have ſeen it done. *Gu.* Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? *Be.* Not if he be wiſe, for he ſhall quickly hear on't then: *What are you for a Man?* (ſays he) *you are to pay no more than other People?* *Gu.* 'Tis a frank Nation this! *Be.* If you are weary with your Journey, and would go to Bed, they'll bid you *ſtay till the reſt go too.* *Gu.* *Plato*'s *Common-wealth!* *Be.* And then every Man has his Neſt ſhew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed-Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed, that a Man can either carry away or ſteal. *Gu.* Every thing is clean however? *Be.* Juſt as it was at the Table: Your Sheets are waſh'd perhaps once in ſix Months. *Gu.* But what becomes of your Horſes? *Be.* They are treated much at the ſame Rate with the Men. *Gu.* And is it alike all over *Germany?* *Be.* No; 'tis better in ſome Places, and worſe in others: but in general 'tis thus. *Gu.* What if I ſhould tell you now how Travellers are treated in *Lombardy*, *Spain*, *England*, *Wales?* For the *Engliſh* partake of the Manners both of the *French* and *Germans*, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the *Welſh* boaſt themſelves to be *Originals*, and of the *Ancient Britains.* *Be.* Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. *Gu.* 'Tis too late now, for my Baggage is aboard; and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I ſholl loſe my Paſſage; but ſome other time ye ſhall have the reſt at large.

The Religious Treat.

COL. VI.

Table-Diſcourſe for Chriſtians. All the Works of Nature yield Matter for Contemplation. A Deſcription of a pleaſant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The Reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The Force of the Light of Nature, in Pagan Philoſophers *and* Poets: *With Reflections upon the Excellencies of* Socrates *and* Cicero. *Charity is better beſtowed upon Neceſſities than Superfluities; with Directions how to apply it.*

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

Eu. I Wonder how any body can endure to live in a ſmoaky Town, when every thing's ſo freſh and pleaſant in the Country; ſuch delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers, Fountains, *&c.* *Ti.* Several Men ſeveral Humours; and beſides, a Man may like the Country well, and yet like ſomething elſe better. For 'tis with Pleaſure as 'tis with Nails, one drives out another. *Eu.* You ſpeak of Uſurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one.

Ti.

Ti. Not of them alone, I assure ye, but of a thousand other sorts of People; to the very Priests and Monks, that make Choice still of the most populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not *Plato* or *Pythagoras* that they follow in this Practice, but the *Blind Beggar* rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, says he, *the more People the more Profit.* *Eu.* Prithee let's leave the *Blind Beggar* then, and behave our selves like *Philosophers.* *Ti.* Was not *Socrates* a *Philosopher?* And yet he was for a *Town-Life*, where a Man might learn what he had a mind to *know.* In the *Country*, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs, and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but these are all mute, and there's no Edification without Discourse. *Eu.* *Socrates* puts the Case, I know, of a Man's walking *alone* in the Fields; not as if any of the Works of the Creation wanted a Tongue, for every part of it speaks to the Instruction of any Man, that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but consider the native Glories of the Spring, how they set forth and proclaim the equal Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator! How many excellent things did *Socrates*, in his Retirement, both teach *Phædrus*, and learn from him? *Ti.* A *Country Life*, I must confess, in such Company were a Paradise. *Eu.* If you have a Mind to make Trial of it, take a Dinner with me to Morrow a Step here out o'th'Town, I have a plain little House there; but I'll promise you a cleanly and a hearty Welcome. *Ti.* We are enough to eat ye up. *Eu.* Never fear that, so long as the Melons, the Figgs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts last: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your

Mouths. In one Word, you are to expect only a *Garden Treat*, unleſs perhaps we ſhould ſearch the Hen-rooſt for a Pullet; the very Wine grows on the Place too, ſo that there's not one Penny of Money in the Caſe. *Ti.* Upon theſe Terms we'll be your Gueſts. *Eu.* Let every Man bring his Friend too, and then we are the juſt Number of the Muſes. *Ti.* A Match. *Eu.* And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. *Ti.* What do you mean! Pepper and Sugar? *Eu.* No, no; a thing that's both more ſavoury and cheaper. *Ti.* What may that be? *Eu.* A good Stomach. A light Supper to Night, and a Walk to Morrow Morning does it; (for the Walk you may thank me.) But what Hour will you eat at? *Ti.* About Ten; before the Heat of the Day. *Eu.* I'll give order for't

Servant. Sir, the Gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You're welcome, my Maſters, for coming according to your Words; but you're twice as welcome for coming ſo early, and bringing the beſt Company in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in ſome People to make their Hoſt wait. *Ti.* We came ſo much the ſooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curioſities; for they ſay you live like a Prince here, and that the very Contrivances about your Houſe tell who's the Maſter of it. *Eu.* And you will find it a Palace (I can aſſure ye) worthy of ſuch a Prince: This Neſt is to me more than Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I reign. But what if we ſhould take the Cool of the Morning now to ſee the Gardens, while the Wench in the Kitchin

chin provides us a Sallad? *Ti.* Never was any thing in better Order. The very Deſign of this Garden bids a Man welcome to't. Have you any more than this? *Eu.* Here are Flowers and Greens that will ſerve to put by a worſe Scent. Let every Man take freely what he likes; for this Place lies (in a manner) in common; I never ſhut it up but a Nights. *Ti.* St. *Peter* keeps the Gate, I perceive. *Eu.* A Porter that pleaſes me much better than the *Mercuries*, *Centaurs*, and fictious Monſters that I ſee in other Places. *Ti.* And more ſuitable to Chriſtianity too. *Eu.* And he's no mute neither, for he accoſts you in three *Languages*. *Ti.* What does he ſay? *Eu.* You may read it your ſelf. *Ti.* 'Tis too far off for my Eyes. *Eu.* Here's a Glaſs then will make you ſee through an Inch-board. *Ti.* I have the *Latin*: *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, ſerva mandata*, Mat. 19. 17. *If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandments.* *Eu.* Now read the *Greek*. *Ti.* I ſee the *Greek*, but that does not ſee me. Let *Theophilus* ſpeak to that Point; for he's never without *Greek* in's Mouth. *Th.* Μετανοήσατε καὶ ἐπιστρέψατε, *Repent and be converted*, Acts 3. 19. *Ch.* Now leave the *Hebrew* to me. וצדיק באמונתו יחיה, *in Truth and Righteouſneſs.* *Eu.* You'll take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at firſt Daſh bids ye *Turn from your Iniquities, and apply your ſelf to Godlineſs*: And then he tells ye, that *Salvation comes not from the Works of the Law, but from Faith in the Goſpel; and the Obſervance of the Evangelical Precepts.* *Ti.* And ſee the Chappel there on the Right Hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's *Jeſus Chriſt* upon an Altar, pointing up to Hea-

ven, with his Right Hand towards *God the Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*; and with his Left he ſeems to court and Invite all Comers. *Eu.* And he greets you in three Languages too, *Ego ſum Via, Veritas, & Vita, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* Ἐγὼ εἰμι τὸ Ἄλφα καὶ τὸ Ω, *I am the Alpha and Omega.* לכו בנים שמעו לי יראת יהוה אלטרכם, *Come ye Children unto me, I will teach ye the Fear of the Lord.* *Ti.* This Greeting looks like a good Omen. *Eu.* And it is but juſt and devout to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our Bleſſed Saviour, that he will vouchſafe (ſince we can do nothing of our ſelves) by his infinite Goodneſs, to keep us in the right Way, and bring us by the Truth of the Goſpel to everlaſting Life, drawing us by himſelf to himſelf, all ſuperſtitious Vanities and Deluſions apart. *Ti.* It is moſt reaſonable that we ſhould pray, and the very Place invites us to't. *Eu.* Strangers are generally pleaſed with this Garden; and hardly a Man that paſſes by this Place without an Ejaculation. Inſtead of the Infamous *Priapus*, I have committed not only my Gardens, but all my Poſſeſſions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my *Saviour*. This bubling Fountain of *Living Waters* repreſents that only Fountain of *Life* that refreſhes all that are weary and oppreſt with its Divine Streams; the *Fountain*, which the languiſhing Soul *longs for*, as the *Hart*, in the *Pſalmiſt*, does for the *Brooks*: The Fountain, which whoever thirſts for may have his Fill *gratis*. Some that come here make it a matter of Religion to ſprinkle themſelves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loth, I perceive, to leave this Place: But let's

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go on, and I'll ſhew you a ſquare wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your ſeeing. After Dinner we'll view what's within Doors, for till towards Evening 'twill be ſo hot, there's no looking out of our Shells. *Ti.* Bleſs me, what a delicious Proſpect is here! *Eu.* And ſo it ought to be, for this Garden was deſign'd for Pleaſure; but for honeſt Pleaſure, the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreſhment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but ſweet Herbs, and thoſe only choice ones too; and every Kind has its Bed by it ſelf. *Ti.* I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not mute, as you were ſaying e'en now. *Eu.* You're in the right: My Houſe was never made for Magnificence, but for Diſcourſe: So that I can never be alone in't, as you your ſelf ſhall confeſs when you have ſeen it through. As I have rang'd my ſeveral Plants into ſeveral Troops, ſo every Troop has its *Standard* to it ſelf with a peculiar *Motto.* The *Marjoram*'s Word is, *Abſtine Sus, non tibi ſpiro: My Perfume was never made for the Snout of a Sow*; being a Fragrancy to which the Sow has a natural Averſion. And ſo every other Herb has ſomething in the Title to denote the particular Virtue of the Plant. *Ti.* I have ſeen nothing yet that pleaſes me better than this Fountain. It is the Ornament, the Relief, and Security of the whole Garden. But for this *Ciſtern* here, that with ſo much Satisfaction to the Eye, waters the whole Ground in Channels, at ſuch equal Diſtances, that it ſhows all the Flowers over again, as in a Looking-Glaſs; this *Ciſtern*, I ſay, is it of *Marble?* *Eu.* Not a Word of that, I prithee. How ſhould *Marble* come hi-

ther? 'Tis only a *Paſte* that's cover'd over with an artificial Counterfeit. *Ti.* And where does this delicious Rivulet diſcharge it ſelf at laſt? *Eu.* Juſt at the Rate of Human Obligations, when we have ſerv'd our own Turns: So is it with this delicate Brook; when we have had the Pleaſure and the Benefit of it in the Garden, it waſhes the Kitchen, and then paſſes through the Sink into the Common-Shore. *Ti.* A moſt inhuman Cruelty, as I am a Chriſtian! *Eu.* And I ſhould think it ſo too, if the Bounty of Providence had not appointed it in common for all theſe Uſes. If you call this a Cruelty, what ſhall we ſay of thoſe that with their Luſts and Appetites pollute the Fountain of Divine Truth, which was given us for the compoſing and purging of our Minds; and abuſe the unſpeakable Goodneſs of the Almighty? *Ti.* You ſpeak Reaſon. But how comes it that all your *Made-Hedges* are Green too? *Eu.* Becauſe I would have every thing Green here. Some are for a Mixture of Red to ſet off the other. But I am ſtill for Green; as every Man has his Fancy, though it be but in a Garden. *Ti.* The Garden is very fine of it ſelf, but theſe three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the Lightſomneſs and Pleaſure of it. *Eu.* There do I either Study, or Walk, or Talk with a Friend, or Eat a Diſh of Meat, according as the Humour takes me. *Ti.* Thoſe ſpeckled parti-colour'd Pillars there, are not they *Marble?* *Eu.* Out of the ſame Quarry with the *Ciſtern.* *Ti.* 'Tis a pretty Cheat; I ſhould have ſworn they had been *Marble.* *Eu.* Take it for a Warning then that you ſwear nothing raſhly, for you ſee how a Man may be

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miſtaken. What I want in my Purſe, I am fain to ſupply with Invention. *Ti.* And could you not content your ſelf with ſo neat and well-finiſh'd a Garden in *Subſtance*, without more Gardens in *Picture* over and above? *Eu.* Firſt, one Piece of Ground will not hold all ſorts of Plants. Secondly, 'Tis a double Pleaſure to compare Painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we contemplate the admirable Work of Nature, in the other the Skill of the Artiſt; and in both the Goodneſs of God, who gives us all things for our Uſe, and ſhews himſelf to be wonderful and amiable together. And laſtly, the Painting holds freſh and green all the Winter, when the Flowers are dead and wither'd. *Ti.* But what Sweetneſs is there in a Picture? *Eu.* Conſider on the other ſide, that it requires no dreſſing. *Ti.* It only delights the Eye. *Eu.* But then 'tis beautiful in all Seaſons. *Ti.* Pictures themſelves grow old. *Eu.* They do ſo, but yet they'll out-live us; beſide, that whereas we are the worſe for Age, they are the better for't. *Ti.* That's too true, if it could be otherwiſe. *Eu.* Theſe Walks ſerve me to many Purpoſes. In one of them I take the Benefit of the *Morning-Sun*; in another, I take Sanctuary againſt the Heats of the *Meridian*, and refreſh my ſelf in the Cool of the Shade; and in the third I ſit airing my ſelf ſometimes. But if you pleaſe, we'll take a View of 'em nearer Hand. See how green 'tis under Foot; and ye have the Beauty of painted Flowers in the very Checquering of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in *Freſco*; there's a ſtrange Variety of Matter in't; ſo many Trees, and but one of a ſort; and all expreſt to the Life: And

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ſo for the Birds too, eſpecially if any way remarkable. As for Geeſe, Hens and Ducks, they are not worth the Drawing. Underneath are four-footed Creatures, or ſuch Birds as live upon the Ground, and keep them Company. *Ti.* The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in *Action*; either doing, or imitating ſomething. There's an *Owl* ſits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her Mouth. What ſays ſhe? *Eu.* She's an *Athenian* her ſelf, and ſo ſpeaks *Greek*: Συφρόνει, ſays ſhe, ὃ πᾶσιν ἵπταμαι, *Be wiſe, I do not fly to all.* She bids us do nothing raſhly. There's an *Eagle* quarrying upon a *Hare*, and a *Bittle* interceding, but to no purpoſe; the *Wren*, that mortally hates the *Eagle*, ſeconding the *Bittle*. *Ti.* That *Swallow*, what has ſhe got in her Mouth? *Eu.* A Leaf of *Celandine*; (Don't you know the Plant?) ſhe cures the Eyes of her young ones with it. *Ti.* What an odd kind of *Lizard* is there? *Eu.* You're miſtaken, 'tis a *Chamælion*. *Ti.* Not the *Chamælion* there's ſo much Talk of? I took that for a Beaſt twice as big as a *Lyon*; the Name on't is twice as long too. *Eu.* This *Chamælion* is always hungry and gaping, eſpecially near a *wild Fig tree*, for that's his Averſion. He's otherwiſe harmleſs, and yet the little Creature has Poiſon in him. *Ti.* I do not find that he changes his Colour. *Eu.* But if you ſaw him change his Place, you would ſee him change his Colour too. *Ti.* What's the Meaning of that *Piper*? *Eu.* Don't you ſee a *Camel* dancing there hard by? *Ti.* A very pleaſant Fancy truly; the *Ape* whiſtles, and the *Camel* dances. *Eu.* It would aſk at leaſt three Days to run thorough the Particulars one by one: So that we had better

better take ſome other time for that, and content our ſelves with what we have had for the preſent. You have here all ſorts of famous Plants, deſcrib'd according to Nature; and (to encreaſe the wonder) the ſtrongeſt Poiſons in the World, which ye may both look upon and handle without any Danger. *Ti.* Here's a *Scorpion*; they are common in *Italy*, and very miſchievous, but rarely ſeen here. Has the Painter given it the true Colour? *Eu.* Why do ye aſk? *Ti.* This is too pale, methinks; for thoſe in *Italy* are blacker. *Eu.* Do you know the Plant it's fall'n upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That's no wonder, for we have none of it in theſe Parts: They call it *Woolf's Bane*; ſo deadly a Poiſon, that upon the very Touch of it, a *Scorpion* preſently turns pale, is ſtupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one Poiſon, he finds his Remedy in other; and if he can but get to the *White Hellebore*, he recovers. Thoſe Plants there are the two ſorts of *Hellebore*. *Ti.* This *Scorpion* is undone then, for he is never like to remove from the Place where he is. But do your *Scorpions* ſpeak here? *Eu.* Yes, and they ſpeak *Greek* too. *Ti.* What does he ſay? *Eu.* Εὗρε Θεὸς τὸν ἀλιτῆρα, *God hath found out the Guilty.* Now here in the Graſs you have all kinds of Serpents. Here's the *Baſiliſk*, that's not only terrible for his Poiſon, but the very Flaſh of his Eye is mortal. *Ti.* And does not he ſay ſomething too? *Eu.* Yes; and his Word is, *Oderint, dum Metuant: Let them hate me, ſo they fear me.* *Ti.* Spoken like an Emperor. *Eu.* Like a Tyrant, you mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a *Lizard* and a *Viper*; and there again lies

lies a *Snake* (the *Dipſas*) upon the Catch, under an *Eſtrich* Egg-ſhell. You come now to the whole Polity of the *Ants*, (that induſtrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Prophane.) And here are your *Indian* Ants, that both carry Gold, and hoard it up. *Ti.* Good God, how is't poſſible for any Man to be weary of this Entertainment! *Eu.* And yet ſome other time you ſhall ſee I'll give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good diſtance, there's a third Wall, where you have *Lakes*, *Seas*, *Rivers*, and all ſorts of choice *Fiſhes*. Here's the *Nile*, and a *Dolphin* grapling with a *Crocodile*; the natural Friend of Mankind with our greateſt Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye ſee ſeveral *Amphibia*, as *Crabs*, *Seals*, *Beavers*: Here's a *Polypus* catch'd in an *Oyſter*. *Ti.* And what is't that he ſays? αἱρῶν αἱρεθμαι, *the Taker taken.* *Ti.* This Water is rarely done. *Eu.* If it were not, we ſhould have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another *Polypus*, ſee how he cuts it away above Water like a Wherry; and there lies a *Torpedo* upon the Sand (both of a Colour) you may touch 'em here without any ſort of Danger, But let's to ſomething elſe; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. *Ti.* Is there any more to be ſeen then? *Eu.* We'll look into the Back-ſide by and by. Here's an indifferent fair Garden cut into two: The one's for the Kitchen, and that's my Wives; the other is a *Phyſick-Garden*. Upon the left hand, you have an open green Meadow encloſed with a Quickſet Hedge. There do I take the Air ſometimes, and divert my ſelf with good Company. Upon the Right-

hand

hand there's a Nurſery of Foreign Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But theſe things you ſhall ſee at better Leiſure. *Ti.* The King himſelf has nothing like ye. *Eu.* At the End of the upper Walk, there's an *Aviary*, which I'll ſhew you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'll ſee as great a Diverſity of Humours as of Plumes and Notes: For they have their Kindneſſes and their Feuds as well as we. And then they are ſo tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper they'll come flying in at the Window to me at the very Table, and eat for Company. When they ſee me there upon the Draw-bridge (talking perhaps with a Friend or ſo) they'll ſit ſome of them obſerving and hearkening, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my Head or my Shoulders, without any ſort of Fear, for they find that no body hurts 'em. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my *Bees*, which is a Sight worth your Curioſity. But I'll keep that in reſerve for ye till by and by.

Servant. My Miſtreſs bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be ſpoil'd. *Eu.* A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's waſh firſt, my Maſters, that we may bring clean Hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: The very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this Caſe, how much more then ſhould Chriſtians do it, if it were but in Imitation of that ſacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Diſciples at his laſt Supper. The waſhing of the Hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And ſo long as there is any Uncleanneſs in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought

ought not to uſurp upon the Bleſſings of the Table: The very Body is the ſounder, the Meat the wholſomer for a purified Mind. *Ti.* Moſt undoubtedly. *Eu.* It is evident from ſeveral Inſtances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour to bleſs the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you pleaſe, I'll ſay you a Grace that St. *Chryſoſtome*, in one of his Homilies, commends to the Skies, and he himſelf was the Interpreter of it. *Ti.* Pray'e do.

Bleſſed be thou, O God, who haſt ſuſtained us from our Youth, and provideſt Food for all Fleſh: Fill our Hearts with Joy and Comfort, that partaking abundantly of thy Bounties, we may likewiſe abound in all good Works, through Jeſus Chriſt *our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghoſt be Glory, Honour and Power, World without End.* Ti. *Amen.*

Eu. Sit down now, and let every Man take his Friend next him. The firſt Place is yours, *Timothy*, in the Right of your Grey Hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the World that gives me a Title to't. *Eu.* We can judge but of what we ſee, and muſt leave the reſt to God. *Sophronius*, keep you cloſe to your Principal. There's the right ſide of the Table for *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*; and the left for *Chryſoglottus* and *Theodidactus*. *Euranius* and *Nephalius* muſt make a ſhift with what's left; and I'll ſtick here to my old Corner. *Ti.* This muſt not be; the Maſter of the Houſe ſure ſhall take the firſt Place. *Eu.* The Houſe is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen; or however, if I may govern

vern within my own Juriſdiction, I'll ſit where I pleaſe, and I have made my Choice. Now *Chriſt be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true Joy and Comfort. Ti. Amen.* But where ſhall *He* ſit, for the Places are all taken up? *Eu.* I would have him in every Drop and Morſel that we eat or drink; but principally in our Minds. And the better to fit us for the Reception of ſo Divine a Gueſt, if you pleaſe, we'll have ſome Piece of Scripture read in the *Interim*; which will not at all hinder us in the Buſineſs of our Dinner. *Ti.* With all my Soul. *Eu.* This Entertainment pleaſes me ſo much the better, becauſe it puts off vain and frivolous Diſcourſe, and brings Profit beſide. I am none of thoſe that think no Society diverting, unleſs it be ſeaſon'd with the Foppery of wanton Stories, and Bawdy Songs. There's no true Joy but in a clear and open Conſcience; and thoſe are the happy Converſations, where only ſuch things are ſpoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction, and without any Mixture either of Shame or Repentance. *Ti.* It were well if we were as careful in this Point, as we are ſure of the Truth on't. *Eu.* And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and certain, but one Month's uſing of it would make it pleaſant too. *Ti.* And therefore 'tis the beſt Courſe we can take to wont our ſelves to that which is good.

Eu. Read us ſomething, Boy, and ſpeak out, and diſtinctly. *Boy.* Prov. 21. *The King's Heart is in the Hand of the Lord, as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whitherſoever he will. Every*

way of Man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the Hearts. To do Juſtice and Judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than Sacrifice, v. 1, 2, 3. *Eu.* Hold there, 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an Appetite, than to devour more than a Man can digeſt. *Ti.* 'Tis better, I muſt confeſs, in many Caſes. *Pliny* would have *Tully's Offices* never out of your Hand; and I am ſo far of his Mind, that I could wiſh the whole World, eſpecially Stateſmen, had him by Heart: And for this little Book of the *Proverbs*, I have always look'd upon as the beſt of Manuals. *Eu.* 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner. *Ti.* That Compliment might have been ſpar'd, where every thing is excellent. But if you had given us this Lecture to a Diſh of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a moſt delicious Treat. *Eu.* I could commend it however with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly underſtand that which I have heard: And I would we had but ſome able Divine among us, that might fully expound it: But I do not know how far a Lay-man may be allowed to deſcant upon ſuch a Subject. *Ti.* I ſee no hurt in't, even for the meaneſt Skipper to do it, bating the Raſhneſs of paſſing Sentence in the Caſe. And who knows but that Chriſt himſelf (who has promiſed his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gathered together in his Name) may vouchſafe his Aſſiſtance alſo unto us, who are ſomewhat a larger Congregation. *Eu.* What if we ſhould take theſe three Verſes then, and divide them among us Nine Gueſts. *Ti.* We are all content, provided that our Patron lead

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the way. *Eu.* I ſhould not ſcruple it, but that I am loth to uſe ye worſe in my Expoſition, than I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take this to be the Moral of the firſt Verſe: That *Private Men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws and Menaces; but Kings, that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd, the fiercer their Diſpleaſure. And therefore Princes in their Paſſions ſhould be left to themſelves; not in reſpect of any Confidence in the Goodneſs of their Inclinations, but they are many times the Inſtrument of Providence for the Puniſhment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties and Errors: Was not* Nebuchadnezzar *a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience ſhould be paid him. And that of* Job, ch. 34. of the Hypocrites Reigning, *peradventure looks this way. And ſo that of the Prophet* David, *lamenting his Sins,* Pſal. 51. 4. Againſt Thee only have I ſinned, and done this Evil in thy ſight. *Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not alſo fatal to the People; but they are only accountable ſtill to Almighty God, from whoſe Judgment there lies no Appeal. Ti.* It goes well thus far. But what's meant by *the Rivers of Waters? Eu.* The very Compariſon explains it: *The Wrath of a Prince is impetuous and impotent, not to be led this way or that, or to be manag'd, but it preſſes forward with a reſtleſs Fury. There's no ſtopping or diverting of a Sea-breach; but the interpoſing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more outragious. Let it but alone, and it will at laſt ſink of it ſelf; as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is,* in one word, *leſs hazard in yielding, than in ſtriving. Ti.* Is there no Re-

medy then againſt the Extravagancies of unruly Governours? *Eu. The firſt Expedient is, not to receive a Lyon into the City. The ſecond, ſo to hamper him with Laws and Reſtrictions, as to keep him within Bounds; but the beſt of all would be to train him up from his Childhood in the Love and Exerciſe of Piety and Virtue; and to form his Will before he comes to underſtand his Power. Good Counſel and Perſuaſion go a great way, provided it be ſeaſonable and gentle: But the laſt Reſort muſt be to Almighty God, for the moving of his Heart towards things becoming his Dignity and Profeſſion.* *Ti.* And do you excuſe your ſelf becauſe you are a *Lay-man*? Where's the Graduate in Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment? *Eu.* Whether it be right or wrong, I cannot tell; but if it be not Heretical or Impious, I'm ſatisfy'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me; and now, according to the Rules of Converſation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement you paſs'd upon my grey Hairs, gives me ſome kind of Title to ſpeak my Senſe next; which is, that the Text will bear yet a more myſterious Meaning. *Eu.* I believe it may, and I ſhould be glad to hear it. *Ti. By the Word* King *may be ſignified a Man ſo perfected, that he has wholly ſubdu'd his Luſts, and is only led by the Guidance of a Divine Impulſe. Now it may not be proper perhaps to tie up ſuch a Perſon to the Conditions of Humane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Maſter, by whoſe Spirit he is govern'd. Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Meaſures, by which frail and imperfect Men advance themſelves toward*

ward true Holineſs: but if he ſteer another Courſe, we muſt ſay with St. Paul, *Rom.* 14. God hath received him, and to his own Maſter he ſtandeth or falleth. *And ſo,* 1 Cor. 2. 15. He that is Spiritual judgeth of all things, yet he himſelf is judg'd of no Man. *To ſuch therefore let none preſcribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed Bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way ſoever pleaſes him. Now to what End ſhould we preſcribe to him, that does better things of himſelf than Human Laws can oblige him to? And how great a Raſhneſs were it, to reſtrain that Perſon to Political Conſtitutions, who is manifeſtly directed by the Inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt? Eu.* You have not only the Pretences of Wiſdom (*Timothy*) in your grey Hairs, but the Subſtance of it in your Reaſoning. And I would to God that we had more ſuch Kings as this of yours among Chriſtians; for in truth they ought all of them to be ſuch. But we have dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs, let them be taken away, and ſomething elſe ſet in the Room. *Ti.* We have done ſo well already, there's no need of more. *Eu.* Now ſince by God's help our Succeſs has been ſo good upon the firſt Verſe, I ſhould be glad to hear your *Shadow* (for ſo the *Latin* calls your *Gueſt*) explain himſelf upon the next, which I take to be the darker of the two. *Soph.* If you'll pardon me at a venture, or if a *Shadow* may pretend to give *Light* to any thing, you ſhall have my Thoughts upon't. *Eu.* You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company; and I dare aſſure ye, that ſuch a *Shadow* caſts as much Light as our Eyes will well bear.

Soph. St. Paul *tells us, that there are ſeveral ways of Life that lead to Holineſs: One's* Genius *lies to the* Church, *another is for a* Marry'd State, *a third for a* Single Life, *others for* Privacy, *and ſome again are pleaſed with* publick Adminiſtrations in the Government; *according to the various Diſpoſitions of Bodies and Minds. To one* Man *all Meats are indifferent: Another diſtinguiſhes betwixt this Meat and that, and betwixt one Day and another; and ſome again paſs a Judgment upon every Day. In theſe things St.* Paul *would have every Man enjoy his own Freedom, without reproaching another. Neither ſhould we Cenſure any Man in theſe Caſes; but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that* Eats *may be more acceptable to God than he that* forbears; *he that* breaks *a* Holy-day, *than another that ſeems to* obſerve *it; he that* weds, *than another that lives* ſingle. I have done. *Eu.* You have hit the Nail o' th' Head: And ſo long as I may converſe with ſuch Shadows, I ſhall never deſire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd ſingle, and an *Eunuch*; not upon the Score of Religion, but to gratify our Palates; it is a Capon from my own Barn Door. I am a great Lover of boil'd Meats. Take where you like. Methinks this Soup, with Lettuce ſavours very well. But we'll have ſomething from the Spit, and after that ſome ſmall Deſert, and there's an End. *Ti.* But where's your Lady all this while? *Eu.* When you bring your own Wives, mine ſhall keep 'em Company; but ſhe's more at Liberty among the Women, and ſo are we too by our ſelves. And if ſhe were here, ſhe muſt ſit like a Mute.

Socrates,

Socrates, ye know, with ſome Philoſophers at his Table, that lov'd their Diſcourſe better than their Meat, had All thrown on the Floor by his Wife, for the Company's talking more (as ſhe thought) than came to their ſhare. I ſhould be loth that my *Xantippe* ſhould ſhew us ſuch another Trick. *Ti.* What your Wife! She's certainly one of the beſt Women in the World, and you're in no Danger of ſuch an Exploit. *Eu.* Truly ſuch as ſhe is, I ſhould be loath to change her if I might; and 'tis my great Happineſs that ſhe proves ſo. There are ſeveral *People* that are apt to ſay, Such or ſuch a Man is happy, for he never had a Wife; but I ſay rather (with the wiſe Man) *He that has a good Wife has a good Lot.* *Ti.* 'Tis commonly our own Fault if we have ill Wives; either for loving thoſe that are Bad, or for making 'em ſo, or elſe for want of inſtructing 'em better. *Eu.* You ſay right. But all this while who ſhall expound the Third Verſe? Methinks the Divine *Theophilus* looks as if he had a Mind to do it. *Th.* Truly my Mind was upon my Belly: But I'll do my beſt however, if I may venture upon't without Offence. *Eu.* Nay it will be a Favour to us, if even by a Miſtake you ſhould give us Occaſion of finding the Truth. *Th, It ſeems to me, that the Prophet* Hoſea *6. 6. expounds that Verſe very well:* I deſire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. *This is fully explain'd, and to the Life, by our Saviour in St.* Matthew, chap. 9. *When being at the Table of a* Publican, *with ſeveral others of the ſame Stamp and Profeſſion, the* Phariſees *that valu'd themſelves upon their ex-*

ternal Obſervance of the Law, without any Regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets; the Phariſees, *I ſay, aſkt the Diſciples (to alienate their Affections from him)* what their Maſter meant, to eat with Publicans and Sinners? *This is a Point, of which the* Jews *made a Conſcience to ſo high a Degree, that if the ſtricter ſort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would preſently go home, and waſh themſelves.* This Queſtion put the Diſciples to a Loſs, till their Maſter made Anſwer, both for himſelf and them. They *(ſays he)* that are whole need not a Phyſician, but they that are ſick: But go you and learn what that meaneth, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice; for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. *Eu.* This way of comparing Texts is the ſureſt Rule of expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls *Sacrifice*, and what *Mercy?* For how ſhould we reconcile it, that God who has *appointed* and *required* ſo many *Sacrifices* ſhould be againſt them? *Th. How far God is againſt* Sacrifices, *he himſelf teaches us in the* Prophet Iſaiah, chap. 1. *There were certain legal Obligations among the* Jews, *that were rather Significations of Holineſs, than of the Eſſence of it; and there were certain other Obligations of perpetual Force, being good in their own Natures, without any Reſpect to the Command. Now God was not diſpleaſed with the* Jews *for obſerving the Rites and Ceremonies of the Law; but for placing all their Holineſs upon that outward Performance, to the Neglect of neceſſary and more important Duties: As if they had merited Heaven by keeping their Holy Days, offering up of Sacrifices, abſtaining from Meats for-*

forbidden, and by their frequent Faſtings: whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their Sins, as Avarice, Pride, Rapine, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities, embracing only the Shadow of Religion, without minding the Subſtance. But where he ſays, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice, *I take it to be an* Hebraiſm; *that is to ſay,* Mercy rather *than* Sacrifice, *after the Interpretation of* Solomon *in this Text. And again, the Scripture expreſſes all charitable Offices to our Neighbour under the Term of* Mercy *and* Elemoſinary Tenderneſs, *which derives its very* Name *from* Pity. *By* Sacrifices, *I ſuppoſe, is intended whatſoever reſpects corporal Ceremonies, under any Affinity with* Judaiſm. *As the Choice of* Meats, appointed Garments, Faſts, Sacrifices, Reſting upon Holy Days, and the ſaying over Prayers as a Boy ſays his Leſſon. *Theſe things, as they are not to be neglected in their due Seaſon, ſo if a Man relies too much upon theſe Obſervances, and ſees his Brother in Diſtreſs, without relieving him, theſe bare Formalities are very unpleaſing to God. It has ſome Appearance of Holineſs to have nothing to do with wicked Men; but this Caution ceaſes, whereſoever there is Place for the Exerciſe of our Charity. It is a Point of juſt Obedience to reſt on Holy Days, but it were moſt impious to make ſuch a Conſcience of the Day, as not to make a greater of ſaving his Brother upon that Day, if he were in Danger. Wherefore to keep the* Lord's Day *is a kind of* Sacrifice, *but to be reconcil'd to my* Brother *is a Point of* Mercy. *And then for the Judgment of things, tho' the Weak are commonly oppreſt by the more powerful, who are to paſs the Sentence; yet it ſeems to me reaſonable enough, that the poor Man ſhould*

mind him of that in Hoſea, And the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. *No Man can be ſaid to keep the* Law, *but he that obſerves the* Will *in it of the* Law-Maker. *The* Jews *could take up an* Aſs *upon their* Sabbath *that was fallen into a Pit, and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preſerving a Man upon that Day. This was a prepoſterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God, for they never conſider'd that theſe Proviſions were made for* Man, *and not* Man *for them.* But I ſhould think my ſelf impudent in ſaying thus much, if you had not commanded it, and I had rather learn of others. *Eu.* This Diſcourſe is ſo far from impudent, that it looks rather like an Inſpiration. But while we are feeding of our Souls, we muſt not forget our Companions. *Th.* Who are thoſe? *Eu.* Our Bodies; and I had rather call them *Companions*, than *Inſtruments*, *Habitations*, or *Sepulchres*. *Ti.* This is a ſure way of Satisfaction, when the whole Man's relieved. *Eu.* We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you pleaſe, we'll call for a roaſted Bit, without ſtaying any longer for a little. And now ye ſee your Ordinary. Here's a good Shoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two Brace of Partridges. Theſe Partridges came from the Market; and I'm beholden to my Farm for the reſt. *Ti.* Here's a Dinner for a Prince. *Eu.* For a *Carmelite*, you would ſay; but ſuch as it is, you're welcome to't, and that muſt ſupply your Entertainment. *Ti.* This is the talkingſt Place that ever I ſet my Foot in; not only the Walls, but the very Cup ſpeaks. *Eu.* And what does it ſay? *Ti. No Man is hurt but by himſelf.* *Eu.* The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a

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Man get a Feaver, or a Pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are ſubject to curſe the Wine, when we ſhould rather impute it to our ſelves for the Exceſs. *Soph.* Mine ſpeaks *Greek* here; Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια, *In Wine there's Truth.* *Eu.* This gives to underſtand, that 'tis not ſafe for Prieſts or Courtiers to drink deep, for fear of throwing their Hearts out at their Mouths. *Soph.* The *Egyptians* would not allow their Prieſts to drink any Wine at all, and yet in thoſe Days there was no *Auricular Confeſſion.* 'Tis become lawful now for all People to drink Wine; how convenient I know not. What Book is that, *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It muſt needs be a good one ſure, there's ſo much Coſt beſtow'd upon it. *Eula.* It has a glorious Outſide, I muſt confeſs, and yet 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the *Epiſtles* of St. *Paul*, which I ſtill carry about me as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon ſomething you ſaid, that minds me of a Place which I have beat my Head about a long time, and I am not yet reſolved in. It is in the *6th Chapter* of the *firſt Epiſtle* to the *Corinthians*: *All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* Firſt (if we may truſt the *Stoicks*) nothing can be profitable to us which is not honeſt. Therefore how comes St. *Paul* to diſtinguiſh betwixt *lawful* and *expedient?* It is not *lawful* ſure to whore, or to drink drunk. How is it ſaid then that *all things are lawful?* But if St. *Paul* ſpeaks of ſome particular things only, which he would have to be *lawful*, how ſhall I divine from the Tenor of the Place, which

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thoſe particular things are? From that which follows it may be gathered, that he there ſpeaks of the Choice of Meats: For ſome abſtain from things offer'd to *Idols*, others from Meats that were forbidden by *Moſes's Law*. In the *Eighth Chapter* he treats of the former, and then in the Tenth unfolds the Intention of this Place, ſaying, *All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no Man ſeek his own, but every Man another's Wealth. Whatſoever is ſold in the Shambles, eat.* And that which St. *Paul* ſubjoins; agrees with what he ſaid before: *Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; God ſhall deſtroy both it and them.* Now that this was ſpoken of the *Judaical Choice of Meats*, appears by the Cloſe of the *Tenth Chapter*. *Give none Offence neither to the* Jews, *nor to the* Gentiles, *nor to the Church of God, even as I pleaſe all Men in all things; not ſeeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many that they may be ſaved.* Where he ſpeaks of the *Gentiles*, he ſeems to reflect upon things offer'd to *Idols*; and in naming the *Jews*, he refers to the *Choice of Meats*; under the *Church of God* comprehending the Weak that are collected out of both ſorts. It was *lawful*, it ſeems, to eat of all Meats whatſoever, and all things are clean to the Clean: But the remaining Queſtion is, whether or no it be *Expedient*? The Liberty of the Goſpel makes all things Lawful; but for the avoiding of Scandal, Charity has a regard to the Conſcience of my Neighbour. Upon that ſcore I would forbear even things the moſt *lawful*; rather chooſing to gratify the Scruples of another, than to in-

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ſiſt upon the Exerciſe of my own Freedom. But now here ariſes a double Difficulty: Firſt, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Conſtruction either before or after; for his Charge againſt the *Corinthians* was, that they were *Seditious*, *Fornicators*, *Adulterous*, *Inceſtuous*, and given to *Contention* before *Wicked Judges*. Now what Coherence is there after all this to ſay, *All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?* After this Paſſage he returns to the Point of *Incontinence*, which he had alſo repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of Contention: *But the Body*, ſays he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord is for the Body.* But this may be ſalv'd too, becauſe a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of Idolatry: *Be not deceived, neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers*; and then the eating of things offer'd to *Idols* is a ſpice of *Idolatry:* Wherefore he follows it with this Expreſſion, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats*; intimating, that in Caſe of Neceſſity, and for a Seaſon, a Man may eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit; but that Uncleanneſs is in all Perſons, and at all Times, to be deteſted. It is Matter of Neceſſity that we eat, but that Neceſſity ſhall be taken away at the Laſt Day: If we be Luſtful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another Scruple which I cannot either diſſolve, or reconcile to that Paſſage, *But I will not be brought under the Power of any:* For he ſays, that he has the Power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under any one's Power. If he may be ſaid to be in another Man's Power, that abſtains for Fear of offending;

ding; it is no more than what in the ninth Chapter he ſpeaks of himſelf: *For tho' I be free from all Men, yet I have made my ſelf Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. *Ambroſe* ſtumbling, as I ſuppoſe, at this Scruple, takes this to be the genuine Senſe of the Apoſtle, for the better underſtanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himſelf the Power of doing as the reſt of the Apoſtles, (either true or falſe) the Liberty of receiving Maintenance from thoſe to whom he preached the Goſpel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he charg'd with ſo many and ſo enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in ſome degree in the Power of him that gives; and ſuffers ſome kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes, cannot ſo freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not eaſily take a Reprehenſion from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did St. *Paul* abſtain from many things that were *lawful*, for the Credit of his *Apoſtolical Liberty*, which he choſe rather to ſupport at the height, that he might maintain the Dignity of his Commiſſion, for the Reprehenſion of their Sins. This Explication of St. *Ambroſe*, I am well enough pleas'd with: And yet if any body had rather apply this Paſſage to Meats, St. *Paul*'s ſaying, *But I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may in my Opinion bear this Explanation: Although I may ſometimes abſtain from Meats offered to Idols, or forbidden by the *Moſaical Law*, out of a Tenderneſs to the Scruples of a weak Brother, my Mind is nevertheleſs free; well knowing that Neceſſity makes all

Meats

Meats lawful. But there were ſome falſe Apoſtles, that would perſuade the World, that ſome Meats were in themſelves impure; and that not only upon Occaſion, but in all Extremities they were to be forborn, as *Adultery* or *Murder*. Now thoſe that were thus miſled, fell from their *Goſpel-liberty* under a *foreign Power*. Only *Theophilact*, as I remember, has an Opinion by himſelf; it is lawful, ſays he, to eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Exceſs; for from Luxury comes Luſt. There's no Impiety now in this Senſe, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now ſhew'd you my Scruples, and it will become your Charity to ſet me at Eaſe. *Eu.* Your Diſcourſe is certainly anſwerable to your Name; and the Queſtions you have propounded, cannot be better reſolv'd than by your ſelf: For your manner of doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' St. *Paul*, propoſing to do many things together, paſſes ſo often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the ſame thing again in the ſame Epiſtle, that it is a hard matter to diſentangle it. *Chryſoglottos.* If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners, and if I did not make a Conſcience of mingling things profane with ſacred, there is ſomething that I would venture to propound to you; I read it this Day with ſingular Delight. *Eu.* Whatſoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, ſhould not be called profane. The firſt Place muſt be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet after that, I find among the Ancients, nay the *Ethnicks*, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and

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Sentences, ſo clean, ſo ſincere, ſo divine, that I cannot perſuade my ſelf but they wrote them by Holy Inſpiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Chriſt diffuſes it ſelf farther than we imagine. There are more Saints than we find in our Catalogue. To confeſs my ſelf now among my Friends, I cannot read *Tully of Old Age, of Friendſhip*, his *Offices*, or his *Tuſculan Queſtions*, without kiſſing the Book, without a Veneration for the Soul of that *Divine Heathen*; and then, on the contrary, when I read ſome of our Modern Authors, their *Politicks*, *Œconomies*, and *Ethicks*; good God! how Jejune and Cold they are! and ſo inſenſible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather loſe *all Scotus*, and twenty more ſuch as he, than *one Cicero* or *Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly againſt them neither; but from the reading of the one, I find my ſelf to become honeſter and better; whereas I riſe from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue; but moſt violently bent upon Cavil and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Propoſition, whatever it is. *Ch.* Tho' all *Tully's Philoſophy* carries upon it the ſtamp of ſomething that is Divine, yet that Treatiſe of *Old Age*, which in his Old Age he wrote; that Piece, I ſay, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb*, *to be the Song of the dying Swan.* I read it this Day; and theſe Words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the reſt. *Should God now put it into my Power to begin my Life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the courſe over of the Years I have liv'd, I ſhould not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefit of Life? Or rather how great is the Pain? Or if there*

were

were none of this, there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety and Trouble. There are many (I know) and learned Men, that have taken up the Humour of deploring their paſt Lives. This is a thing which I can never conſent to, or to be troubled that my Life is ſpent, becauſe I have ſo liv'd as to perſuade my ſelf that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a Place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will that Day be, when I ſhall leave the Rabble and the Traſh of this World behind me, to join in Counſel and Society with thoſe illuſtrious Spirits that are gone before. Thus far *Cato*. What could a Chriſtian have ſaid more? The Dialogue of this *Aged Pagan*, with the *Youth* of his times, will riſe up in Judgment againſt many of *our Monks*, with their *Holy Virgins*. *Eu.* It will be objected, that this Colloquy of *Tully*'s was but a Fiction. *Ch.* 'Tis all one to me, whether the Honour be *Cato*'s, for the Senſe and Expreſſion of this Rapture; or *Cicero*'s, for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of repreſenting his Thoughts in Words anſwerable to the Matter; though I'm apt to think, that although theſe very Syllables were not *Cato*'s, yet that his familiar Converſations were not far from this Purpoſe. Neither had *Tully* the Confidence to draw a *Cato* fairer than he was; eſpecially in a time, when his Character was yet freſh in the Memories of all Men. Beſide that ſuch an Unlikeneſs in a *Dialogue* would have been a great *Indecorum*, and enough to have blaſted the Credit of the Diſcourſe. *Th.* That which you ſay is very likely; but let me tell you

what came into my Head upon your Recital: I have often wonder'd with my ſelf, conſidering that long Life is the Wiſh, and Death the Terror of all Mortals, that there is ſcarce any Man ſo happy (I do not ſpeak of *Old*, but of *middle-aged Men*) but if it ſhould be offer'd him to be young again if he would, upon Condition of running the ſame Fortune over again of good and ill, he would make the ſame Anſwer that *Cato* did, eſpecially paſſing a true Reflection upon the Mixture of this paſt Life. For the Remembrance, even of the pleaſanteſt part of it, is commonly attended with Shame and Sting of Conſcience; inſomuch that the Memory of paſt Delights is more painful to us, than that of paſt Misfortunes. Wherefore it was wiſely done of the ancient *Poets* in the Fable of *Lethe*, to make the *Dead* drink the Water of *Forgetfulneſs* before their Souls were affected with any Deſire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. *Ur.* It is a thing that I my ſelf have obſerv'd in ſome Caſes, and well worthy of our Admiration. But that in *Cato*, which takes me the moſt, is his Declaration, that *he did not repent himſelf of his paſt Life.* Where's the Chriſtian that lives to his Age, and can ſay as much? 'Tis a common thing for Men that have ſcrap'd Eſtates together, by hook or by crook, to value themſelves at their Death upon the Induſtry and Succeſs of their Lives. But *Cato*'s ſaying, That he had not liv'd *in vain*, was grounded upon the Conſcience of having diſcharg'd all the Parts of an honeſt and a reſolute Citizen and Patriot, and untainted Magiſtrate; and that he ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity the Monuments of his Integrity and Virtue. *I depart* (ſays he)

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as out of a Lodging, not a Dwelling Place. What could be more Divine? I am here upon ſufferance, till the Maſter of the Houſe ſays *Be gone.* A Man will not eaſily be forc'd from his own Home; but the Fall of a Chimney, the Spark of a Coal, and a thouſand petty Accidents drive us out of this World; or at the beſt, the Structure of our Bodies falls to pieces with old Age, and moulders to Duſt; every Moment admoniſhing us, that we are to change our Quarters. *Nephalius.* That Expreſſion of *Socrates* in *Plato*, is rather methinks the more ſignificant of the two: *The Soul of a Man* (ſays he) *is in the Body as in a Garriſon*; there's no quitting of it, without the Leave of the *Captain*; nor any longer ſtaying in't, than during the Pleaſure of him that plac'd it there. The Alluſion of a *Garriſon* is much more emphatical, than that of a *Houſe:* For in the *One* is only imply'd an *Abode*, (and that perhaps an idle one too) whereas in the Other we are put upon Duty by our *Governour.* And much to this purpoſe it is, that the *Life of Man* in *Holy Writ* is one while called a *Warfare*, and another while a *Race.* *Ur.* But *Cato*'s Speech methinks has ſome Affinity with that of St. *Paul*, 2 Cor. *ch.* 5. where he calls that Heavenly Station, which we look for after this Life, in one Place a *Houſe*, in another a *Manſion*; and the Body he calls σκῆνος, or a *Tabernacle.* For *we alſo* (ſays he) *in this Tabernacle groan, being burthened.* *Neph.* So St. *Peter*, 2. 1. *And I think it meet* (ſays he) *as long as I am in this Tabernacle to ſtir ye up, by putting you in mind, being aſſured, that I ſhall ſhortly put off this my Tabernacle.* And what ſays *Chriſt* himſelf, *Mat.*

24. *Mark* 13. and *Luke* 21. That we ſhould ſo live and watch, as if we were preſently to die; and ſo apply our ſelves to honeſt things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can hear theſe Words of *Cato*, *Oh that glorious Day!* without thinking of St. *Paul*'s, *I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt? Ch.* How happy are they that wait for Death in ſuch a ſtate of Mind? But yet in *Cato*'s Speech, tho' it be great, there is more Boldneſs and Arrogance in it methinks, than would become a *Chriſtian.* No, certainly, never any *Ethnick* came nearer up to us, than *Socrates* to *Crito*, before he took his Poiſon: *Whether I ſhall be approved or not in the Sight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have moſt affectionately endeavour'd to pleaſe him. And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed.* This great Man's Diffidence in himſelf was yet ſo comforted by the Conſcience of pious Inclinations, and an abſolute Reſignation of himſelf to the Divine Will, that he deliver'd up himſelf, in a Dependance upon God's Mercy and Goodneſs, even for the Honeſty of his Intentions. *Neph.* What a wonderful Elevation of Mind was this in a Man that only acted by the Light of Nature! I can hardly read the Story of this Worthy without a *Sancte* Socrates, *ora pro nobis*, *Saint* Socrates, *pray for us*; and I have as much ado ſometime to keep my ſelf from wiſhing well to the Souls of *Virgil* and *Horace.* But how diſtracted and fearful have I ſeen many *Chriſtians* upon the laſt Extremity! Some put their Truſt in things not to be confided in, others breathe out their Souls in Deſperation, either out of a Conſcience of their lewd

Lives, or ſome Scruples perhaps injected into their Thoughts, by medling with indiſcreet Men at their dying Hours. *Ch.* And 'tis no wonder to find thoſe diſorder'd at their Deaths, who have ſpent their whole Lives in the Formality of philoſophizing about Ceremonies. *Neph.* What do you mean by *Ceremonies?* *Ch.* I'll tell ye; but with this Proteſtation over and over before-hand, that I am ſo far from condemning the Sacraments and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high Veneration; but there are a wicked and ſuperſtitious ſort of People, (or, in good Manners, I ſhall call them only ſimple and unlearned Men) that cry up theſe things as if they were Foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Chriſtians: Theſe, I muſt confeſs, I cannot but infinitely blame. *Neph.* All this is not yet enough to make me underſtand what it is you would be at. *Ch.* I'll be plainer then: If ye look into the ordinary ſort of Chriſtians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion reſted in *Ceremonies*. With how much Pomp are the ancient Rites of the Church ſet forth in *Baptiſm?* The Infant waits without the Church-door, the *Exorciſm*, the *Catechiſm* is diſpatch'd, the *Vow* is paſt, the *Devil* with all his Pomps and Pleaſures is *abjur'd*, and then the Child is *anointed*, *ſigned*, ſeaſon'd with *Salt*, *dipt*, a Charge given to his *Sureties* to ſee him well brought up, and then follows their *Oblation*, and by this time the Child paſſes for a Chriſtian, as in ſome Senſe it is. After this, it comes to be anointed again; and in time learns to *Confeſs*, take the *Euchariſt*, reſt on *Holy-days*, to obſerve *Faſts* and *Publick Prayers*, and to ab-

ſtain from *Fleſh*; and obſerving all theſe things, it goes for an abſolute *Chriſtian*. The Boy grows up then, and marries, which draws on *another Sacrament*; he enters into *Holy Orders*, is *anointed again*, and *conſecrated*, his *Habit chang'd*, and ſo to *Prayers*. Now the doing of all this I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of *Cuſtom* than *Conſcience*, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a *Chriſtian*. There are but too many in the World, that ſo long as they acquit themſelves in theſe outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do elſe; but rob, pillage, cheat, quarrel, whore, ſlander, oppreſs, and uſurp upon their Neighbours without Controul: And when they are brought through this Courſe of Life to their laſt Prayers, then there follow *more Ceremonies*; *Confeſſion* upon *Confeſſion*, more *Unction* ſtill, the *Euchariſt*, *Tapers*, the *Croſs*, *Holy Water*, *Indulgences* and *Pardons*, if they be to be had for Love or Money: Order is then given for a *magnificent Funeral*, and then comes *another ſolemn Contract*. When the Man is come to agonizing, there's one bawls in his Ear, and diſpatches him now and then before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though theſe things may be well enough, ſo far as they are done in Conformity to *Eccleſiaſtical Cuſtoms*, there are yet ſome inward and ſpiritual Impreſſions, that do more fortifie us againſt the Aſſaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our Hearts with Joy and Confidence at our laſt Breath. *Eu.* All this is pious and true; but in the mean time here's no body eats. I told you at firſt what you were to truſt to; and if you look

look for any thing more now than a Diſh of Nuts and Apples, you'll find your ſelves miſtaken. Come take away this, Boy, and ſet the reſt on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. *Ti.* There's ſo much Choice, and they're ſo well diſpos'd, it does a Man good to look upon't.

Eu. 'Tis no deſpicable piece of Thrift, I'll aſſure ye. This Diſh would have chear'd up the Heart of the *old Evangelical Monk Hilarion*, with a hundred more of his Fellows at's Heels. But *Paul* and *Anthony* would have liv'd a whole Month upon't. *Ti.* Yes, and *Prince Peter*, I fancy, would have leapt at it too when he lodg'd at *Simon* the *Tanners*. *Eu.* Yes, and *Paul* too, I believe, when he ſat up a Nights to make *Tents*. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the Goodneſs of God! But yet I had rather Faſt with *Peter* and *Paul*, upon Condition, that what I wanted for my Carkaſs, might be ſupply'd in the Satisfaction of my Mind. *Eu.* Let us learn of St. *Paul* to abound, and to ſuffer want: When we have it not, God be prais'd that we have ſtill a Subject for Frugality and Patience; when we abound, let us be thankful for that Munificence and Liberality, by which we are both invited and oblig'd to love him. And let us ſtill uſe his Bleſſings and Bounties with Moderation and Temperance, and remember the Poor. For God has given to ſome too little for their Convenience, and to others more than they need, that neither ſide may want an Occaſion for their Virtue. He beſtows upon us ſufficient for the Relief of our Brethren, that we may obtain his Mercy; and the Poor, on the other ſide, when they are refreſh'd by our

Liberality, give God Thanks for putting it into our Hearts, and recommending us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't, come hither, Boy; bid my Wife ſend *Gudula* ſome of the Meat that's left: 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood; her Huſband's lately dead (a profuſe lazy Fellow) and has left his Wife nothing but a Number of Children. *Ti.* 'Tis Chriſt's Command that we ſhould give to every one that aſks; but yet if I ſhould follow that Rule, within one Month I ſhould go a begging my ſelf. *Eu.* This is ſaid, I ſuppoſe, of thoſe that aſk only Neceſſaries: For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they aſk. There are, that not only beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from People to furniſh voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worſe, to nouriſh Luxury and Luſt. It is a kind of Rapine, to beſtow that which we owe to the preſent Neceſſities of our Neighbours, upon thoſe that will abuſe it. Upon this Conſideration it is, that I can hardly excuſe thoſe from a mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build or beautify Monaſteries or Churches, when ſo many living Temples of Chriſt are ready to ſtarve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other Neceſſaries. When I was in *England* I ſaw St. *Thomas*'s Tomb, ſo prodigiouſly rich in Plate and Jewels, that the Value was almoſt ineſtimable. Now had it not been better if theſe Superfluities had been rather apply'd to charitable Uſes, for the Relief of the Poor, than reſerv'd for thoſe ambitious Princes, who ſhall have the Fortune one Day to make a Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am confident, would have been very well content with

Leaves

Leaves and Flowers inſtead of them. In *Lombardy* I ſaw a Cloyſter of *Carthuſians*; (not far from *Pavia*) the Chappel within and without is white Marble from the Top to the Bottom; the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it, (and almoſt every thing elſe) are all Marble. To what end was this vaſt Expence upon a Marble Temple for a few ſolitary Monks to ſing in? And 'tis of more Burden than Uſe too: For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere Curioſity to ſee it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that they are endow'd with three thouſand Ducats a Year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monaſtery. It paſſes for little better than Sacrilege, to beſtow one Penny of that Money upon pious Uſes beſide the Intention of the Teſtator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, than not to go on with Building. We have a World of Inſtances up and down in our Churches of this kind; but I ſhall content my ſelf with theſe, as being ſomewhat more remarkable than ordinary. This is rather Ambition than Charity. Great Men now a-days will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times paſt they could hardly get room for the Saints. They muſt have their Pictures there, and their Images forſooth, with their Names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits; and this takes up a conſiderable part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their Wills) but their own Carcaſes may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars? But this Munificence of Great Men, you'll ſay, muſt not upon any Terms be diſcourag'd; and I ſay ſo too, if that which they offer to the

Temple of God be worthy of it. But if I were a Prieſt or a Biſhop, I would hammer it into the Heads of thoſe thick-ſkull'd Courtiers and Merchants, that if they would atone themſelves to Almighty God, they ſhould privately beſtow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as loſt, that goes out ſo by Parcels, and is ſo ſecretly diſtributed toward the Succour of the Needy, that the next Age ſhall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Money be better beſtow'd than that which makes Chriſt himſelf a Debtor? *Ti.* Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's beſtow'd upon Monaſteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a Benefactor my ſelf, if I had a Fortune for't; but it ſhould be ſuch a Proviſion for their Neceſſities as ſhould not reach to Luxury: And I would give ſomething too, whereſoever I found a Religious Man that wanted it. *Ti.* I have heard many find Fault with giving to publick Beggars. *Eu.* I would do ſomething that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintain its own Poor, without ſuffering Vagabonds and ſturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Money. *Ti.* To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purpoſes? *Eu.* 'Tis hard to anſwer all theſe Points exactly. There ſhould be, firſt, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion muſt be according to a Man's Ability, as often as he has occaſion. And for the Choice of the Men, I would be ſatisfy'd that they are poor and honeſt; and where my Purſe fails me, I would preach Charity to others. *Ti.* But will you give us leave now to

diſcourſe at Liberty in your Dominion? *Eu.* You are not ſo free in your own Houſes. *Ti.* You do not like prodigious Exceſſes, it ſeems upon Churches; and they might have been built cheaper, you ſay. *Eu.* Truly I take this Houſe of mine to be within the Compaſs of cleanly and convenient; far from any Pretence of Luxury, or I am miſtaken. I have ſeen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of theſe Gardens of mine (ſuch as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily leſſen my own Expence, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all Men were of your Mind, it would be better with many that are now in extreme Want; and on the other ſide many of thoſe pamper'd Carcaſes would be brought down, whom nothing but Penury can ever teach to be either modeſt or ſober. *Eu.* This may very well be. But ſhall I mend your Entertainment now with the beſt Bit at laſt? *Ti.* We have had more than enough already. *Eu.* But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't ſhall never charge your Stomachs. *Ti.* What is it? *Eu.* The *four Evangeliſts*, which I have reſerv'd to crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that Place where ye left off laſt.

Boy. *No Man can ſerve* two Maſters; *for either he will hate the One, and love the Other, or elſe he will hold to the One, and deſpiſe the Other. You cannot ſerve God and Mammon. Therefore I ſay unto you, take no Thought for your Life, what you ſhall eat, or what you ſhall drink; nor yet for your Body, what you ſhall put on. Is*

not

not the Life more than Meat, and the Body than Raiment?

Eu. Give me the Book. In this Place our Saviour ſeems to me to have ſaid the ſame thing twice: In one Place 'tis ſaid *he will hate*, and in the other *he will deſpiſe*; and for the Word he will *love*, it is afterward turn'd he will *hold to* the other. The Senſe is the ſame, tho' the Perſons be chang'd. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend you. *Eu.* Let us go mathematically to work then: Let *A*, in the firſt part, ſtand for *one*, and *B* for the *other*; and in the latter part put *B* for *one*, and *A* for the *other*, inverting the Order; for either *A* will *hate* and *B love*, or *B* will *hold to*, and *A* will *deſpiſe*. Is it not clear now that *A* is twice *hated*, and *B* twice *belov'd*. *Ti.* 'Tis very clear. *Eu.* This Conjunction *Or* eſpecially repeated, has the Emphaſis of a contrary, or at leaſt of a different Meaning. Would it not be otherwiſe abſurd to ſay, *Either* Peter *ſhall overcome me, and I'll yield*; *or I'll yield, and* Peter *ſhall overcome me.* *Ti.* A pleaſant Crotchet, as I'm an honeſt Man. *Eu.* I ſhall think it ſo when you have unriddled it. *Th.* I have ſomething in my Head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out; but whatever it is, if you'll have it you ſhall. *Eu.* 'Tis ill Luck, they ſay, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if you're big, this is no Place neither for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we ſhould be glad to have it. *Th.* In my Judgment, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, than the *Perſon*; and the Words *One* and *One* do not refer to *A* and *B*, but *either apart*, to which

which of the other you pleaſe. So that choſe which you will, it muſt be oppos'd to that which is ſignified by the other. As if you ſhould ſay, *Either you ſhall exclude* A, *and admit* B, *or you ſhall admit* A, *and exclude* B. Here's the *thing chang'd*, and the *Perſon* the *ſame*: And it is ſo ſpoken of *A*, that 'tis all a Caſe if you ſhould ſay the ſame thing of *B*; as thus: *Either you ſhall exclude* B, *and admit* A, *or admit* B, *and exclude* A. *Eu.* A Problem ſo artificially ſolv'd, that *Euclid* himſelf could not have done it better. *Soph.* The greateſt Difficulty to me is this: That we are forbidden to take Thought for to Morrow, when yet *Paul* wrought with his Hands for his Bread, and falls bitterly upon lazy People, and thoſe that live upon other Mens Labour, exhorting them to take Pains, and get their Livings with their Fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in Neceſſity. Are not theſe holy and warrantable Labours, by which a Huſband provides for his Wife and Children? *Ti.* This is a Queſtion, which in my Opinion may be reſolv'd ſeveral ways: Firſt, *This Text had a particular regard to thoſe times, when the Apoſtles being diſperſed far and wide for the Promulgation of the Goſpel, they were to caſt themſelves upon Providence for their Support, without being ſollicitous for it themſelves; having neither Leiſure to get their Living by their Labour, nor any thing to truſt to for it, beſide Fiſhing. But the World is now at another paſs, and we are all for Eaſe.* Another way of expounding it may be this: *Chriſt has not forbid Induſtry, but Anxiety of Thought; ſuch as commonly poſſeſſes thoſe Men that are hard put to't for a Livelihood; and ſets*

all

all other things apart only to attend this. This is intimated by our Saviour himſelf, when he ſays that one Man cannot ſerve two Maſters: *For he that wholly delivers himſelf up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now though the Propagation of the Goſpel ought to be our chief, yet it is not our onely Care: For he ſays* Firſt (*not* Only) ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven, and theſe things ſhall be added unto you. *The Word* To Morrow, *I take to be* Hyperbolical, *and to ſignify a time to come* Uncertain; *it being the Cuſtom of the World to be ſcraping and ſollicitous for Poſterity. Eu.* Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his Meaning when he ſays, *Ne ſolliciti ſitis Animæ veſtræ, quid edatis*; The Body is cloath'd, but the Soul does not eat. *Ti.* By *Anima* is meant *Life*, which cannot ſubſiſt without Meat: This does not hold in our Garments, which are more for Modeſty than Neceſſity: For a Body may live without Cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. *Eu.* I do not well underſtand how to reconcile this Paſſage with that which follows: *Is not the Life more than Meat, and the Body more than Raiment?* For if Life be ſo precious, we ſhould take the more Care of it. *Ti.* This Argument does rather encreaſe our Trouble than leſſen it. *Eu.* But *this is none of our Saviour's Meaning; who by this Argument creates in us a ſtronger Confidence in the Father: For if a bountiful Father hath given us* gratis *that which is more valuable, he will, by a ſtronger Reaſon, confer upon us that which is cheaper; he that hath given us Life, will certainly give us Food; he that hath given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the Experience of his Divine Bounty,*

there

there is no Reaſon why we ſhould afflict our ſelvs with any Anxiety of Thought for things below. What remains then but that uſing this World as if we uſed it not, we transfer our whole Study and Application to the Love of heavenly things; and rejecting the World and the Devil, with all their Vanities and Impoſtures, we chearfully ſerve God alone, who will never forſake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you have had; for there was little Care before-hand to provide it. *Ti.* We have ſufficiently pamper'd our Carcaſſes. *Eu.* I ſhould be glad ye had ſatisfied your Souls. *Ti.* That's done, I aſſure ye, in a larger meaſure. *Eu.* Take away, Boy, and bring ſome Water. Now if you pleaſe we'll waſh, and conclude with a *Hymn* out of *Chryſoſtome*; and pray'e let me be your Chaplain. *Glory be to thee, O God, O Holy, O King; as thou haſt given us Meat for our Bodies, ſo repleniſh our Souls with Joy and Gladneſs in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy Sight, and not be confounded when thou ſhalt come to render unto every Man according to his Works.* Boy. *Amen.* *Ti.* A pious and a moſt pertinent *Hymn.* *Eu.* Of St. *Chryſoſtome*'s Tranſlation too. *Ti.* Where is it to be found? *Eu.* In his *Fifty ſixth Homily* upon St. *Matthew.* *Ti.* God willing I'll read it before I ſleep. But tell me one thing; why theſe three Attributes of *Lord*, *Holy* and *King*? *Eu.* Becauſe all Honour is due to our Maſter, and principally in theſe three reſpects. We call him *Lord*, as the *Redeemer* of us from the Tyranny of the Devil with his Holy Blood, and taking us to himſelf. We ſtile him *Holy*, as the

Sanctifier

Sanctifier of all Men; and not only forgiving us all our Sins *gratis*, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteouſneſs, that we might follow Holineſs. And then *King*, as Heirs to a *Heavenly Kingdom*, from him who ſits and reigns himſelf at the Right Hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jeſus Chriſt* for our Lord, and not *Satan*; that we have Innocence and Sanctity, inſtead of the Filth and Uncleanneſs of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life Everlaſting. *Ti.* 'Tis a very godly Diſcourſe. *Eu.* This is your firſt Viſit, Gentlemen, and I muſt not diſmiſs ye without Preſents, but plain ones, and ſuitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here, Boy: Theſe are all of a Price, that is to ſay, they are of no Value. 'Tis all one to me now, whether you will draw Lots, or choſe: You will not find it *Heliogabalus*'s *Lottery*, for one to draw 100 Horſes, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp, and a Standiſh; which I ſuppoſe you will like better than either Balſoms, Dentifrices, or Looking-glaſſes. *Ti.* They are all ſo good, that there's no place for a Preference; but rather diſtribute them your ſelf: They'll come the welcomer where they fall. *Eu.* In this little Book are the Proverbs of *Solomon* in Parchment. It teaches Wiſdom; and the Gilding is a Symbol of it. This muſt be yours, *Timotheus*, that according to the Doctrine of the Goſpel, *to him that has Wiſdom, ſhall Wiſdom be given.* *Ti.* I will make it my Study to ſtand in leſs need of it. *Eu.* This *Clock* muſt be yours, *Sophronius*; for I know you

count

count your Hours, and husband your time. It came out of the farther part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I'll give it. *Soph.* 'Tis a good way of advising a Sluggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this *Book* the Gospel of St. *Matthew*. I would recommend it to be set with Diamonds, if a sincere and candid Breast were not more precious. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, and be still more and more suitable to your Name. *Th.* I will endeavour to make such use of it, that you may not think it ill bestow'd. *Eu.* St. *Paul's Epistles* (your constant Companions, *Eulalius*) are in this Book. You have them often in your Mouth, which would not be if they were not also in your Heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your Hand, and in your Eye. *Eul.* This is a Gift with good Counsel over and above, which is of all Gifts the most precious. *Eu.* This *Lamp* must be for *Chrysoglottus*; a Reader as insatiable as *Tully's Devourer of Books*. *Ch.* This is a double Obligation: First, for the Choice of the Present it self, and next for the Means of keeping a Dreamer waking. *Eu.* The *Standish* belongs to *Theodidactes*, who writes much, and to excellent Purpose; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, that shall be employ'd to the Honour of our Saviour by so great a Master. *Th.* I would ye could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Instruments. *Eu.* This is a Collection of some of *Plutarch*'s choicest *Morals*, and written in a very fair Character. They have in them so much Purity of Thought, that it is my Amazement how such *Evangelical Notions* could come into the Heart of an *Ethnick*. This I shall present to young *Euranius*, (a Lover

ver and Maſter of the Language.) This *Clock* I have reſerv'd for *Nephalius*, as a thrifty Diſpenſer of his Time. *Neph.* We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Complements. *Eu.* But I muſt return you double Thanks: Firſt, for taking theſe ſmall things in ſo good part; and ſecondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious Diſcourſes. What Effect this Meeting may have upon you, I know not, but I ſhall certainly find my ſelf both the wiſer and the better for't. You take no Pleaſure, I'm ſure, in Fiddles, Fools and Dice, (after the common Mode) wherefore if you pleaſe, we'll paſs away an Hour in ſeeing the reſt of our little Palace. *Ti.* The very thing we were about to beg of you. *Eu.* To a Man of his Word, there's no need of entreating. This *Summer-Hall*, I ſuppoſe, you have had enough of. It looks three ways, you ſee; and which way ſoever you turn your Eye, you have a moſt delicate Green before ye. If either the Wind or the Sun be troubleſome, here are both *Shutters* and *Chaſſies* to keep them out. Here do I eat in my Houſe, as if I were in my Garden; for the very Walls have their Greens and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our *Saviour* at his laſt Supper; and here you have *Herod*'s bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives* in the Height of his Luxury, little thinking how ſoon he's to be torn from his Delicates, and caſt into Hell; and here's *Lazarus* beaten away from the Door, and ſoon after to be receiv'd into *Abraham*'s Boſom. *Ti.* We do not well know this Story. *Eu.* 'Tis *Cleopatra* in a Contention with *Anthony*, which ſhould be moſt luxurious:

She

She has drunk the firſt Pearl, and now reaches out her Hand for the other. Here's the Battle of the *Centaurs*; and here *Alexander the Great* with his Lance through the Body of *Clytus*. Theſe Examples do as good as preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a Man a Loathing for Gluttony and Exceſs. You ſhall now ſee my Library: 'Tis no large one, but furniſh'd with very good Books. *Ti.* You have brought us into a little Heaven, every thing ſhines ſo. *Eu.* You have now before you my chiefeſt Treaſure: You ſaw nothing but Glaſs and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole Houſe but one Piece of Plate, and that is a Gilt Cup, which I preſerve moſt religiouſly for his Sake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a Proſpect of the whole World; and this Wall ſhows you the Situation of the ſeveral parts of it more at large. In thoſe other Walls you have the Images of all eminent Authors; the reſt are numberleſs. In the firſt Place, here's *Chriſt* upon the *Mount*, ſtretching forth his Hand; over his Head comes a Voice from Heaven, ſaying, *Hear him*; the *Holy Ghoſt*, with out-ſtretch'd Wings, and in a *Glory*, embracing him *Ti.* A Work worthy of *Apelles*, as God ſhall bleſs me! *Eu.* Near the Library there's a little Study, but a very pretty one; and 'tis but removing a Picture in cold Weather, and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it paſſes for a part of the ſolid Wall. *Ti.* Every thing's as clear here as Chryſtal; and what a Perfume's here! *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my Houſe neat and ſweet; and this may be done with little Coſt. To my Library there belongs a Gallery, that looks into the

Garden; and adjoining to it I have a Chapel. *Ti.* The Place it ſelf deſerves a Deity! *Eu.* Let's go to thoſe three Walks now above the other, that I told you look'd into the *Kitchin-Garden.* Theſe upper Walks have a Proſpect into both Gardens, but only through Windows with Shutters; eſpecially in the Walls that have no view into the Inner Garden, for the Safety of the Houſe. Upon this Wall on the Left Hand, (having fewer Windows in't, and a better Light) there is painted the whole Life of *Jeſus*, out of the Story of the *four Evangeliſts*, to the *Miſſion* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, and the firſt Preaching of the Apoſtles out of the *Acts*, with ſuch Notes upon the Places, that the Spectator may ſee near what Lake, or upon what Mountain ſuch or ſuch a thing was done. There are alſo Titles to every Story, with an Abſtract of the Contents; as that of our Saviour, *I will be thou clean.* Over againſt it you have the Types and Prophecies of the *Old Teſtament*, eſpecially out of the *Prophets* and *Pſalms*; which are little other than the Story of *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles told another way. Here do I ſometimes walk, diſcourſing and meditating with my ſelf upon the unſpeakable Counſel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind; my Wife or ſome Friend at my Elbow perhaps, that takes Delight in Holy things. *Ti.* 'Tis impoſſible for a Man to be weary in this Houſe. *Eu.* Provided it be one that has learn'd to live by himſelf. Upon the upper Border are all the *Popes Heads* with their Titles; and againſt them the Heads of the *Cæſars*, as Memorials of the Hiſtory. At each Corner there's a Lodging-Chamber, where I can repoſe my ſelf, within ſight

of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an Out-houſe, you ſee, in the fartheſt Nook of the Meadow; there in Summer do I ſup ſometimes, and make uſe of it upon Occaſion of any contagious Sickneſs in the Family. *Ti.* Some are of Opinion, that thoſe Diſeaſes are not to be avoided. Why do Men ſhun a Ditch then, or Poiſon? Do they fear this the leſs becauſe they do not ſee it? Neither does a *Baſiliſk* ſee the Venom that he ſhoots from his own Eyes. In a good Cauſe I would not ſtick to venture my Life, but to do it without a Cauſe is Madneſs; as it is Cruelty to bring others into Danger. There are yet other things worth the ſeeing here, but my Wife ſhall ſhew you them: Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will, and be in this Houſe as if you were at home. There's ſome Buſineſs calls me away here into the Neighbourhood, ſo that I muſt take my Nagg and be gone. *Ti.* Money perhaps. *Eu.* I ſhould be loath to leave ſuch Friends for Money. *Ti.* Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. *Eu.* A kind of Hunting indeed, but not for Boars or Stags. *Ti.* What then? *Eu.* I'll tell ye: I have a Friend in a Village hard by, that lies dangerouſly ſick; the Phyſician fears his Life, but I'm in more Fear of his Soul, for he is not ſo well compos'd for his End as a Chriſtian ſhould be. I'll go give him ſome Counſel that he may be the better for, live or die. In another Village there are two Men bitterly at odds, and no ill Men neither, but obſtinate to the higheſt degree. If the Difference be exaſperated, I'm afraid it may run into a Feud; they're both my Kinſmen, and I'll do all I can in the World to reconcile 'em.

This is my Hunting; and if I ſucceed in't we'll drink their Healths. *Ti.* A Chriſtian Employment! Heaven proſper ye in it. *Eu.* I had rather have them Friends than two thouſand Ducats. *Ti.* We ſhall ſee you again by and by. *Eu.* Not till I have made all Trials; ſo that I cannot ſet an Hour. In the *Interim* enjoy one another, and be happy. *Ti.* God be with you forward and backward.

The Marriage-Hater.

COL. VII.

A Girl takes a Fancy to a Cloyſter; *Her Parents violently againſt it; and ſhe her ſelf in great Affliction for want of their Conſent. A Friend diſſuades her, and lays before her the Snare and Danger of that Courſe of Life, the Cheats, Artifices, and Abuſes of the* Monks; *preaches Obedience to her Parents, and adviſes her rather to work out her Salvation in her Father's Houſe, than in a* Convent.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. I Am e'en ſo glad Supper's over, that we may go walk, 'tis ſo delicate an Evening. *Ca.* And I was ſo *Dog-weary* of ſitting too. *Eu.* How Heaven and Earth ſmile upon one another! The Spring of the Year makes the World look young again. *Ca.* So it does. *Eu.* But why is it not Spring with you too? *Ca.* What's your Meaning? *Eu.* Becauſe methinks you are a little off the Hooks. *Ca.* Why

ſure I look as I uſe to do. *Eu.* Shall I tell ye now how 'tis with ye? *Ca.* With all my Heart? *Eu.* Do ye ſee this Roſe, how it droops and contracts it ſelf now towards Night? *Ca.* Well, I ſee't, and what then? *Eu.* 'Tis your very Picture. *Ca.* A gay Reſemblance. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with you to ſit ſighing and thinking all Supper? *Ca.* Pray'e let's have no more Queſtions, for the thing does not at all concern you. *Eu.* But, by your Favour, I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be merry my ſelf unleſs you be ſo too. What a Sigh was there now, enough to break your Heart! *Ca.* Nay, there is ſome. what that preſſes me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. *Eu.* Out with it, I prithee; and whatever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt ſafe: My own Siſter is not ſo dear to me as thou art. *Ca.* Nay, I dare ſwear you would not betray me; but the Miſchief of it is, you can do me no good. *Eu.* That's more than you know. As to the thing it ſelf perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice or Conſolation, 'tis poſſible I may ſerve ye *Ca.* It will not come out. *Eu.* What ſhould this be? Doſt thou not hate me? *Ca.* Leſs than I do my own dear Brother; and yet my Heart will not ſerve me to ſpeak it. *Eu.* Shall I gueſs at it? And will you tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your Word, or you ſhall never be quiet; and we'll have no ſhifting neither. *Ca.* Agreed then; I do promiſe it. *Eu.* Upon the whole matter, I cannot ſo much as imagine why you ſhould not be perfectly happy. *Ca.* I would I were ſo. *Eu.* Not above *Seventeen Years of*

Age, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! *Ca.* That's true. *Eu.* So that the Fear of *Old Age* can be no part of your Trouble. *Ca.* Nothing leſs, I aſſure ye, *Eu.* Every way lovely, which is a ſingular Gift of Heaven! *Ca.* Of my Perſon (ſuch as it is) I can neither glory nor complain. *Eu.* And then the very Habit of your Body, and your Complexion ſpeak ye in perfect Health: So that your Grief muſt certainly be ſome Trouble of Mind. *Ca.* I have my Health very well, I thank God. *Eu.* And then your Credit's fair. *Ca.* I ſhould be ſorry elſe. *Eu.* Your Underſtanding ſuitable to the Perfections of your Body; and as capable of the Bleſſings of Wiſdom, as any Mortal can wiſh. *Ca.* Whatever it be, it is ſtill the Gift of God. *Eu.* And again; for the Graces of your Manners and Converſation, (a thing rarely met with) they are all anſwerable to the Beauties of your Perſon. *Ca.* I could wiſh they were what you are pleas'd to term them. *Eu.* Many People are troubled for the Meanneſs of their Extraction; but your Parents are both of them well deſcended, and virtuous, of plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to you. *Ca.* And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. *Eu.* In one word, you are the Woman of the World (if I were in a Condition to pretend to't) that I would wiſh to make my Wife. *Ca.* And if I would marry any Man, you are he that I would make my Huſband. *Eu.* This Anxiety of Mind muſt have ſome extraordinary Foundation. *Ca.* No ſlight one, believe it. *Eu.* Will you not take it ill if I gueſs at it? *Ca.* You have my Word that I will not. *Eu.* I know by Experiment the Torments

ments of Love; confeſs now, is that it? *Ca.* There is Love in the Caſe, but not of that ſort you imagine. *Eu.* What kind is it then? *Ca.* Can't you divine? *Eu.* I have ſpent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this Hand till I have drawn it from ye. *Ca.* You are too violent. *Eu.* Lay it up in my Breaſt whatever 'tis. *Ca.* Since there's no denying of ye, I will.

From my very Infancy I have had a ſtrange kind of Inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beſeech ye? *Ca.* To put my ſelf into a *Cloyſter*. *Eu.* And turn *Nun*? *Ca.* That's the very thing. *Eu.* 'Tis well: I have digg'd for *Silver*, and I have found *Coals*. *Ca.* What's that ye ſay? *Eu.* Nothing, nothing, my dear *Moll*; my Cough troubles me. *Ca.* This was my Inclination, and my Parents moſt deſperately againſt it. *Eu.* I hear ye. *Ca.* On the other ſide I ſtrove as paſſionately, by Entreaties, fair Words and Tears, to overcome that pious Averſion. *Eu.* Moſt wonderful! *Ca.* At length, when they ſaw that I would take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Importunities, Submiſſions and Lamentations, to promiſe, if I continu'd in the ſame Mind till I were *Seventeen Years of Age*, they would leave me to my ſelf. The time is now come; I continue ſtill in the ſame Mind, and they go from their Words. This is the Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my Diſeaſe, be you my Phyſician, and help me if ye can. *Eu.* My Advice muſt be (my ſweet Creature) to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do all that ye would, to do however as much as ye can. *Ca.* It will certainly be my Death if I

be diſappointed. *Eu.* What was it that gave the firſt Riſe to this fatal Reſolution? *Ca.* When I was a little Girl, they carry'd me into one of theſe Cloyſters, and ſhew'd me the whole College; the Chappels were ſo neat, and the Gardens ſo clean, ſo delicate, and ſo well order'd, that I fell in Love with 'em; and then they themſelves were ſo pure and glorious, they look'd like Angels: So that (in ſhort) which way ſoever I turn'd my Eye, there was Comfort and Pleaſure: And then I had the prettieſt Diſcourſes with the *Nuns!* I found *Two* there, that had been *my Play-Fellows* when I was a Child; but I have always had a ſtrange Paſſion for that kind of Life. *Eu.* I have no Quarrel to the *Rules* and *Orders* of *Cloyſters*; though the ſame thing can never agree with all Perſons. If I were to ſpeak my Opinion, I ſhould think it more ſuitable to your *Genius* and *Manners* to take a convenient *Huſband*, and ſet up a *College* in *your own Houſe*; where *He* ſhould be the *Father* of it, and *You* the *Mother*. *Ca.* I'll rather die, than quit my Reſolution of *Virginity*. *Eu.* Nay, 'tis an admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your ſelf ſo without running your ſelf into a Priſon, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I ſay, *at home* with your Parents, as well as in a *Cloyſter*? *Ca.* Yes, I may, but 'tis not ſo ſafe though. *Eu.* Much ſafer truly in my Judgment, than with theſe Brawny Swill-belly'd *Monks*. They are no *Capons*, I'll aſſure ye, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called *Fathers*, for they commonly make good their Calling to the very *Letter*. In times paſt Maids liv'd

liv'd no where honeſter than at home; when the only *Metaphorical* Father they had was the Biſhop. But I prithee tell me, what Cloyſter haſt thou made choice of to be a Slave in? *Ca. Chryſertium. Eu.* Oh! I know it; it is a little way from your Father's Houſe. *Ca.* You're in the right. *Eu.* I'm very well acquainted with the whole Gang. You'll have a ſweet Catch on't, to renounce your Father, Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family, for that precious Fellowſhip! The *Patriarch* there, what with *Age*, *Wine*, and a certain *natural Drowzineſs*, has been mop'd this many a Day: He, poor Man, taſtes nothing now but *Florence Wine*; and he has two Companions there (*John* and *Jodocus*) that match him to a Hair. And yet I cannot ſay, that *John* is an *ill Man*; for he has *nothing* at all of a *Man* about him but his *Beard*: Not a grain of Learning in him, and about the ſame Proportion of common Prudence. Now for *Jodocus*, he's ſo errant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a *Fool's Cap*, with *Ears* and *Bells* at it. *Ca.* Truly they ſeem to me to be very good Men theſe. *Eu.* But you muſt give me leave (*Kitty*) to know 'em better than you. They'll do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father to gain a *Proſelyte*. *Ca. Jodocus* is very civil to me. *Eu.* A tranſcendent Favour! But ſuppoſe 'em good and learned Men to Day, you'll find 'em the contrary perhaps to Morrow; and yet then be what they will, you muſt ſtill bear with 'em. *Ca.* You would not think how I'm troubled at my Father's Houſe, to ſee ſo many Entertainments there; and then the *Marry'd Women*

are

are ſo given to talk ſmutty: And beſides, I'm ſo put to't ſometimes, when People come to ſalute me, and ye know no Body can tell how to deny 'em a Kiſſing. *Eu.* He that would avoid every thing that offends him, muſt go out of the World. There's no hurt in uſing our ſelves to hear all things, ſo we take nothing into the Mind but what's good. I ſuppoſe you have a Chamber to your ſelf at home. *Ca* Yes I have. *Eu.* You may withdraw then if you find the Company grow troubleſome; and while they are Chaunting and Trifling, you may entertain your ſelf with *(Chriſt)* your Spouſe, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks; your Father's Houſe will not defile ye, and your Goodneſs on the other Hand will turn it into a Chapel. *Ca.* But 'tis eaſier yet to be in a *Cloyſter.* *Eu,* I do not diſallow of a modeſt Society; but yet I would not have you delude your ſelf with falſe Imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there, and ſee things nearer Hand, you'll tell me another Story: There are more *Veils* than *Virgins,* believe me. *Ca.* Good Words, I beſeech ye. *Eu.* Thoſe are *good Words* that are *true Words*; and I never read of any more *Virgins* than *One,* that was a *Mother.* *Ca.* I abhor the Thought on't. *Eu.* Nay, and more than that, the *Maids* you ſpeak of (let me aſſure you) do *more than Maids Buſineſs.* *Ca.* Why ſo, if you pleaſe? *Eu.* Becauſe there are more *Sappho*'s among 'em for their *Bodies,* than for their *Brains.* *Ca.* I do not underſtand ye. *Eu.* And I talk in Cypher (my dear *Kitty)* becauſe I would not have thee underſtand me. *Ca.* My Head runs ſtrangely upon this Courſe of Life though; and my Paſſion for it grows every

every Day ſtronger and ſtronger. Now if it were not inſpir'd into me feom above, this Diſpoſition (I am perſuaded) would have gone off long ago. *Eu.* Nay, but the Obſtinacy of it makes me the rather to ſuſpect it, conſidering that your Parents are ſo fiercely bent againſt it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it: But the *gay Things* you ſaw when you were a *Child*, the *Tittle-tattles* of the *Nuns*, and the Hankering you have after your *old Acquaintance*, the *external Pomp* of their *Worſhip*, the *Importunities* of their *Senſeleſs Monks*, that only hunt for *Proſelytes*, that they may cram their own *Paunches*, *here's the ground of your Affection:* They know your Father to be frank and bountiful, and that this is the way to make ſure of their *Tipple*; for either they drink with him, or elſe they invite him, and he brings as much Wine along with him as ten luſty Sokers can ſwallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents Conſent, (whom God has ſet over you as your Guardians.) *Ca.* But what's a *Father* or a *Mother*, in reſpect of *Chriſt?* *Eu.* This holds, I grant ye, in ſome Caſes; but ſuppoſe a *Chriſtian* Son has a *Pagan Father*, who has nothing but a Son's Charity to ſupport him; it were an Impiety in him to leave even that Father to ſtarve. If you were at this Day *Unchriſten'd*, and your *Parents* ſhould forbid your *Baptiſm*, you were undoubtedly to prefer *Chriſt* before a *wicked Father:* Or if your *Parents* ſhould offer to force ye upon ſome *impious Thing*, their Authority in that Point were to be contemned. But what's this to the Caſe

of

of a *Convent*? Have you not *Chriſt* at *Home*? The *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Approbation* of *Heaven*, the *Exhortation* of St. *Paul* and the *Obligation* of *Humane Laws* for your *Obedience* to *Parents*? And will ye now withdraw your ſelf from the Authority of *Good* and *Natural Parents*, in Exchange for *Figurative Ones*? Will ye take an *Imaginary Mother* for a *True one*? And deliver up your ſelf a Slave to ſevere Maſters and Miſtreſſes, rather than live happily under the Wing of tender and indulgent Parents? So long as you are at home, as you are bound in ſome things, ſo in many things you are wholly free, as the Word *Liberi* (or Children) denotes, in *Contradiſtinction* to the Quality of *Servants*. You are now of a *Free Woman* about to make your ſelf a *Voluntary Slave*. A Condition Chriſtianity has long ſince caſt out of the World, ſaving only ſome obſcure Footſteps of it, and in ſome few Places. But there is now found out (under Pretence of Religion) a new ſort of *Servitude*, which I find practiſed in the *Monaſteries*. You muſt do nothing but by a *Rule*, and then all that *you loſe*, *they get*. Set but one Step out of the Way, and you're lugg'd back again, like a Criminal that would have poiſon'd his Father. And to make the Slavery yet more evident, ye change the Habit that your Parents gave ye; and (after the old Example of Slaves bought and ſold in the Market) ye change the very Name that was given you in Baptiſm: *Peter* is called *Francis*, and *John* (for the Purpoſe) is called *Dominicus* or *Thomas*. *Peter* gives his Name firſt up to *Chriſt*; and when he gives up his Name to *Dominicus*, he's called *Thomas*. If a Servant taken in *War*

do

do but ſo much as *caſt off* the Garment that his *Maſter* gave him, it is look'd as a *Renouncing* of his *Maſter*; and yet we applaud him that lays down the *Body* of *Chriſt* (who is the *Maſter* of us all) and takes up *another Habit* that *Chriſt* never gave him. And if he ſhould after that preſume to change the other, his Puniſhment is a thouſand times heavier, than for throwing away the Livery of his Heavenly Maſter, which is the Innocency of his Mind. *Ca.* But they ſay 'tis a *Meritorious Work* for a body to enter into this *Voluntary Confinement*. *Eu.* That's a *Phariſaical Doctrine:* St. *Paul* teaches us otherwiſe, *and will not have him that's called Free to make himſelf a Servant, but rather endeavour that he may be more Free.* And that which makes the Servitude yet more unhappy is, that you muſt *ſerve many Maſters*, and thoſe moſt commonly *Fools* too, and *Debauchee's*, beſides that they are both new and uncertain. But ſay I beſeech ye, by what Law are you diſcharg'd from the Power of your Parents? *Ca.* Why truly by none at all. *Eu.* What if ye ſhould buy or ſell your Father's Eſtate? *Ca.* I do not hold it lawful. *Eu.* What Right have ye then to diſpoſe of your Parent's Child to I know not whom? His Child, which is the deareſt and moſt appropriate Part of his Poſſeſſion. *Ca.* The Laws of Nature may be diſpens'd withal (I ſuppoſe) in the Buſineſs of Religion. *Eu.* The great Point of *Religion* lies in our *Baptiſm*; but the matter in Queſtion here is only the changing of a *Garment*, or of ſuch a Courſe of Life, which in it ſelf is neither good nor evil. And now conſider how many valuable Privileges ye loſe, together

with

with your Liberty: If ye have a Mind to Read, Pray, or Sing; you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much or as little on't as you pleaſe. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church, and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons and ſober Virgins, and ſuch as you may be the better for. And you may learn from Men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more particular Eſteem upon ſuch as affectionately and conſcienciouſly preach the Goſpel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyſter. *Ca.* In the mean time I ſhall be no Nun. *Eu.* Away with this Nicety of *Names*, and weigh the *Thing* it ſelf. They make their Boaſt of *Obedience*; and why ſhould not you value your ſelf too upon *obeying* your *Parents*, your *Biſhop*, and your *Paſtor*, whom God commands ye to obey? Do they profeſs *Poverty?* And ſo may you too, ſo long as all is in your Parents Hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former Times were commended by holy Men for their Liberality toward the Poor; but they could never have given any thing, if they had poſſeſs'd nothing. Nor is the Reputation of your *Chaſtity* ever the leſs, for living with your Parents. And what is there more now here? A *Veil*, a *Linnen Stole*, and certain *Ceremonies*, that ſerve but little to the Advancement of Piety, and make us never the more acceptable in the Sight of God, who only regards the Purity of the Mind. *Ca.* All this is News to me. *Eu.* But Truth too. If you cannot diſpoſe of ſo much as

as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, ſo long as you are under the Government of your Parents; what Right can you pretend to, for the diſpoſing of your ſelf into the Service of another? *Ca.* The Authority of a Parent cannot interpoſe betwixt the Child and a Religious Life. *Eu.* Did you not profeſs your ſelf a Chriſtian in your Baptiſm? *Ca.* I did ſo. *Eu.* And are not they Religious that conform to the Precepts of Chriſt? *Ca.* They are ſo. *Eu.* What new Religion is that then, which pretends to fruſtrate what *the Law of Nature has eſtabliſhed?* What the *Old Law taught*, what *the Evangelical Law has approv'd*, and what *the Apoſtles Doctrine hath confirm'd?* This is a Device that deſcended from *Heaven*, but was hatch'd by a *Monk* in his *Cell*. And at this rate ſome of them undertake to juſtify a Marriage betwixt a Boy and a Girl, tho' without the Privity, and againſt the Conſent of their Parents, if the Contract be (as they phraſe it) in Words of the *Preſent Tenſe*. And yet that Poſition is neither according to the *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Law* of *Moſes*, or the *Doctrine* of *Chriſt*, and his *Apoſtles*. *Ca.* But may not I eſpouſe my ſelf to Chriſt, without the Good-will of my Parents? *Eu.* You have already eſpouſed him, and ſo we have all. Where's the Woman (I pray'e) that marries the ſame Man twice? The Queſtion here is only concerning *Place*, *Garments* and *Ceremonies*, which are not things to leave *Chriſt* for. *Ca.* But I am told that in this Caſe 'tis Sanctity even to contemn our Parents. *Eu.* Your Doctors ſhould do well to ſhew you a Text for't; but if they cannot do this, give 'em a Beer Glaſs of *Burgundy*, and they'll ſhew their Parts upon it.

It

It is Piety indeed to flee from *Wicked Parents* to *Chriſt*, but from *Honeſt Parents* to *Monkery*, that is, (as it proves too often) from Good to Ill, that's but a perverſe kind of Holineſs. In ancient Times he that was converted from *Paganiſm* to *Chriſtianity*, paid yet as great a Reverence even to his *Idolatrous Parents* (Matter of Religion apart) as was poſſible. *Ca.* You are then againſt the main Inſtitution of a *Monaſtical Life*. *Eu.* No, by no means: But as I will not perſuade any body againſt it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life; ſo I would moſt undoubtedly caution young Women, (eſpecially thoſe of generous Natures) not to precipitate themſelves into this Gulph, from whence there is no returning; and the rather, becauſe their Modeſty is more in Danger in a Cloyſter, than out of it; beſide that they may diſcharge their Duties of Devotion as well at home as there. *Ca.* You have ſaid all (I believe) that can be ſaid upon this Point, and my Affections and Reſolutions ſtand firm. *Eu.* If I cannot ſucceed to my Wiſh, remember however what *Eubulus* told ye before-hand. In the mean time, out of the Love I bear ye, I wiſh *your Inclinations* may ſucceed better than *my Counſels*.

THE

The Penitent Virgin.

COL. VIII.

A Virgin ſeduc'd into a Cloyſter, *finds her* Error, repents *of it, and* in twelve Days gets off again.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. HEAVEN grant I may never have a worſe Porter to let me in. *Ca.* Nor I a worſe Gueſt to open the Door to. *Eu.* But fare ye well: *Ca.* What's the matter? Do ye take Leave before ye ſalute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to ſee you blubber. What ſhould make this Woman fall a crying as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees me? *Ca.* Why in ſuch haſte? Stay a little. Pray'e ſtay: I'll put on my beſt Looks, and we'll be merry together. *Eu.* What ſort of Cattle have we got here? *Ca.* That's the *Patriarch* of the *College.* Reſt your ſelf a-while, you muſt not go away. They have taken their Doſe of *Fuddle*; and when he's gone, we'll diſcourſe as we uſe to do. *Eu.* Well, I'll be good-natur'd, and hearken to you, though you would not to me.

Now we are alone you muſt tell me the whole Hiſtory, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. *Ca.* I find now by Experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took

for wiſe Men too) your Advice (though the youngeſt of all) was the beſt. *Eu.* How came you to get your Parents Conſent at laſt? *Ca.* Betwixt the reſtleſs *Sollicitations* of the *Monks* and *Nuns*, and *my own Importunities* and *Tears*, my Mother at length relented, and gave way, but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the end, being ply'd with ſeveral Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield as a Man abſolutely oppreſt and overcome. The Reſolution was taken in their Cups, and they preached no leſs than Damnation to him, if he refuſed Chriſt his Spouſe. *Eu.* A Pack of flagitious Fools! But what then? *Ca.* I was kept cloſe at home for three Days, and ſeveral of the *Convent* (which they call *Convertites*) were conſtantly with me, mightily encouraging me to perſiſt in my holy Purpoſe, and as narrowly watching me, leſt any of my Friends or Kindred ſhould come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the *Interim*, my Habits were making ready, and other Neceſſaries for the Solemnity. *Eu.* And did not your Mind miſgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all; and yet I had ſo horrid a Fright, that I had rather die ten times over, than be in that Condition again. *Eu.* What might that be? *Ca.* It is not to be utter'd. *Eu.* Come, tell me frankly, I am your Friend. *Ca.* Will ye keep Counſel? *Eu.* Yes, yes, without Conditions; and I hope you know me better than to doubt it. *Ca.* I had a moſt dreadful Apparition. *Eu.* Your *Evil Genius*, (it may be) that puſh'd ye forward into Diſobedience. *Ca.* Nay, I am fully perſuaded that it was no other. *Eu.* In the Shape, I ſuppoſe, that we uſe to paint? With a *crooked*

Beak, long Horns, Harpies Claws, and *a ſwinging Tail. Ca.* You may laugh as you will, but I had rather ſink into the Earth than ſee the Fellow on't. *Eu.* And were your Women-Sollicitreſſes then with you? *Ca.* No; and I would not ſo much as open my Mouth to 'em of it, tho' they ſifted me moſt particularly; for you muſt know, they found me almoſt dead with the Surprize. *Eu.* Shall I tell you now what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can. *Eu.* Theſe Women had abſolutely bewitch'd you, or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? *Ca.* Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the *Firſt Conſecration* of themſelves to *Chriſt*; but that if they got the better of the Devil that Bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after. *Eu.* You were conducted with great Pomp and State, (I preſume) were you not? *Ca.* Yes, yes; they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dreſs'd me juſt as if't had been for my Wedding. *Eu.* To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! this villanous Cough—— *Ca.* I was brought by fair Day-light from my Father's Houſe to the College, and a world of People gaping at me. *Eu.* Theſe Whoreſon Jack-puddings, how they coaks and wheedle the little People! How many Days did you continue in that holy College, forſooth? *Ca.* Part of the *Twelfth Day.* *Eu.* But what was it that brought ye off again? *Ca.* It was ſomething very conſiderable, but I muſt not tell ye what. When I had been there *Six Days*, I got my Mother to me, I begg'd and beſought her, as ſhe lov'd my Life to help me out again; but ſhe would not hear on't,

and bad me hold to my Reſolution. Upon this I ſent to my Father, and he chid me too; he told me, That I had made him maſter his Affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I ſaw that this would do no good, I told them both, that I would ſubmit to die to pleaſe 'em, which would certainly be my Fate if I ſtaid there any longer; and hereupon they took me home. *Eu.* 'Twas well you bethought your ſelf before you were in for good and all. But ſtill ye ſay nothing of what it was that brought ye about ſo on the ſudden. *Ca.* I never told it any Mortal yet, nor will I tell it you. *Eu.* What if I ſhould gueſs? *Ca.* You'll never hit it, I'm ſure; or if ye ſhould, you're never the nearer, for I'll not own it to ye. *Eu.* Leave me then to my Conjectures: But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? *Ca.* Above 400 Crowns. *Eu.* Oh! theſe guttling Nuptials! But ſince the Money's gone, 'Tis well that you your ſelf are ſafe: Hereafter hearken to good Advice. *Ca.* So I will. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

The Rich Beggars.

COL. IX.

A pleaſant and profitable Colloquy betwixt a German Hoſt *and* Two Franciſcans: *The true* Character *of an* Ignorant Country Paſtor; *With an excellent Diſcourſe concerning* Religious Habits, *the* Original, *the* Intent, *and* Uſe *of them.*

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR, PANDOCHEUS, UXOR.

Co. BUT ſtill I ſay a *Paſtor* ſhould be *Hoſpitable*. *Paſ.* I am a Paſtor of *Sheep*, not of *Wolves*. *Co.* And yet though you hate a *Wolf*, 'tis poſſible you may love a *Wench*;—they begin with a Letter.

Paſ. *Paſtor ſum* Ovium; *Non amo* * Lupos.
Co. *At non perindè fortaſſis odiſti* * Lupas.

But why ſo croſs, (if a Body may aſk ye) as not to admit a poor *Franciſcan* ſo much as under your Roof? And we ſhall not trouble you neither for a Supper. *Paſ.* Becauſe I'll have no Spies upon me; for if you ſee but a Hen or Chick ſtirring in a body's Houſe, (you know my Meaning) the whole Town is ſure to hear on't to Morrow in the Pulpit. *Co.* We are

not all ſuch Blabs. *Paſ.* Be what you will; if St. *Peter* himſelf ſhould come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. *Co.* If that be your Reſolution, do but tell us where we may be elſe. *Paſ.* There's a *Publick Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the *Sign?* Paſ. *The Dog's Head in the Porridge-Pot.* You'll ſee't to the Life in the *Kitchen*, and a *Wolf* at the *Bar*. *Co.* 'Tis an ill-boding Sign. *Paſ.* You may e'en make your beſt on't. *Be.* If we were at this *Paſtor*'s Allowance, he would ſtarve us. *Co.* If he feeds his *Sheep* no better, he'll have but *hungry Mutton*. *Be.* Well, we muſt make the beſt of a bad Game. What ſhall's do? *Co.* What ſhould we do? Set a good Face on't. *Be.* There's little to be gotten by Modeſty in a Caſe of Neceſſity. *Co.* Very right. Come, we have St. *Francis* to befriend us. *Be.* Let's take our Fortune then. *Co.* And never ſtay for *mine Hoſt*'s Anſwer at the Door, but preſs directly into the Stove; and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. *Be.* Would you have us ſo impudent? *Co.* 'Tis better however than to lie abroad, and freeze in the Street. In the *Interim*, put your *Scruple* in your Pocket to Day, and tak't out again to Morrow. *Be.* In truth the Caſe requires it. *Pan.* What Animals have we here? *Co. We are the Servants of the Lord*, (my good Friend) *and the Sons of St.* Francis. *Pan.* I don't know what Delight the *Lord* may take in ſuch Servants, but I ſhould take none, I aſſure ye, in having any of them about *me*. *Be.* What's your Reaſon for't? *Pan.* Becauſe you are ſuch *Termagants* at *eating* and *drinking*; but when you ſhould do any *Work*, you can find neither

Hands

Hands nor *Feet.* Hear me a Word, *you Sons of St.* Francis: You uſe to tell us in the Pulpit, that St. *Francis* was a *Virgin*; how comes he by ſo many *Children* then? *Co.* We are the *Children* of his *Spirit*, not of his *Fleſh.* *Pan.* He's a very unlucky *Father* then; for your *Minds* are e'en the worſt part of ye; and to ſay the Truth on't, your *Bodies* are better than is convenient, eſpecially for us that have *Wives* and *Children.* *Co.* You may ſuſpect us perhaps to be of thoſe that degenerate from their Founder's Inſtitutions; but we, on the contrary, are ſtrict Obſervers of them. *Pan.* And I'll obſerve you too, for Fear of the worſt; for it is a mortal Averſion I have for that ſort of Cattle. *Co.* What's your Quarrel to us? *Pan.* Becauſe you're ſure to carry your *Teeth* in your *Heads*, and the Devil a Penny of *Money* in your *Pockets.* Oh! How I abominate ſuch Gueſts! *Co.* But ſtill we take Pains for you. *Pan.* Shall I ſhew ye now the Pains ye take? *Co.* Do ſo. *Pan.* See the hithermoſt Picture there on your left Hand: There's a *Fox preaching*, and a Gooſe behind him with his Neck under a *Cowl*; and there again, there's a *Wolf* giving *Abſolution*, with a Piece of a *Sheep's Skin* hanging out under his Gown: And once again, there's an *Ape* in a *Franciſcan's Habit*, miniſtring to a *Sick* Man, with the *Croſs* in *one Hand*, and his *Patient's Purſe* in the *other.* *Co.* We cannot deny but that ſometimes *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and *Apes*, nay, *Hogs*, *Dogs*, *Horſes*, *Lions*, and *Baſiliſks* may lurk under a *Franciſcan's Garment*; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a good Man. A *Gown* neither makes a Man *better* nor *worſe*; nor is

it reaſonable to judge of a Man by his Cloaths; for by that Rule a body might pick a Quarrel with the Coat you ſometimes wear, becauſe it covers *Thieves*, *Murtherers*, *Conjurers* and *Whore-maſters*. *Pan.* If you'd but pay your Reckonings, I could diſpenſe with your *Habits*. *Co.* We'll pray for you. *Pan.* And ſo will I for you; and there's one for t'other. *Co.* But there are ſome People that you muſt not take Money of. *Pan.* How comes it that you make a Conſcience of touching any? *Co.* Becauſe it does not ſtand with our Profeſſion. *Pan.* And it ſtands as little with mine to give you your Dinner for nothing. *Co.* But we are ty'd up by a Rule. *Pan.* So am I by the clean contrary. *Co.* Where ſhall a Body find your Rule? *Pan.* In theſe two Verſes.

Hoſpes, in hac Mensâ, fuerit cum Viſcera Tenſa,
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.

'Tis the Rule of this Table, eat as long as ye're able;
But then pay your Score, there's no ſtirring before.

Co. We'll be no Charge to you. *Pan.* Then you'll be no Profit neither. *Co.* Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. *Pan.* Thoſe Words butter no Parſnips. *Co.* Any Corner of your Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. *Pan.* My Stove will hold no ſuch Company. *Co.* Muſt we be thrown out thus? What if we ſhould be worried this Night by *Wolves*? *Pan.* Neither *Wolves* nor *Dogs* prey upon their *own Kind*. *Co.* This were bar-

barbarous even to *Turks*. Conſider us as you pleaſe, we are ſtill *Men*. *Pan.* I have loſt my hearing. *Co.* You can indulge your ſelf, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed; how can you have the Heart to expoſe us to be kill'd with *Cold*, even if the *Beaſts* ſhould ſpare us? *Pan.* Did not *Adam* live ſo in *Paradiſe*? *Co.* He did ſo, but *innocent*. *Pan.* And ſo am I *innocent*. *Co.* Within a Syllable of it; but have a Care you be not excluded a better Place hereafter, for ſhutting us out here. *Pan.* Good Words, I beſeech ye. *Ux.* Prithee, my dear, make 'em ſome amends for thy Severity, and let 'em ſtay here to Night; they are good Men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. *Pan.* Here's your Reconciler! I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter. Oh! How I hate to hear a Woman call any body a *good Man*, (eſpecially in *French.*) *Ux.* Well, well, you know there's nothing of that. But think with your ſelf how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace; and do not drive thoſe out of your Houſe now you're well, whoſe Aſſiſtance you would be glad of upon your Death-Bed. Never let it be ſaid that you harbour Buffoons, and ſhut your Doors upon ſuch Men as theſe. *Pan.* Pray'e be gone into the Kitchen about your Buſineſs, and let's have no more Preaching here. *Ux.* It ſhall be done. *Be.* The Man ſweetens methinks; ſee he takes his Shirt, and I hope all will be well yet. *Co.* And they're laying the Cloth for the Children: 'Tis happy for us there came no other Gueſts; for we ſhould have been ſent packing elſe. *Be.* 'Tis well we brought Wine, and

Lamb

Lamb with us from the next Village; for if a Lock of Hay would have ſav'd a Man's Life, 'tis not here to be had. *Co.* Now the Children are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's Room enough. *Pan.* 'Tis long of you, my Maſters, that I have never a Gueſt to Day, but thoſe that I had better be without. *Co.* If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. *Pan.* Nay, it falls out oftner than I wiſh it did. *Co.* Never trouble your ſelf, Chriſt lives, and will not forſake thoſe that ſerve him. *Pan.* You paſs in the World for *Evangelical Men.* The Goſpel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels: But your Sleeves, I perceive, ſerve for Wallets; and you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Fleſh the beſt that is to be gotten too. *Co.* Take part with us if you pleaſe. *Pan. My Wine is Hogwaſh* to't. *Co.* Take ſome of the Fleſh too, there's enough for us. *Pan.* O bleſſed Beggars! my Wife provided me nothing to Day but *Collworts* and a little *ruſty Bacon.* *Co.* If you pleaſe let's join our Stocks, for 'tis all one to us what we eat. *Pan.* Why don't you carry *Cabbage-Stalks* about with you then and *dead Drink?* *Co.* They would needs force this upon us at a Place where we dined to Day. *Pan.* Did your Dinner coſt you nothing? *Co.* No, not any thing; nay, we had Thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. *Pan.* Whence come ye? *Co.* From *Baſil.* *Pan.* What, ſo far? *Co.* 'Tis as we tell you. *Pan.* You're a ſtrange kind of People ſure, that can travel thus without *Horſe, Money, Servants, Arms,* or *Proviſions.* *Co.* You ſee in us ſome Footſteps of the *Evangelical*

gelical Life. *Pan.* Or the Life of Rogues rather, that wander up and down with their Budgets. *Co.* Such as *we are*, the *Apoſtles were*, and (with Reverence) our Saviour himſelf. *Pan.* Can you tell Fortunes? *Co.* Nothing leſs. *Pan.* Why how do you live then? *Co.* By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. *Pan.* And who is that? *Co.* He that has ſaid, *Take ye no Care, but all things ſhall be added to you.* *Pan.* But that Promiſe extends only to thoſe that ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven. *Co.* And that do we, with all our Might. *Pan.* The *Apoſtles* were famous for *Miracles*; they cur'd the *Sick*, and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any were; but you can do no ſuch thing. *Co.* We could, if we were like the Apoſtles, and if the Matter requir'd a Miracle. But the Power of Miracles was only temporary, to convince Unbelievers: There's nothing needful now but a Holy Life: Beſide that, it is many times better to be ſick than to be well, to die than to live. *Pan.* What do you then? *Co.* The beſt we can; every Man according to the Talent that God has given him: We comfort, exhort, admoniſh, reprove, as we ſee Occaſion: Nay, ſometimes we preach too, where we find Paſtors that are dumb; and where we can do no Good, we make it our Care to do no Hurt, either by our Words or Examples. *Pan.* To Morrow is a *Holy-day*; I would ye would give us a *Sermon* here. *Co.* What *Holy-day?* *Pan.* St. *Anthony*'s. *Co.* He was a good Man; but how came he to have a *Holy-day?* *Pan.* I'll tell ye; we have a World of *Swine-herds* hereabouts, (for there's a huge Wood hard by here for Acorns) and the Peo-

People have an Opinion, that St. *Anthony* takes Charge of the *Hogs*, and therefore they worſhip him, for Fear he ſhould hurt 'em. *Co.* I would they would worſhip him affectionately as they ſhould do. *Pan.* In what manner? *Co.* Whoſoever follows his Example, does his Duty. *Pan.* We ſhall have ſuch Drinking, Dancing, Playing, Scolding, and Boxing here to Morrow! *Co.* Like the *Pagans Bacchanals*. But theſe People are more ſottiſh than the *Hogs* they keep; and I wonder that *Anthony* does not puniſh 'em for it. What kind of Paſtor have ye? Neither a *Mute*, I hope, nor a *Wicked* one. *Pan.* Let every one ſpeak as he finds, he's a good *Paſtor* to me; for here he topes it the whole live-long Day, and no Man brings me either more or better Cuſtomers: 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. *Co.* He's not a Man for our turn. *Pan.* What's that? Do you know him then? *Co.* We would fain have taken up a Lodging with him, but he bad us *be gone*, and chac'd us away like ſo many Wolves. *Pan.* Very, very good. Now I underſtand the Buſineſs; 'tis *you* that kept him *away*, becauſe he knew you would be here. *Co.* Is he not mute? *Pan.* Mute, do you ſay? He's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In ſhort, I preſume he has made you ſenſible that he wants no Tongue. *Co.* Is he a learned Divine? *Pan.* So he tells the World himſelf; but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other Diſcovery of it. In one Word, the *People* and the *Paſtor* are well agreed; and the *Diſh* (as we ſay) *wears its own Cover*. *Co.* Do you

you think he would give a Man Leave to preach in his Place? *Pan.* I dare undertake he ſhall, provided that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common Practice to do. *Co.* 'Tis an ill Cuſtom. If I diſlike any thing, I tell the *Paſtor* of it privately; the reſt belongs to the *Biſhop.* *Pan.* We have but few of thoſe Birds in our Country, tho' truly you ſeem to be good Men enough your ſelves.

Pray'e what's the Meaning of ſuch Variety of Habits? For ſome People judge amiſs of you for your Cloaths. *Co.* What Reaſon for that? *Pan.* I cannot tell you the Reaſon, but I know the thing to be true. *Co.* Some think the better of us for our Habits, and ſome the worſe. Now though they both do amiſs, the former is the moſt generous Miſtake. *Pan.* So let it be; but where's the Benefit of all thoſe Diſtinctions? *Co.* What's your Opinion of them? *Pan.* Truly I ſee no Advantage at all but in *War* and *Proceſſion*; for in the *latter* there are perſonated *Saints*, *Jews*, *Ethnicks*, that muſt be diſcriminated in their Diverſity of Dreſs: And in *War*, the variety is good for the ranging of ſeveral Troops under ſeveral Colours, to avoid Confuſion. *Co.* You ſpeak to the Point; and ſo is this a *Military Garment*; ſome under *one Leader*, ſome under *another*, but we are all under *one General*, that is *Chriſt*. But there are three things to be conſider'd in a Garment. *Pan.* What are thoſe? *Co. Neceſſity*, *Uſe*, and *Decency*? Why do we *Eat*? *Pan.* To keep our ſelves from *Starving*. *Co.* Why do *we cover our Bodies*, but to keep us *warm*? *Pan.* It cannot be deny'd. *Co.* And in that Point *my Garment* is better than *yours*, for

for it covers the *Head*, the *Neck*, and the *Shoulders*, where we are moſt in Danger. Now for our *Uſe*, we muſt have Variety of *Faſhions* and of *Stuffs*: A *ſhort Coat* for a *Horſeman*, a *longer* when we lie *ſtill*; we are *thin clad* in *Summer*, *thick* in *Winter*. There are thoſe at *Rome* that change their Cloaths twice a Day; they take a fur'd Coat in the Morning, a ſingle one at Noon, and toward Night one that's a little warmer: But every Man is not furniſht with this Variety; nor is there any Faſhion that better anſwers ſeveral Purpoſes than this of ours. *Pan.* Make that out. *Co.* If the *Wind* or the *Sun* trouble us, we put on our *Cowl*. In *hot Weather* out of the *Sun* we throw it *behind* us; when we ſit ſtill, we let the Gown fall about our *Heels*; if we *walk*, we *hold* or tuck it *up*. *Pan.* He was no Fool, I perceive, that invented it. *Co.* Beſide that, it goes a great way in a happy Life, the wonting of our ſelves to be content with a little; for if we once laſh out into Senſuality and Pleaſure, there will be no End. But can you ſhew me any other Garment, that is ſo commodious in ſo many Reſpects? *Pan.* Truly I cannot. *Co.* Conſider now the *Decency* of it. Tell me honeſtly, if you ſhould put on your *Wife's Cloaths*, would not every body ſay you were *Phantaſtical*? *Pan.* Nay, *Mad* perhaps. *Co.* And what if your Wife ſhould put on *yours*, what would you ſay to't? *Pan.* I ſhould not ſay much perhaps, but I ſhould bang her handſomely. *Co.* What does it ſignify now what Garment a body uſes? *Pan.* Oh! Yes, in this Caſe it is very material. *Co.* Beyond Controverſy; for the very *Pagans* will not allow

allow a Man to wear a Woman's Cloaths, or a Woman a Mans. *Pan.* And they are in the right for't. *Co.* 'Tis well. Put the Caſe now that a Man of *fourſcore* ſhould dreſs himſelf like a Boy of *fifteen*, or a Boy of *fifteen* like a Man of *fourſcore*, would not all the World condemn it? Or the ſame thing in a *Woman* and a *Girl*. *Pan.* No Queſtion of it. *Co.* Or if a *Layman* ſhould go like a *Prieſt*, or a *Prieſt* like a *Layman*? *Pan.* It were a great *Indecorum* on both Sides. *Co.* Or if a *Private Man* ſhould put on the Habit of a *Prince*; or a *particular Prieſt* that of a *Biſhop*? *Pan.* It were a great Indecency. *Co.* What if a *Citizen* ſhould ſit in his *Shop* with his *Sword*, *Buff Coat*, and a *Feather in's Cap*? *Pan.* He would be pointed at. *Co.* What if an *Engliſh Enſign* ſhould put a *white Croſs* in's Colours, a *Swiſs* a *red one*, or a *French-man* a *black one*? *Pan.* 'Twould be very fooliſhly done. *Co.* Why do you wonder ſo much then at our Habit? *Pan.* I am not now to learn the Difference betwixt a Private Man and a Prince, or a Man and a Woman; but as to the Difference betwixt a *Monk* and *no Monk*, I am utterly ignorant. *Co.* What Difference is there betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Poor*? Pan. *Fortune.* *Co.* And yet it would be very odd, if a *Beggar* ſhould cloath himſelf like a *Lord*. *Pan.* True, as Lords go now a-days. *Co.* What's the Difference betwixt a *Fool* and a *Wiſe Man*? *Pan.* A little more than betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Beggar*. Co *Fools*, you ſee, are dreſt up after another manner than *Wiſe Men*. *Pan.* How well it becomes you, I know not; but *your Habit* wants very little more of a *Fool's Coat*, than *Ears* and *Bells* to't. *Co.* That's the Difference;

rence; and we are no other than the World's Fools, if we be what we profeſs. *Pan.* I cannot ſay what you are; but this I know, that there are of theſe *Idiots* with their *Ears* and *Bells*, that have more *Brains* in their Heads, than many of our ſquare Caps, with their *Furs*, *Hoods*, and other Enſigns of *Authority*. Wherefore it ſeems a Madneſs to me, to think any Man the *wiſer* for his *Habit*. I ſaw once an errant *Tony*, with a *Gown* to his *Heels*, a *Doctor's Cap*, and the Countenance of a very grave *School-Divine*; he diſputed publickly, ſeveral Princes made much of him, and he took the *Right Hand* of all *other Fools*, himſelf being the moſt eminent of the Kind. *Co.* What would you be at now? Would you have a *Prince*, that makes ſport with a *Fool*, change Cloaths with him? *Pan.* If your Propoſition be true, that the *Mind* of a Man may be judg'd by his *Habit*, perhaps it might do well enough. *Co.* You preſs this upon me, but I am ſtill of Opinion, that there is very good Reaſon for allowing of *Fools diſtinct Habits*. *Pan.* And what may that Reaſon be? *Co.* For fear any body ſhould hurt 'em, if they miſbehave themſelves. *Pan.* What if I ſhould ſay on the contrary, that their Habit does rather provoke People to do 'em Miſchief; inſomuch that of Fools they come to be mad Men; and why ſhall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a Man or a Child, eſcape unpuniſh'd as well as a Fool? But the thing I aſk you is, the Reaſon of *your diſtinct Habits* from *others*? Why ſhould not a *Baker* as well be diſtinguiſh'd from a *Fiſherman*, a *Shooe maker* from a *Taylor*, an *Apothecary* from a *Vintner*, a *Coach-man* from

from a *Water-man?* You that are *Prieſts*, why ſhould you not be cloath'd like *other Prieſts?* If you are *Laicks*, why do you differ from *us?* *Co.* In ancient times *Monks* were only the *purer Sort* of the *Laity*; and there was no other Difference betwixt a *Monk* and *another Laick*, than betwixt an *honeſt frugal* Man that maintains his Family by his *Induſtry*, and a *Ruffling Hector* that lives upon the High-way. In time the Biſhop of *Rome* beſtow'd Honour upon *us*, and we gave ſome Reputation to the Habit our ſelves, which is not ſimply *Laick* or *Sacerdotal*; but ſuch as it is, I could name you ſome *Cardinals* and *Popes* that have not been aſham'd of it. *Pan.* But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes that? *Co.* Some time from the very Nature of the Thing; other while from Cuſtom and Opinions. If a Man ſhould wear a *Buffle's Skin*, with the *Horns* upon his *Head*, and the *Tail* dragging *after him*, would not all the World laugh at him? *Pan.* I believe they would. *Co.* And again, if a Man ſhould cover himſelf to the Middle, and all the reſt naked? *Pan.* Moſt abſurd. *Co.* The very *Pagans* cenſure Men for wearing their Cloaths ſo thin, that it were an *Indecency* even in a *Woman:* It is *modeſter* to be *ſtark-naked*, as we found you in the Stove, than to be only *cover'd* with a *Tranſparent Garment*. *Pan.* The whole Buſineſs of *Habits*, I fancy, depends upon *Cuſtom* and *Opinion*. *Co.* Why ſo? *Pan.* I had ſome Travellers at my Houſe t'other Day, that had been up and down the World, as they told me, in Places that we have no Account of in the very Maps; and particularly upon an Iſland of a very temperate Air, where it was accouuted diſhonourable to

cover their Nakedneſs. *Co.* They liv'd like Beaſts perhaps? *Pan.* No; but, on the contrary, they were a People of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they went out with their Prince every Morning to work for about an Hour a Day. *Co.* What was their Work? *Pan.* The plucking up of Roots, which they uſe inſtead of Wheat, and find it much more pleaſant and wholeſome. After one Hour every Man goes about his own Buſineſs, or does what he has a Mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety, puniſhing all Crimes ſeverely, but eſpecially Adultery. *Co.* What's the Puniſhment? *Pan.* Women, you muſt know, they ſpare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man be taken in't, they expoſe him in publick, with the Part offending cover'd. *Co.* A ſad Puniſhment indeed! *Pan.* And ſo it is to them, as Cuſtom has made it. *Co.* When I conſider the Force of Perſuaſion, I could half believe it: For if a Man would make a Thief or a Murtherer exemplary, would it not be a ſufficient Puniſhment to cut off the hind Lappet of his Shirt, clap a Woolf's Skin upon his Buttocks, put him on party-colour'd Stockins, cut the Forepart of his Doublet into the Faſhion of a Net, leave his Breaſt and his Shoulders bare, turn up one Part of his Beard, leave another Part at length, and ſhave the reſt, cut off his Hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred Holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers, and then bring him in this Dreſs into Publick, would not this be a greater Reproach, than a Fool's Cap to him with long Ears and gingling Baubles? And yet we find thoſe that

account this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madneſs; nay, we ſee Soldiers every Day in this Trim, that are well enough pleas'd with themſelves. *Pan.* Yes; and there are ſome honeſt Citizens would ſtrain hard to get into this Mode. *Co.* But now if a Man ſhould dreſs himſelf up with Birds Feathers like an *Indian*, would not the very Children think him mad? *Pan.* Directly mad. *Co.* And yet that which we admire, does ſtill ſavour of a greater Madneſs. Now as it is true, that nothing is ſo ridiculous but Cuſtom may bear it out; ſo it muſt be allow'd, that there is a certain *Decorum*, which all wiſe Men will approve of; and ſomewhat again in *Garments* that is miſbecoming, and agreed by all the World to be ſo. What can be more ridiculous, than a *burthenſome Gown* with a *long Train?* As if the *Quality* of the *Woman* were to be meaſur'd by the *Length* of her *Tail:* Nay, and ſome *Cardinals* are not aſham'd to imitate it. And yet ſo prevalent a thing is *Cuſtom*, that there's no changing of a Faſhion ſo receiv'd. *Pan.* So much for *Cuſtom.* But tell me now, whether you think it better for *Monks* to wear *different Habits* or *not?* *Co.* I take it to be more agreeable to Chriſtian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's Habit, provided it be ſober and decent. *Pan.* Why do not you caſt away your *Cowls* then? *Co.* Why did not the Apoſtles preſently eat of all Sorts of Meats? *Pan.* I know not, and do you tell me. *Co.* Becauſe an invincible Cuſtom hinder'd it: For whatſoever is deep rooted in the Minds of Men, and by long Uſe confirmed, and turned as it were into Nature, can never be taken

away on the ſudden, without the Hazard of the Publick Peace; but it muſt be remov'd by Degrees, as the Horſe-Tail was pluckt off by ſingle Hairs. *Pan.* I could bear this, if the *Monks* were but all *habited alike*, but ſo many Diverſities will never down with me. *Co.* You muſt impute this Evil to *Cuſtom*, as well as all others. St. *Benedict*'s *Habit* is no new one, but the ſame that he us'd with his Diſciples, that were plain and honeſt Men. No more is St. *Francis*'s, but it was the Faſhion of poor *Country Fellows*. Now ſome of their Succeſſors have, by new Additions, made the Matter a little Superſtitious. How many old Women have we at this Day, that ſtick to the Mode they were brought up in, which is every jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? *Pan.* There are indeed many ſuch Women. *Co.* Therefore when you ſee this Habit, you ſee but the Relicks of paſt Times. *Pan.* But has your Habit no Holineſs in it? *Co.* None at all. *Pan.* There are ſome of you make their Boaſts, that they were of *Divine Direction* from the *Holy Virgin*. *Co.* Thoſe Stories were but Dreams. *Pan.* One Man has a Fancy that he ſhall never recover a Fit of *Sickneſs*, unleſs he cloath himſelf in a *Dominican's Habit*; another will not be bury'd but in a *Franciſcan's*. *Co.* They that tell you theſe things, are either Cheats or Fools; and they that believe 'em are ſuperſtitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a *Franciſcan's Habit*, as in a *Buff Coat*. *Pan.* The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. *Co* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unleſs to

out-

out-do it? *Pan.* I would you had as many Sorts of Books too. *Co.* But there's much to be ſaid for the Variety alſo. Has not the *Spaniard one Faſhion*, the *Italian another*, the *French*, *Germans*, *Greeks*, *Turks*, *Saracens* their ſeveral Faſhions alſo? *Pan.* They have ſo. *Co.* And then in the ſame Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Perſons of the ſame Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*, and of *both* from the *Roman*, and this in *Italy* alone? *Pan.* I'm convinc'd of it. *Co.* And from whom comes our Variety? *Dominicus* took *his Habit* from the *honeſt Huſbandmen* in that Part of *Spain* where he liv'd; *Benedictus* his from that part of *Italy* where he liv'd; *Franciſcus*, from the *Huſband-men* of ſeveral Places; and ſo for the reſt. *Pan.* So that for ought I find, you are never the *holier* for your *Cowls*, if you be not ſo for your Lives. *Co.* Nay, we have more to anſwer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. *Pan.* But is there any Hope of *Us* then, that have neither *Patron*, nor *Habit*, nor *Rule*, nor *Profeſſion*? *Co.* Yes; you have *Hope*, but have a Care you do not loſe it. Go aſk your God-fathers, what Profeſſion you made in *Baptiſm*; and what Order you were initiated into. What ſignifies a *Humane Rule* to him that's under the *Rule* of the *Goſpel*? Or any *other Patron* to *him* whoſe Patron is *Jeſus Chriſt*? Did you profeſs nothing when you were marry'd? Bethink your ſelf, what you owe to your ſelf, to your Children, your Family, and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a *Chriſtian*, than as a Diſciple of St. *Francis*. Pan. *Do you believe*

that any Inn-keepers go to Heaven? *Co.* Why not? *Pan.* There are many things ſaid and done in this Houſe, that are not according to the *Goſpel.* *Co.* As what? *Pan.* One *fuddles*, another talks *Bawdy*, a third *brawls*, a fourth *detracts*, and I know not what beſide. *Co* Theſe things muſt be avoided as much as may be: And however, you are not for your Profits ſake to countenance or draw on this Wickedneſs. *Pan.* And ſometimes I do not deal fairly with my Gueſts. *Co.* How's that? *Pan.* When I find them grow *hot*, I give them a good deal of *Water* with their *Wine.* *Co.* That's more pardonable yet, than ſtumming of it. *Pan.* Tell me truly, how many Days have you been now upon your Journey? *Co.* Almoſt a Month. *Pan.* Who looks to ye in the mean time? *Co.* Are not they well look'd to, that have a *Wife*, *Children*, *Parents*, and *Kindred?* *Pan.* Abundantly. *Co.* You have but *one Wife*, *one Father*, *one Houſe*; We have *a hundred*, you but a *few Children*, a *few Kindred*, we *innumerable*. *Pan.* How comes that about? *Co.* Becauſe the Alliances of the Spirit are more numerous than thoſe of the Fleſh; Chriſt has promis'd it, and all his Promiſes are made good. *Pan.* I have not met with better Company: Let me die if I had not rather *Talk* with *Thee*, than *Drink* with *our Paſtor.* Let's hear you preach to Morrow, and when you come this way next, let this be your Lodging. *Co.* But what if you have other Gueſts? *Pan.* They ſhall be welcome too, if they be like you. *Co.* Better, I hope. *Pan.* But among ſo many wicked Men, how ſhall I know a good one? *Co.* One Word in your Ear, I'll tell you. *Pan.* Say then. *Co.*—— *Pan.* I'll remember it, and do't.

The

The Soldier and the *Carthuſian.*

COL. X.

The Life of a Soldier *of* Fortune, *and of a* Pious Carthuſian : *With a Diſcourſe upon* Habits.

The SOLDIER and the CARTHUSIAN.

So. MOrrow, Brother. *Ca.* My dear Couſin, God have ye in his keeping. *So.* Troth, I had much ado to know you. *Ca.* What! Such an Alteration in two Years? *So.* No. But your new *Dreſs* and that *bald Crown* make you look like quite another ſort of Creature. *Ca.* You'd hardly know your *own Wife* perhaps in a *new Gown?* *So.* In ſuch a one as yours, truly I think I ſhould not. *Ca.* And yet I remember you perfectly well ſtill, though you have chang'd *Habit*, *Face*, *Body*, and all. How come you to be ſo ſet out with Colours? Never had any Bird ſuch a Variety of Feathers! You have nothing about you that's either *Natural*, or in *Faſhion*. Was ever any Man's *Hair* cut ſo phantaſtically? Half a *Beard*, and the Crop of your Upper Lip grown ſo ſtraggling, as if one Hair were afraid of another: A Man would think ye had chang'd Whiſkers with a Cat. Your *Face* ſo cover'd with *Scars* too,

that a Body would ſwear the *common Hangman had ſet his Mark* upon ye. *So.* No, no, Father, theſe are the Marks of Honour; but pray'e tell me, are there no *Surgeons* or *Phyſicians in this Quarter?* *Ca.* Why do you aſk? *So.* Becauſe your Brains ſhould have been taken out and waſh'd, before you plung'd your ſelf into this Slavery. *Ca.* You take me for a *Mad Man* then? *So.* As any thing in *Bedlam:* You would never have leapt into your *Grave* before your Time elſe, when you might have lived handſomely in a better *World.* *Ca.* So that I'm no longer a *Man of your World.* *So.* By *Jove*, I take it ſo. *Ca.* And what's your Reaſon for't? *So.* Becauſe you are coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very *Habit* is *prodigious*, your *Shaving* as *extravagant*, and then perpetually to *eat* nothing but *Fiſh* makes ye all ſtink like *Otters:* Your very *Fleſh* is *Fiſh* too. *Ca.* If Men were turn'd into what they eat, your *Bacon-eating Chops* would have been *Swines-Fleſh* many a fair Day ago. *So.* But you have enough of your Bargain, I ſuppoſe, by this; for I meet very few in your Condition, that are not ſick on't ſooner. *Ca.* 'Tis one thing for a Man to caſt himſelf into a *Retreat*, as if it were into a *Well*; and another thing to do it *conſiderately*, and by *Degrees*, as I have done upon a thorough Search of my own Heart, and a due Contemplation of Humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be ſuppoſed wiſe enough to know his own Mind. As to the *Place*, what is the *Place* of any Man's Abode compar'd with the World? And any Place is large enough, ſo long as it wants nothing for the Commodity

of

of Life. How many are there, that never ſtirr'd out of the City where they were born, and yet reſt well enough contented within that Compaſs? But yet you'll ſay, if they were confin'd to't, it would give 'em a Longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I am clear off. This Place is the whole World to me, and this Map here ſhews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought with more Security and Delight, than he that ſails to the *Indies* for *Spice* and *Pearl*. *So.* That ye ſay comes near the Matter. *Ca.* Why ſhould not I *ſhave my Head*, as well as you *clip yours*? If you do the one for *Commodities Sake*, if there were nothing elſe in't, I would do the other for my *Health*. How many noble *Venetians* ſhave their Heads all over? And then for our *Habit*, where's the Prodigy of it? Our *Garments* are for *two Ends*; either to defend us from *Heat* and *Cold*, or to *cover our Nakedneſs*: And does not this Garment now anſwer both theſe Ends? If the *Colour* offend you, why ſhould not that become all Chriſtians, which was given to us in *Baptiſm*? It is ſaid alſo, *Take a White Garment*, ſo that this Colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual Study of Innocency. And then if by *Solitude* you mean only a with-drawing from the Croud; you may reproach with this Solitude the *ancient Prophets*, the *Ethnick Philoſophers*, and many other Perſons that have applied themſelves to the gaining of a good Mind as well as us: Nay, *Poets*, *Aſtrologers*, and other *eminent Artiſts*, whenſoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake them-

themſelves to a *Retreat*. But why ſhould this kind of Life be call'd a *Solitude*, when one ſingle Friend is a moſt delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almoſt twenty Companions to all ſociable and honeſt Purpoſes, Viſits more than I deſire, and indeed more than are expedient. *So.* But you cannot have theſe always to talk with. *Ca.* Nor would I if I could: For Converſation is the pleaſanter for being ſometime interrupted. *So.* I fancy ſo too; for I never reliſh *Fleſh* ſo well, as I do after a *ſtrict Lent*. *Ca.* Neither am I without Companions, when you take me moſt to be alone; and for *Delight* and *Entertainment*, worth a thouſand of your *Drolls* and *Buffoons*. *So.* Where are they? *Ca.* Look you; here are the *four Evangeliſts*: In this Book I can confer with him that accompanied the two Diſciples in their way to *Emaus*, and with his Heavenly Diſcourſe made them forget the Trouble of their Journey; with him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardor of receiving his bleſſed Words. In this little Study I converſe with *Paul*, *Iſaiah*, and the reſt of the Prophets: *Chryſoſtome*, *Baſil*, *Auſtin*, *Jerome*, *Cyprian*, with a World of other *Learned* and *Eloquent Doctors*. Where have you ſuch Company *abroad* as this? Or what do you talk of *Solitude*, to a Man that has always *this Society*? *So.* But theſe People will ſignify nothing to me, that do not underſtand 'em. *Ca.* Now for our *Diet*; as to the *Quantity*, Nature contents her ſelf with a little; and for the *Quality* of it, *a Belly full's a Belly-full*, no Matter what it is. Your Palate calls for *Partridge*, *Pheaſant*, *Capon*; and a Piece of *Stock-Fiſh* ſatisfies

ſatisfies mine: And yet I am perſuaded my Body is as good Fleſh and Blood as yours. *So.* If you had a Wife as I have, perhaps 'twould take off ſome of your Mettle. *Ca.* But however we are at Eaſe, let our *Meat* be never ſo *plain*, or never ſo *little*. *So.* In the mean time ye live like *Jews*. *Ca.* You are too quick; if we cannot come up to Chriſtianity, we do at leaſt aim at it. *So.* You place too much *Holineſs* in *Meats*, *Formularies*, and other *Ceremonies*, neglecting *the more weighty Duties of the Goſpel*. *Ca.* Let others anſwer for themſelves; but for my own part, I place no ſort of Confidence in thoſe things, but only in *Chriſt*, and in the Sanctity of the *Mind*. *So.* Why do ye obſerve theſe things then? *Ca.* For the preſerving of *Peace*, and the avoiding of *Scandal*. There's little Trouble in ſuch a *Conformity*; and I would not offend my Brother for ſo ſmall a Matter. Let the *Garment* be what it will, Men are yet ſo nice, that Agreement or Diſagreement, even in the ſmalleſt Matters, has a ſtrange Influence upon the publick Peace. The *Shaving* of the *Head*, or the *Colour* of the *Habit*, gives me no Title (of it ſelf) to *God's Favour* and *Protection*; and yet if I ſhould let my *Hair grow*, or change my *Gown* for a *Buff coat*, would not the People take me for a *phantaſtical Coxcomb*? I have now told you my Senſe, and pray'e let me have yours in Requital. You aſkt me e'en now, if there were no Phyſicians in this Quarter, when I put my ſelf into a Cloyſter? Where were they. I beſeech you, when you left your young Wife and pretty Children at home, to enrol your ſelf a Soldier? *A mercenary Bravo, to cut the Throats of*

your

your Fellow-Chriſtians for *Wages?* And your Buſineſs did not lie among *Poppies* and *Buſhes* neither, but with *Pikes* and *Gun-ſhot*; where over and above the miſerable Trade of cutting their Throats for Money that never did you Hurt, you expoſe your ſelf, Body and Soul, to eternal Damnation. But here's none of this in a Cloyſter. *So.* Is it not lawful then to kill an Enemy? *Ca.* Yes, and pious too, if it be in the Defence of your Country, your Wife and Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the publick Peace. But what is this to a *Soldier of Fortune?* If you had been knockt on the Head in this Service, I would not have given a Nut-ſhell to redeem the very Soul of you. *So.* No? *Ca.* As I am honeſt I would not. Speak your Conſcience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a *good Man*, whom we call our *Prior*; one that ſummons us to *Prayers*, *Holy Lectures*, the hearing of ſaving *Doctrine*, and the glorifying of *God*, than to be ſubject to ſome *barbarous Officer*, that poſts you away upon *Marches* at *Midnight*, ſends you at his Pleaſure hither and thither, backward and forward, expoſes you to Shot great and ſmall, and aſſigns you your *Station*, where upon Neceſſity you muſt either *kill* or be *kill'd?* *So.* And all this is ſhort yet. *Ca.* In Caſe of any *Tranſgreſſion here* upon the Point of *Diſcipline*, the Puniſhment is only *Admonition*, or ſome ſuch ſlight Buſineſs: But in *War*, you muſt either *hang* for't, (if you cannot *compound* for *beheading*) or run the *Gantlope*. *So.* All this is too true. *Ca.* And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judge by your *patch'd Breeches.*

Breeches. *So.* Nay, my own Stock is gone long ſince, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my Buſineſs here is only to entreat you for a *Viaticum*. *Ca.* I would you had come hither before you embark'd your ſelf in this lewd Employment. But how come you to be ſo *bare*? *So.* So *bare*, do ye ſay? Why all's gone in *Wenches*, *Dice*, and *Tipple*. My *Pay*, my *Plunders*, and all the Advantages I made by *Rapine*, *Theft*, and *Sacrilege*. *Ca.* Miſerable Creature! And all this while your Wife and your poor Children left to the wide World to grieve themſelves to Death; the Woman, that you promis'd to forſake Father and Mother for. And ſtill you call this *Living*, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. *So.* The thing that egg'd me on was, that I ſinn'd in ſo much Company. *Ca.* Will your Wife know you again, do you think? *So.* Why not? *Ca.* Your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? *So.* But if you knew the Buſineſs, you'd ſay I came off well with a Scar. *Ca.* What was the matter? *So.* There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it ſtruck me there. *Ca.* And that long Scar upon your *Cheek*? *So.* This I received in a *Battle*. *Ca.* What Battle? In the Field? *So.* No, it was a *Battle at Dice*, upon a Quarrel about the Caſt. *Ca.* Your Chin too looks as if 'twere ſtuck with Rubies. *So.* That's a ſmall matter. *Ca.* Some Blow with a *French Faggot-ſtick*, (as they ſay.) *So.* Right: It was my *third Clap*, and it had like to have been my laſt. *Ca.* But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man

of a hundred Years old; what makes you go double ſo, as if you were a mowing? *So.* 'Tis a kind of a *convulſive Diſtemper.* *Ca.* A wonderful *Metamorphoſis!* From a *Horſeman* to a *Centaur*, and from a *Centaur* to an *Inſect*, a kind of *Creeper.* *So.* The Fortune of the War. *Ca.* Or the Madneſs of your Mind. But what *Spoils* have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The *Leproſy*, I ſee; for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only privileged from the Peſt-houſe, becauſe 'tis a Diſeaſe in Faſhion; for which very Reaſon it ſhould be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your poor Wife; to whom, inſtead of an *induſtrious Huſband*, you have only brought back *innumerable Diſeaſes* and a *living Carcaſe.* *So.* Pray'e give over chiding of me; for I'm miſerable enough without it. *Ca.* Nay, this is the leaſt part of your Calamity, for your *Soul* is yet fouler than your *Body*, more *putrid* and *ulcer'd*, and yet more dangerouſly wounded. *So.* It is more unclean, I do confeſs, than a publick *Jakes.* *Ca.* But to God and his Angels it is ſtill more offenſive. *So.* If you have done wrangling, pray'e think of ſome Relief to help me on in my Journey. *Ca.* I have nothing my ſelf to give you, but I'll ſpeak to the *Prior.* *So.* But if any thing ſhould be allow'd me, will you receive it for me? There are ſo many Rubs in the way in caſes of this Nature. *Ca.* Others may do as they pleaſe, but I have no Hands, either to give Money, or to take it. We'll talk more on't after Dinner, for 'tis now Time to ſit down.

The

The Apotheosis of *Capnio*; or, the *Franciscan*'s Vision.

COL. XI.

A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's *Ghost appearing to a* Franciscan *in a Dream; and St.* Jerome's *coming to him, and cloathing him, to take him up into Heaven: With several comical Circumstances that past upon the Way, betwixt his* Death *and his* Canonization *or* Ascension.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

Po. WHERE have you been with your *Spatter-Lashes? Br.* At *Tubingua. Po.* Have ye any News there? *Br.* 'Tis a wonderful thing that the World should run so strangely a madding after News. I heard a *Camel* in a Pulpit at *Louvain* charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have nothing to do with any thing that was *new*. *Po.* Thou mean'st a *Carmelite*; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a *Camel*: Or if it were a *Man*, by my Consent he should never change his Shooes, his Linnen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted with

with Souce, muſty Drink, and rotten Eggs. *Br.* But yet for all this, you muſt know that the good Man had rather have his Porridge freſh, than Stale. *Po.* Prethee come to the Point ; and tell me what News. *Br.* Nay, I have News in my Budget too ; but *News*, he ſays, is a *wicked thing*. *Po.* Well ; but that which is *New*, will come to be *Old*. Now if all *Old* things be *Good*, and all *New* things *Bad*, that which is *Good* at preſent, will hereafter be *Bad* ; and that which is now *Bad*, will hereafter be *Good*. *Br.* According to the Doctrine of the *Camel*, it muſt be ſo ; and a *young wicked Fool*, will come to be an *old good One*. *Po.* But prithee let's have the News whatever it is. *Br.* The famous *Tripple-tongued Phœnix* of Erudition, *John Reuchlin*, is departed this Life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and ſo paſs from this miſerable World, to the Seats of the Bleſſed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the Caſe? *Po.* It cannot be otherwiſe, if his Death was anſwerable to his Life. *Br.* And you'd be more and more of that Opinion, if you knew as much as I. *Po.* What's that, I pray? *Br.* No, no ; I muſt not tell ye. *Po.* Why not? *Br.* Becauſe he that told me the thing, made me promiſe Secrecy. *Po.* Truſt me, upon the ſame Condition ; and upon my honeſt Word, I'll keep your Counſel. *Br.* That ſame *Honeſt Word* has ſo oft deceived me. But yet I'll ventur't ; eſpecially, being a matter of ſuch a Quality, that it is fit all good Men ſhould know it. There is a certain *Franciſcan* at *Tubinga*, (a Man

Man of ſingular Holineſs, in every Bodies Opinion but his own.) *Po.* The greateſt Argument in the World of true Piety! *Br.* If I ſhould tell you his Name, you'd ſay as much; for you know the Man. *Po.* Shall I gueſs at him? *Br.* Do ſo. *Po.* Hold your Ear then. *Br.* Why? Here's no Body within hearing. *Po.* But however for faſhion-ſake. *Br.* The very Man. *Po.* Nay, we may ſwear it; for if he ſays it, 'tis as true as Goſpel. *Br.* Mind me then, and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuchlin* had a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs; but not without ſome hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that ſo admirable a Man ſhould ever grow old, ſicken, or dye! One Morning I made my *Franciſcan* a Viſit, to put off ſome Trouble of Thoughts, by diverting my ſelf in his Company; for when my Friend was ſick, (do ye ſee?) I was ſick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. *Po.* As if ever any honeſt Man would have done otherwiſe! *Br.* My *Franciſcan* bad me chear up; for *Reuchlin* (ſays he) is well. What? (ſaid I) Is he well again ſo ſoon? For but two Days ago the Doctors deſpair'd of him. Then ſatisfy your ſelf, ſays he, for he's ſo well, that he ſhall never be ſick again. The Tears ſtood in my Eyes, and my *Franciſcan* taking notice of it. Pray'e be patient, (ſays he) till I have told you all. I have not ſeen the Man this Week, but I pray for him every Day that goes over my Head. This very Morning, after *Matins*, I threw my ſelf upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, pleaſant Slumber. *Po.* My Mind gives me already there will come ſome good on't. *Br.* And yours is no *ill Genius.* Methought I was ſtanding by a little Bridge

that led into a Meadow, ſo wonderfully fine, what with the Emrald Verdure, and Freſhneſs of the Trees and Graſs ; the infinite Beauty, and Variety of Flowers, and the Fragrancy of all together, that all the Fields on this ſide the River look'd dead, blaſted and withered, in Compariſon. In the *Interim*, while I was wholly taken up with this Proſpect, who ſhould come by (in a lucky Hour) but *Reuchlin* ? And as he paſs'd, he gave me (in *Hebrew)* his Bleſſing. He was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware ; and as I was about to run up to him, he look'd back, and bad me ſtand off. *Your Time* (ſays he) *is not yet come* ; *but five Years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witneſs, and a Spectator of what's done.* I put in a Word here, and aſk'd him if *Reuchlin* was *cloth'd* or *naked* ; *alone* or in *company*. He had nothing upon him (ſays he) but *one Garment*, and that was, *white* and *ſhining*, like Damaſk ; and a very *pretty Boy* behind him, with *Wings*, which I took for his *good Genius*. *Po.* Then he had no *evil Genius* with him? *Br.* Yes ; the *Franciſcan* told me, he thought he had ; for there followed him a good way off, certain *Birds* that were black all over, ſaving, that when they ſpread their Wings, they ſeemed to have a Mixture of Feathers that were betwixt *White* and *Carnation*. By their *Colour* and *Cry*, one might have taken them for *Pyes* ; but that they were ſixteen times as big ; and about the Size of *Vultures*. They had *Combs* upon their *Heads*, and a kind of *Gorbelly'd Kites*, with *crooked Beaks*, and *Tallons*. If there had been but three of them, I ſhould have taken them for *Harpies*. *Po.* And what

what did theſe Devils do? *Br.* They kept their Diſtance, chattering and ſqualling at the *Heroick Reuchlin*, and would certainly have ſet upon him if they durſt. *Po.* Why, what hinder'd em? *Br. Reuchlin*'s turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Croſs at em. *Be gone*, ſays he, *ye curſed Fiends, to a place that's fitter for you. You have Work enough to do among Mortals, but you have no Commiſſion to meddle with me, that am now liſted in the Roll of Immortality.* The Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, ſays my *Franciſcan*, but theſe filthy Birds took their Flight, and left ſuch a Stink behind them, that a Cloſe-ſtool would have been Orange flower-water to it; and he ſwore, that he would rather go to Hell, than even ſnuff up ſuch a Perfume again. *Po.* A Curſe upon theſe Peſts! *Br.* But hear what the *Franciſcan* told me more. While I was muſing upon this, St. *Jerome* (ſays he) was gotten cloſe to the Bridge; and ſaluted *Reuchlin* in theſe very Words, *God ſave thee my moſt Holy Companion. I am commanded to conduct thee to the bleſſed Souls above, as a Reward from the Divine Bounty, of thy moſt pious Labours.* With that, he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuchlin.* Tell me then, (ſaid I) in what Habit or Shape St. *Jerome* appear'd? Was he ſo old as they paint him? Did he wear a *Cowl*, or a *Hat*; and the Dreſs of a *Cardinal?* Or had he a Lion for his Companion? Nothing of all this (ſaid he) but his Perſon was comely, and his Age was only ſuch, as carried Dignity with it, without the Offence of any ſort of Sluttery. But what need had he there of a Lion by his ſide, as he is commonly painted? His Gown

came down to his Heels, as tranſparent as Chriſtal, and of the ſame Faſhion with that he gave to *Reuchlin*. It was painted over with *Tongues* of *three ſeveral Colours*; in Imitation of the *Ruby*, the *Emerald*, and the *Saphyre*. And beſide the Clearneſs of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. *Po.* An Intimation, I ſuppoſe, of the three Tongues that they profeſs'd. *Br.* No doubt on't; for upon the very Borders of his Garments, were the *Characters* of *theſe three Languages*, in many Colours. *Po.* Had *Jerome* no *Company* with him? *Br.* No *Company*, do ye ſay? The whole Field ſwarm'd with *Myriads* of *Angels*, that flew in the Air as thick as Atoms: (Pardon the Meanneſs of the Compariſon) If they had not been as clear as the Glaſs, there would have been no Heaven nor Earth to be ſeen. *Po.* How glad am I now for poor *Reuchlin!* But what followed? *Br. Jerome*, ſays he, for Reſpects-ſake, giving *Reuchlin* the Right-hand, and embracing him; carry'd him into the Meadow, and ſo up to the top of a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiſs'd and hugg'd one another again. And now the *Heavens* open'd to a prodigious wideneſs, and there appear'd a Glory ſo unutterable, as made every thing elſe that paſs'd for wonderful before, to look mean and ſordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us ſome Repreſentation of it? *Br.* How ſhould I without ſeeing it? But he that did ſee it, aſſures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to expreſs the very Dream of it. And farther, that he would die a thouſand Deaths to ſee it over again, tho' it were but for one Moment. *Po.* Very good. And how then? *Br.* Out of this *Overture*, there was

let down a great *Pillar of Fire*, which was both *tranſparent*, and very agreeable. By the means of this *Pillar*, the *two holy Souls* embracing one another, aſcended to *Heaven*; a Quire of Angels all the while accompanying them, with ſo charming a Melody, that the *Franciſcan* ſays, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there followed an incomparable *Perfume*. His Sleep (or rather the Viſion) was no ſooner over, but he ſtarted up like a Mad-man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his Meadow, without either ſpeaking or thinking of any thing elſe; and there was no perſuading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell. The *Seniors* of the *Convent*, when they found the Story to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that *Reuchlin* dy'd at the very Inſtant of this Appearance to the holy Man) they unanimouſly gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds. *Po.* What have we more to do then, but to enter this holy Man's Name in the *Kalendar* of our *Saints*? *Br.* I ſhould have taken care for that, tho' the *Franciſcan* had ſeen nothing of all this: And in Golden Letters too, I'll aſſure ye, next to St. *Jerome* himſelf. *Po.* And let me die, if I don't put him in my Book ſo too. *Br.* And then I'll ſet him in Gold, in my little Chapel, among the choiceſt of my Saints. *Po.* If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds. *Br.* He ſhall ſtand in my Library the very next to St. *Jerome*. *Po.* And I'll have him in mine too. *Br.* We live in an ungrateful World, or elſe all People would do the ſame thing too, that love Learning and Languages; eſpecially the holy

Tongues. *Po.* Truly it is no more than he deserves. But does it not a little stick in your Stomach, that he's not yet *canoniz'd* by the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome*? *Br.* I pray'e who *canoniz'd* (for that's the Word) who *canoniz'd* St. *Jerome*, *Paul*, the *Virgin Mother*? Tell me, whose Memory is more sacred among all good Men, those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their *Learning*, and good *Life*, have entituled themselves to the Veneration of Posterity; or *Catherina Senensis* (for the Purpose) that was *Sainted* by *Pius* 2. in Favour of the *Order* and *City*. *Po.* You say true; that's the right Worship that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead; whose Benefits will never be forgotten. *Br.* And can you then deplore the Death of this Man? If long Life be a Blessing, he enjoy'd it; he left immortal Monuments of his Vertue; and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the Reach of Misfortune, and conversing with St. *Jerome*. *Po.* But he suffer'd a great deal, tho' in this Life. *Br.* And yet St. *Jerome* suffer'd more. 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men, for being good. *Po.* I confess it; and St. *Jerome* suffered many Indignities from wicked Men for his Vertues. *Br.* That which *Satan* did formerly by the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* against our *Saviour*, he continues still to do by *Pharisees* against *Good Men*, that have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He does now reap the Fruit of the Seed that was sow'd. In the mean time it will be our Part to preserve his Memory Sacred, to glorify him, and to address him in some such manner as follows. *Holy Soul!*

Soul! Be propitious to Languages, and to thoſe that cultivate and refine them. Favour holy Tongues, and deſtroy evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poiſon of Hell. Po. I'll do't my ſelf, and perſuade all my Friends to do't. I make no Queſtion, but we ſhall find thoſe that will employ their Intereſt to get ſome little Form of Prayer, according to Cuſtom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this bleſſed *Hero. Br.* Do you mean that which they call a *Collect? Po.* Yes. *Br.* I have one ready, that I provided before his Death. *Po.* I pray'e let's hear it. *Br. O God that art the Lover of Mankind, and by thy choſen Servant* John Reuchlin, *haſt renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which the holy Spirit from above did formerly enable the Apoſtles for their preaching of the Goſpel: Grant that all People may in all Tongues, preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the falſe Apoſtles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of* Babel, *endeavour to obſcure thy Glory, by advancing their own; when to thee alone is due all Glory,* &c. *Po.* A moſt elegant and holy Prayer! And it ſhall be my daily one. How happy was this Occaſion to me, that brought me to the Knowledge of ſo edifying, and ſo delightful a Story? *Br.* May that Joy laſt long too; and ſo Farewel.

The Funeral.

COL. XII.

In the differing Ends *of* Balearicus *and* Montius, *here is ſet forth the* Vanity, Pomp, *and* Superſtition *of the* Funerals *of ſome Rich and Worldly Men: With the Practices of too many of the* Monks *upon them in their Extremities. As alſo, how a* Good Chriſtian *ought to demean himſelf when he comes to die.*

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

Ma. WHY, how go Matters, *Phædrus?* Thou look'ſt methinks, as if thou hadſt been eaten, and ſpew'd up again. *Ph.* Why ſo, I beſeech ye? *Ma.* So ſad, ſo ſowre, ſo ghaſtly, ſo forlorn a Wight: Thou haſt not one bit of *Phædrus* about thee. *Phæd.* What can you expect better, from one that has been ſo many Days among the *Sick*, the *Dying*, and the *Dead?* You might as well wonder to ſee a *Black-Smith*, or a *Chimney-Sweeper* with a *dirty Face.* Well, *Marcolphus!* Two ſuch Loſſes are enough to put any Man out of Humour. *Ma.* Have you bury'd any of your Friends then? *Ph.* You knew *George Balearicus.* *Ma.* Only his *Name*, but I never ſaw his *Face.* *Ph.* He's one, and *Cornelius Montius* the other; (my very particular Friend) but he, I ſuppoſe,

was

was wholly a Stranger to you. *Ma.* It was never my Fortune yet to ſee any Man breathe his laſt. *Ph.* But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my Wiſh. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, is Death ſo terrible as they make it. *Ph.* The *Way* to't is worſe than the *Thing it ſelf*; for the *Apprehenſion* is the greateſt Part of the *Evil.* Beſide that, our Reſignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterneſs, as well of Sickneſs, as of Death, eaſie to us. There can be no great Senſe of any thing in the Inſtant of the Soul's leaving the Body. For before it comes to that Point, the Faculty it ſelf is become dull and ſtupid; and commonly laid aſleep. *Ma.* What do we feel when we're born? *Ph.* The *Mother* feels ſomething however, if we do not. *Ma.* Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as ſmoothly as we came into't? *Ph.* Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying violent Hands upon our ſelves; for if ſo many make away themſelves as the Caſe ſtands already, what would they do if the Dread of Death were taken away? If a Servant, or a Child were but corrected; a Family quarrel ſtarted, a Sum of Money loſt, or any thing elſe went croſs, Men would preſently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poiſons, for their Relief. It is the *Terror* of *Death*, that makes us ſet the greater Value upon *Life*; eſpecially, conſidering that there's no Redemption; for the Dead are out of the reach of the Doctor. Now ſo it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it alike. Some die ſooner, others later;

later; ſome one way, ſome another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any Senſe of Death; as if he were ſtung with an Aſp, he goes off in's Sleep. Or be it as it will, there is no Death ſo tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Reſolution. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the moſt like a Chriſtian? *Ph.* Why truly, in my Opinion, *George* dy'd the more like *a Man of Honour*. *Ma.* Is there any Senſe of *Ambition* then, when we come to that Point? *Ph.* I never ſaw two People make ſuch different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likeſt a Chriſtian. *Ma.* Let's have it, I beſeech ye, for I have the greateſt Mind in the World to hear't. *Ph.* I'll begin with my Friend *George*.

So ſoon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the *Phyſicians* that had attended him throughout his Sickneſs, gave to underſtand the Pains they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Caſe; but not a Word of the Deſpair they had of his Life. *Ma.* How many *Phyſicians* might there be? *Ph.* Sometimes *ten*; ſometimes *twelve*; but never under *ſix*. *Ma.* Enow in all Conſcience to have done the Buſineſs of a Man in perfect Health. *Ph.* Their Money was no ſooner paid, but they privately hinted to ſome of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the beſt Care they could for the Good of his Soul, for his Body was paſt Hope. This was handſomely intimated by ſome of his particular Friends to *George* himſelf, deſiring him, that he would remit

remit the Buſineſs of his *Life* to *Providence*, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another *World*. Upon this News, *George* caſt many a ſowre Look at the Phyſicians, taking it very heinouſly, that they ſhould now leave him in his Diſtreſs. They told him, that *Phyſicians* were but *Men*, not *Gods*; and that they had done as much as *Art* could do to ſave him; but there was no Remedy againſt *Fate*; and ſo they went into the next Chamber. *Ma.* What did they ſtay for after they were paid? *Ph.* They were not yet agreed upon the *Diſeaſe*. One would have it to be a *Dropſy*; another, an *Apoſtheme* in the *Guts*; *Every Man* of them would needs have it a ſeveral *Diſeaſe*; and this Diſpute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickneſs. *Ma.* The Patient had a bleſſed time on't all this while! *Ph.* For the deciding of this Controverſy, *Firſt*, They deſir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his Honour, a thing uſual among Perſons of Quality. *Secondly*, they ſuggeſted how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increaſing the Bulk of his *Merits*, and then they promis'd him *thirty Maſſes* at *their own Charge*, for the good of his *Soul*. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at laſt, by *Importunities* and *fair Words*, the thing was obtain'd; and ſo the whole Conſultation was diſſolv'd; for Phyſicians, whoſe Buſineſs it is to preſerve Life, do not think it convenient to be preſent, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, *Bernardinus* was ſent for to take his *Confeſſion*: A *Reverend Man*, ye know, and *Warden* of the *Franciſcans*. His

Confeſſion

Confeſſion was no ſooner over, but there was a whole *Houſefull* of the *four Orders of begging Fryers*. *Ma.* What, ſo *many Vultures* to *one Carkaſs*? *Ph.* And now, the *Pariſh-Prieſt* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Euchariſt*. *Ma.* Religious People! *Ph.* But there had like to have been a bloody Fray, betwixt the *Prieſt*, and the *Monks*. *Ma.* What? At the *Patient's Bed-ſide*! *Ph.* Nay, and *Chriſt* himſelf *looking on* too. *Ma.* Upon what Occaſion? *Ph.* The *Pariſh-Prieſt*, ſo ſoon as ever he found that *George* had *confeſſed* to a *Franciſcan*, did Point-blank refuſe to give him, either the *Sacrament* of *Unction*, or the *Euchariſt*; or ſo much as the *common Rights* of *Burial*; unleſs he heard his *Confeſſion* with his own *Ears*. He was to be accountable for his Flock *himſelf*, he ſaid: And how could he anſwer for any Man, without knowing the *Secrets* of his *Conſcience*? *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Ph.* They did not think ſo, for they all fell upon him, eſpecially, *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* the *Dominican*. *Ma.* What did they urge? *Ph.* They told the *Curate*, he was an *Aſs*, and fitter for a *Hog-driver*, than a *Paſtor*, and ratled him up to ſome tune. I am a *Batchelor of Divinity*, (ſays *Vincentius*) and ſhortly to be *Licens'd*. and take my *Degree* of *Doctor*; and ſhall ſuch a *Dunce* as thou art, that can hardly read a Letter in the Book, be peeping into the *Secrets* of a Man's *Conſcience*? If you have ſuch an Itch of *Curioſity*, you had better enquire into the *Privacies* of your *Concubine*, and your *Baſtards* at *Home*. I could ſay more, but I am aſham'd of the Story. *Ma.* And did he ſay nothing to all this? *Ph.* Nothing, do ye ſay? Never

Never was any Man ſo nettled. I'll make a *better Batchelor* than you are, ſays he, of a *Bean ſtalk*. I pray, what were your *Maſters*, *Dominicus* and *Franciſcus*? Where did they ever learn *Ariſtotle*'s *Philoſophy*, the *Arguments* of *Thomas*, or the *Speculations* of *Scotus*? Where did they take their Degree of *Batchelors*? Ye crept into a *believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho' ſome, I muſt confeſs, were devout and learned.) Ye neſtled at firſt in *Fields* and *Villages*, and ſo by Degrees tranſplanted your ſelves into *opulent Cities*; and none but the beſt part of them neither would content ye. Your Buſineſs lay then only in Places that could not maintain a *Paſtor*, but now, forſooth, none but great Mens Houſes will ſerve your turn. You value your ſelves much upon the Title of *Prieſts*; but all your *Privileges* are not worth a Ruſh, unleſs in the *Abſence* of the *Biſhop*, *Paſtor*, or his *Curate*. Not a Man of you ſhall come into my *Pulpit*, I aſſure ye, ſo long as I am *Paſtor*. 'Tis true, I am no *Batchelor*; no more was St. *Martin*, and yet he diſcharg'd the Office of a *Biſhop*. If I have not ſo much Learning as I ſhould, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown wiſer now a-days, than to think that the *Holineſs* of *Dominicus* and *Franciſcus* is entail'd upon the *Habit*. You're much concern'd what I do in my own Houſe: 'Tis the common Talk of the People what you do in your Cells; and at what rate you behave your ſelves with your *Holy Virgins*; and how many *illuſtrious Palaces* ye have turn'd into *direct Bawdy-Houſes*. *Marcolphus*, you muſt excuſe me for the reſt, for it is too foul to be told:

told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without *Mittens*; and there would have been no end on't, if *George* had not held up his Hand, in token that he had ſomething to ſay. With much ado the Storm was laid at laſt, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. *Peace* (ſays he) *be among ye: I'll confeſs my ſelf over again to my* Pariſh-Prieſt; *and ſee all the Charge of Ringing, of my Funeral Rites, Burial, and Monument paid ye before ye go out of the Houſe; and take ſuch Order, that ye ſhall have no Cauſe to complain.* *Ma.* I hope the *Pariſh-Prieſt* was pleas'd with this. *Ph.* He was pacify'd in ſome meaſure, only ſomething he mutter'd about *Confeſſion*; but he remitted it at laſt, and told them, that there was no need of troubling either the Prieſt or the Patient with the ſame things again; but if he had confeſs'd to me in time (ſays he) he would have made his Will perhaps upon better Conſiderations. But now we muſt e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it ſhould be, it muſt be at your Door. This Equity of the Sick Man's gall'd the Monks to the very Heart, to think that any part of the Booty ſhould go to the Prieſt of the Pariſh. But upon my Interceſſion Matters were compos'd; and the Pariſh-Prieſt gave the Sick Man the Unction and the Euchariſt, receiv'd his Money, and ſo went his way. *Ma.* And now all was well again, was it not? *Ph.* So far from it, that this Tempeſt was no ſooner laid, but a worſe follow'd. *Ma.* Upon what Ground, I pray thee? *Ph.* To the four Orders of Beggars, that were gotten into the Houſe, there was now join'd with them a fifth one, of Croſs-bearers, which put the other Mendicants

dicants into a direct Tumult againſt the fifth Order, as illegitimate and ſpurious. *Where did you ever ſee* (ſays one of them) *a Waggon with five Wheels? Or with what Face will any Man pretend to reckon more Mendicant Orders, than there were Evangeliſts? At this rate, you may e'en as well call in all the Beggars to ye from the Bridges and Croſs-ways. Ma.* What ſaid the *Croſs-bearers* to this? *Ph.* They aſk'd how the *Waggon* of the *Church* went, before there was any Order of *Mendicants at all?* And ſo after that, when there was but *One Order?* And then again, when there were *Three?* For the *Number* of the *Evangeliſts* (ſay they) has no more Affinity with *our Order*, than with the *Die*, for having *four Angles.* Who brought the *Auguſtines*, or the *Carmelites* into *that Order?* Or when did *Auguſtine* or *Elias beg?* (whom they make to be the *Principals* of their *Order.)* This, and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way, but not without threatning a Revenge. *Ma.* I hope all was quiet now. *Ph.* No, no; for *this Confederacy* againſt the *fifth Order* was come almoſt to *Daggers drawing*; the *Franciſcan* and *Dominican* would not allow the *Auguſtines* and *Carmelites* to be *True Mendicants*, but only *Baſtard* and *Suppoſititious.* The Brawl went ſo high, that every body expected it would have come to *Blows. Ma.* And was the *Sick Man* forc'd to *ſuffer* all this? *Ph.* They were not in his *Bed-Chamber* now, ye muſt know, but in a Court that join'd to't; which was all one, for he heard every Word that was ſpoken: There was no Whiſpering, believe me, but they very

fairly exercis'd their Lungs; beſide that, in a Fit of Sickneſs Men are commonly quicker of Hearing than ordinary. *Ma.* But what was the End of this Diſpute? *Ph.* The Patient ſent them Word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things ſhould be ſet right; and therefore deſir'd, that for the preſent the *Auguſtines* and *Carmelites* would depart, and they ſhould be no Loſers by it; for they ſhould have the ſame proportion of Meat ſent them home, which the reſt had that ſtaid. He gave Direction to have all the *five Orders* aſſiſt at his *Funeral*, and for an *equal Dividend* of *Money*, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a *common Table* would have endanger'd a *Tumult*. *Ma.* The Man underſtood *Œconomy*, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his Death, to atone ſo many Differences. *Ph.* Alas! he had been an *Officer* a long Time in the *Army*, where he was us'd to *Mutinies*. *Ma.* Had he any *great Eſtate?* *Ph.* A very *great* one. *Ma.* But *ill gotten*, as commonly, by *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Extortions*. *Ph.* After the Soldier's Method; and I will not ſwear for him neither, that he was one jot better than his Neighbours: But ſtill, if I do not miſtake the Man, he made his Fortune rather by his *Wit*, than by *downright Violence*. *Ma.* How ſo? *Ph.* He had very great Skill in *Arithmetick*. *Ma.* And what of that? *Ph.* Why he would reckon 30000 *Soldiers*, when there were but 7000; and thoſe not paid neither. *Ma.* Truly a compendious way of *Arithmetick!* *Ph.* And then he was a great Maſter of his Trade; for he had a way of getting *Monthly Contributions*

on

on *both Sides*; from his *Enemies*, that he might *ſpare* them; and from his *Friends*, as an *Allowance* for them to deal with the *Enemy*. *Ma.* Well, well, I know the common way of Soldiers; but make an End of your Story. *Ph.* *Bernardinus* and *Vincentius*, with ſome of their Fellows, continu'd with the *Sick Man*, and the reſt had their Proviſions ſent them. *Ma.* But how did they agree among themſelves that ſtaid upon Duty? *Ph.* Not perfectly well; for I heard ſome grumbling among 'em about the *Prerogative* of their *Bulls*; but they were fain to diſſemble the Matter, that they might go the better on with their Work.

The *Will* is now produc'd, and *Covenants* enter'd into before *Witneſſes*, according to what they had agreed upon between *themſelves*. *Ma.* I ſhould be glad to hear what that was. *Ph.* I'll tell ye in ſhort, for the whole Buſineſs would be a long Hiſtory: He leaves a *Widow* of *Thirty Eight Years of Age*, a *ſincere* and a *virtuous Woman*. He leaves *two Sons*, the *one* of *Eighteen*, the *other* of *Fifteen*; and *two Daughters*, *both under Age*. He provided by his *Teſtament*, that ſince his Wife would not confine her ſelf to a *Cloyſter*, ſhe ſhould put on the *Habit* of a *Beghin*, (which is a middle Order betwixt *Laick* and *Religious*.) The *elder Son*, becauſe he could not be prevail'd upon to turn *Monk*—— *Ma. There's no catching old Birds with Chaff.* *Ph.* He was immediately after his *Father's Funeral* to ride Poſt to *Rome*; where being made a *Prieſt*, before his Time, by the *Pope's Diſpenſation*, he ſhould for *one Year* ſay *Maſs* every Day in the *Lateran Church*

for his *Father's Soul*; and *every Friday* creep upon his Knees up the *Holy Steps* there. *Ma.* And did he take this Taſk upon himſelf *willingly?* *Ph.* With as much Submiſſion as an *Aſs* bears his Burthen. His *younger Son* was dedicated to St. *Francis*, his *elder Daughter* to St. *Clare*, and the *younger* to *Catharina Senenſis*. This was all could be obtain'd; for it was *George*'s Purpoſe (to lay the greater Obligation upon God Almighty) to diſpoſe of the *five Survivors* into the *five Orders* of *Mendicants*; and it was hard preſs'd too; but his *Wife* and his *eldeſt Son* were not to be wrought upon by any Terms, fair or foul. *Ma.* Why, this is a kind of *Diſinheriting*. *Ph.* The *whole Eſtate* was ſo *divided*, that the *Funeral Charges* being firſt taken out, *one twelfth part of it* was to go to his *Wife*; *one half* of *that* for her *Maintenance*, and the *other* to the *Stock* of the Place where ſhe diſpos'd of her ſelf. *Another twelfth part* to go to the *elder Son*, with a *Viaticum*, and as much *Money* as would purchaſe him a *Diſpenſation*, and maintain him at *Rome*; provided always, that if he ſhould *change his Mind*, and *refuſe* to be initiated into *holy Orders*, his *Portion* to be divided betwixt the *Franciſcans* and *Dominicans*: And that I fear will be the end on't; for he had a ſtrange Abhorrence to that Courſe of Life. *Two twelfth parts* are to go to the *Monaſtery* that receives his *younger Son*; and *two more* to *thoſe* that ſhould entertain his *Daughters*; but upon Condition, that if they refuſe to *profeſs* themſelves, *all the Money* ſhould go *whole* to the *Cloyſter*. *Another twelfth part* to *Bernardinus*, and as much to *Vincentius*. *Half a Share* to the *Carthuſians*, *for the*

the good Works of the whole Order; one *remaining part and half* to be divided among ſuch *poor* as *Bernardinus* and *Vincentius* ſhould judge worthy of the Charity. *Ma.* It would have been more *Lawyer-like* to have ſaid *Quos vel Quas*, inſtead of *Quos* only, as I find. *Ph.* The *Teſtament* was read, and the *Stipulation* ran in theſe Words: *George Balearicus*; *Now whilſt thou art in Life and ſound Senſe, doſt thou approve of this Teſtament, which hath been made long ſince by thy Direction and Appointment?* I approve it. *Is this thy laſt and unchangeable Will?* It is. *And doſt thou conſtitute me and this Batchelor* Vincentius, *the Executors of this thy Laſt Will?* I do ſo. And then he was commanded to *ſubſcribe*. *Ma.* How could he *write* when he was *dying?* Ph. *Bernardinus* guided his Hand. *Ma.* What did he ſubſcribe? *Ph. Whoſoever ſhall preſume to violate this Teſtament, may St.* Francis *and St.* Dominick *confound him*. *Ma.* But what if they had brought an *Action, Teſtamenti Inofficioſi? Ph.* That *Action* will not hold in things dedicated to *God*, nor will any Man run the Hazard of a *Suit* with him. When this was over, the *Wife* and *Children* gave the Sick Man their Right Hands, and ſwear Obſervance to his Directions.

After this they fell to treat about the *Funeral Pomp*, and there was a Squabble there too; but it was carried at laſt, that there ſhould be preſent *nine* out of *every one* of the *five Orders*, for the Honour of the five Volumes of *Moſes*, and the nine Quire of *Angels*; *every Order* to carry its *proper Croſs*, and ſing the *Funeral Songs*. To theſe, beſide the Kindred, there ſhould be *thirty Torch-Bearers*, all in Mourning,

and in Memory of the *thirty Pieces* of *Silver*, that our Saviour was ſold for; and, for Reſpect ſake, *twelve* Mourners to accompany them, as a Number ſacred to the *Apoſtolical Order*. Behind the *Bier* follow'd *George's Horſe* all in Mourning, with his Head ty'd down to his Knee, as if he were looking upon the Ground for his Maſter. The *Pall* was hung round with *Eſcutcheons*, and ſo were the *Garments* both of the Bearers and Mourners. The *Body* it ſelf was to be laid at the Right Hand of the *High Altar*, in a *marble Tomb*, ſome four Foot from the Ground, and *he himſelf* at his Length upon the Top on't. His *Image* cut in the pureſt Marble, and in *Armour* from Head to Foot: To his *Helmet* a *Creſt*, which was the Neck of an *Onocrotalus*; a *Shield* upon his *Left Arm*, charged with *three Boar's Heads Or*, in a *Field Argent*; a *Sword* by his Side, with a *Golden Hilt*, and a *Belt* embroidered with *Gold* and *Pearl*; *Golden Spurs*, and *all Gold*, for he was *Eques Auratus*. He had a *Leopard* at his Feet, and an *Inſcription* worthy of ſo great a Man. His *Heart* was to be laid in the Chapel of St. *Francis*; and his *Bowels* bequeath'd to the *Pariſh*, to be honourably interr'd in our *Ladies Chapel*. *Ma.* This was a *noble Funeral*, but a *dear one*. Now at *Venice* a *Cobler* ſhould have as much *Honour* done him, and with little or no *Charge* at all. The *Company* gives him a handſome *Coffin*, and they have *ſix hundred* Monks all in their *Habits*, many times, to attend *one Body*. *Ph.* I have ſeen it my ſelf, and cannot but laugh at the Vanity of thoſe poor People. The *Fullers* and *Tanners* march in the *Van*, the *Coblers* bring up the *Rear*, and the

Monks

Monks march in the *Body*. This Mixture made it look like a *Chimæra*; and *George* had this Caution too, that the *Franciſcans*, and *Dominicans* ſhould draw *Lots*, who ſhould go *firſt*; and after *them*, the *reſt*, for fear of a *Tumult*, or Quarrelling for *Place*. The *Pariſh-Prieſt* and his *Clerks* went *laſt*: For the *Monks* would never endure it otherwiiſe. *Ma. George* had Skill, I find, in *marſhalling* of a *Ceremony*, as well as of an *Army*. *Ph.* And it was provided, that the *Funeral-Service*, which was to be perform'd by the *Pariſh-Prieſt*, ſhould proceed in *Muſick*, for the greater *Honour* of the *Defunct*. While theſe things were a doing, the *Patient* was ſeiz'd with a *Convulſion*, which was a certain Token that his Diſſolution was at Hand: So that they were now come to the *laſt Act*. *Ma.* Why, is not all done yet? *Ph.* No; for now the *Pope's Bull* is to be read, wherein he is promiſed a total *Pardon* of all his *Sins*, and an *Exemption* from the Fear of *Purgatory*; with a *Juſtification* over and above, of his *whole Eſtate*. *Ma.* What? Of an *Eſtate* gotten by *Violence*? *Ph.* Gotten by the *Law*, and *Fortune* of the *War*: But it happen'd that a Brother of his Wives, one *Philip*, a *Civilian*, was by at the reading of the *Bull*; and took notice of one Paſſage in it, that was not as it ſhould be, which made him jealous of *foul Play*. *Ma.* This came very unſeaſonable; or if there had been any *Error*, it might have been *diſſembled*, and the *ſick Man never the worſe for't*. *Ph.* You ſay very well; and I aſſure ye it wrought upon *George* ſo, that it had like to have caſt him into an *abſolute Deſpair*. And *here*, *Vincentius* ſhew'd himſelf *a Man indeed*; *Courage*, George, (ſays he) *for I*

have an Authority to correct, or to ſupply all Errors, or Omiſſions in this Caſe: So that if this Bull ſhould deceive thee, my Soul ſhall ſtand ingag'd for thine, that thine ſhall go to Heaven, or mine be damn'd. *Ma.* But will God accept of this Way now of *changing Souls?* Or if he does, is the *Pawn* of *Vincentius*'s *Soul* a ſufficient *Security?* What if *Vincentius*'s *Soul* ſhould go to the *Devil*, whether he *changes* it, or *no?* *Ph.* I only tell ye Matter of Fact. *Vincentius* enter'd formally into *this Obligation*, and *George* ſeem'd to be much *comforted* with it. By and by the *Covenants* are *read*, by which, the *whole Society promiſe* to *transfer* to *George* the *Benefits* of the *Works* of *all the five Orders.* *Ma.* I ſhould be afraid that ſuch a Weight ſhould ſink me to *Hell* *Ph.* I ſpeak of their *good Works* only; for they *help* a *Soul* in mounting to *Heaven*, as *Feathers* help a *Bird.* *Ma.* But who ſhall have their *evil Works* then? *Ph.* The *Dutch Soldiers of Fortune.* *Ma.* By what Right? *Ph.* By *Goſpel-Right*; for *to him that* has, *ſhall be* given. And then they read over how many *Maſſes* and *Pſalms* were to accompany the Soul of the *deceaſed*; which indeed were *innumerable.* His *Confeſſion* was *repeated*, after this; and they gave him their *Benediction.* *Ma.* And ſo he dy'd. *Ph.* Not yet. They laid a *Mat* upon the *Ground*, which was *roll'd up* at one End into the Form of a *Pillow.* *Ma.* And what was this to do? *Ph.* They threw *Aſhes* upon it; but thin ſpread; and there they laid the *ſick Man*'s *Body*; and then they *conſecrated* a *Franciſcan*'s *Coat*, with *certain Prayers*, and *Holy Water*, and caſt that over him: They laid his *Coul* under his *Head* (for there was no putting of it on)

and

and his *Pardon* with it. *Ma.* A new Way of leaving the World. *Ph.* But they affirm that the *Devil* has no *Power* over thoſe that die in this Manner; for they do but follow St. *Martin*, St. *Francis*. and *others*, that have gone this Way before. *Ma.* But *their Lives* were *religious* as well as their *Ends*. But go on. *Ph.* They then preſented the *ſick Man* with a *Crucifix*, and a *Wax Candle*. Upon holding out the *Crucifix*; *I thought my ſelf ſafe*, ſays *George*, *under the Protection of my Buckler*, *in War*; *and now this is the Buckler that I ſhall oppoſe to my Enemies*: So he kiſs'd it, and laid it to his *left Side*; and for the *holy Taper*, *I was ever held to be a good Pike-man in the Field*, *and now I ſhall make uſe of this Lance againſt the Enemy of Souls*. *Ma.* Spoken like a Man of War. *Ph.* Theſe were the laſt Words he ſpake: For Death preſently ty'd up his Tongue, and he fell into an Agony. *Bernardinus* kept cloſe to him, in his *Extremity*, upon the *Right Hand*, and *Vincentius* upon the *Left*; and they had both of them their *Pipes* open: The *one* ſhew'd him the *Image* of St. *Francis*, the other that of St. *Dominick*, while the reſt were up and down in the Bed-Chamber, mumbling over certain *Pſalms* to a moſt *lamentable Tune*: *Bernardinus*, *bawling* in his *Right Ear*, and *Vincentius*, in his *Left*. *Ma.* What did they ſay? *Ph. Bernardinus* ſpake to this Purpoſe: *George Balearicus*, *if thou doſt now approve of all that is here done*, *lean thy Head toward thy right Shoulder*. And ſo he did. *Vincentius*, on the other Side, *Have a good Heart*, George, (ſays he) *thou haſt St.* Francis *and St.* Dominick *for thy Defenders*; *fear nothing*, *but think of the Merits that are beſtow'd upon*

thee; the Validity of thy Pardon, and that I have engag'd my Soul for thine, if there ſhould be any Danger. If thou underſtand'ſt all this, and approveſt of it, lean thy Head toward thy left Shoulder; and ſo he did. After this, they cry'd out as loud as before, *if thou art ſenſible of all this, ſqueeze my Hand*; and he did ſo: So that betwixt the *turning* of his *Head*, and the *ſqueezing* of his *Hand*, there paſt almoſt *three Hours*. When *George* began to *yawn*, *Bernardinus* ſtood up, and pronounc'd his *Abſolution*; but he could not go through with it, before *George's Soul* was out of his *Body*. This was about *Midnight*; and in the *Morning*, they went about the *Anatomy*. *Ma.* What did he die of? *Ph.* Well remembred, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a Piece of *Lead* that ſtuck to the *Diaphragma*. *Ma.* How came that? *Ph.* With a *Muſquet-ſhot*, as his Wife told me; and the Phyſicians conjectur'd that ſome Part of the *melted Lead* was yet in his *Body*. By and by, they put the *diſſected Corps*, as well as they could, into a *Franciſcan's Habit*; and after Dinner they bury'd him in Pomp, as it was order'd. *Ma.* I never heard of more Buſtle about a Man's dying, or of a more *pompous Funeral:* But I ſuppoſe you would not have this publickly to be known. *Ph.* Why not? *Ma.* 'Tis not good to provoke a Neſt of Hornets. *Ph.* There's no Danger; for if this be *well* done, the more *publick*, the *better:* But if it be *ill*, all good Men will thank me for the Diſcovery of it; and for making the *Impoſtors themſelves*, perhaps, aſham'd of what they have done; and cautious how they do the ſame thing again. Beſide that it may poſſibly preſerve the ſimple from falling any more into the like Miſtakes.

ſtakes. For I have been told by ſeveral learned and pious Men, that the *Superſtition*, and *Wickedneſs* of ſome *few*, brings a *Scandal* upon the *whole Order*. *Ma.* This is well and bravely ſaid.

But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*. *Ph.* Why truly he *dy'd* as he *liv'd*, *without troubling any Body:* He had an *Anniverſary Fever* that took him every Year at ſuch a certain Time; but being worſe now than ordinary, either by Reaſon of his *Age* (for he was above *Threeſcore)* or ſome other *Infirmity*, finding that his fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a *Sunday* ſome four Days before his Death, and there *confeſs'd* himſelf to his *Pariſh-Prieſt*; heard *publick Service*, and *Sermon*; receiv'd the *Euchariſt*; and ſo return'd to his *own Houſe*. *Ma.* Had he no *Phyſicians? Ph.* Only one, who was an excellent Man, both in his *Morals*, and in his *Profeſſion*, (one *James Caſtrutius.)* *Ma.* I know the Man; a very worthy Perſon. *Ph.* He told him, that he ſhould be ready to ſerve him in any thing as a Friend; but that his Buſineſs lay rather with *God*, than with the *Doctors*. *Cornelius* took this Sentence as chearfully, as if he had aſſur'd him of his Recovery. Wherefore, though he had always been very charitable, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himſelf, and beſtow'd upon the Needy all that he could poſſibly ſpare from the Neceſſities of his Wife and Children: And not upon thoſe that take a *Pride* in a *ſeeming Poverty*; (thoſe are an *ambitious Sort* of *Beggars*, that are every where to be met withal:) But upon thoſe good Men, that oppoſe a *laborious Induſtry* to an *innocent Poverty*.

He

He desir'd him that he would rest himself, and rather take a *Priest* to entertain him, than spend his wasted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Answer was, that it had been his Practice, rather to ease his Friends where he could, by *doing* good Offices, than make himself troublesome by *receiving* them; and that he would now *die* as he had *liv'd*. He would not lie down till the *last Day*, and *part* of the *last Night* of his *Life*. In the *Interim*, he was forced to support his weak Body with a Stick; or else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely came into his naked Bed; only he kept himself in his Cloaths, with his Head upright. In this time either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, (especially such as were known to him) or else he would be reading of those Scriptures that might fortify him in his Faith toward God, and shew the infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to read himself, he had some Friend to read to him; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection, encourage his Family to mutual Love and Concord, and to the Exercise of true Piety; comforting his Friends with great Tenderness, and persuading them not to be oversolicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to see all his Debts paid. *Ma.* Had he no *Will?* *Ph.* Yes, long since; he had dispatch'd that Affair in his best Health, for he was us'd to say, that what a Man does at his *last Gasp*, is rather a *Dotage*, than a *Testament*. *Ma.* Did he give any thing to *religious Houses*, or *poor People?* *Ph.* No, not a *Cross*. I have given already (says he) in my Life-

Life-time what I was able to give; and now, as I leave the Poſſeſſion of what I have to my Family, they ſhall e'en have the diſpoſing of it too; and I truſt that they will yet employ it better than I my ſelf have done. *Ma.* Did he ſend for no *holy Man* about him, as *George* did? *Ph.* Not a Man of 'em. There was only his own Family, and two intimate Friends about him. *Mu.* What did he mean by that? *Ph.* He was not willing, he ſaid, to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came into it. *Ma.* When comes the End of this Story? *Ph.* You ſhall hear preſently: *Thurſday* came, and finding himſelf extremely weak, he kept his Bed. The *Pariſh-Prieſt* was then call'd, gave him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Holy Communion*; but he made *no Confeſſion*, for he had *no Scruple*, he ſaid, that ſtuck upon him. The *Prieſt* began then to diſcourſe of the *Pomp*, *Place*, and *Manner* of his *Burial*. *Bury me* (ſays he) *as you would bury the meaneſt Chriſtian; nor do I concern my ſelf where ye lay my Body, for the laſt Judgment will find it out in one Place as well as in another; and for the Pomp of my Funeral I heed it not.* When he came to mention the *Ringing of Bells*, the ſaying of *Maſſes*, the Buſineſs of *Pardons*, and purchaſing a *Communion of Merits*; *My good Paſtor* (ſays he) *I ſhall find my ſelf never the worſe, if never a Bell be rung, and one Funeral Office will abundantly content me: But if there be any thing elſe, which the publick Cuſtom of the Church has made neceſſary, and that cannot well be omitted, without giving a Scandal to the Weak; in that Caſe I remit my ſelf to your Pleaſure:*

Nor

Nor am I at all deſirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; thoſe of Chriſt I take to be ſufficient; and I wiſh only, that I my ſelf may be the better for the Prayers and Merits of the whole Church, if I live and die but a true Member of it. All my Hope is in theſe two Aſſurances: The one is, that my Sins are aboliſhed, and nail'd to the Croſs by my bleſſed Saviour, who is our chief Shepherd; the other is, that which Chriſt hath ſigned and ſealed with his holy Blood, by which we are made ſure of Eternal Salvation, if we place all our Truſt in him. Far be it from me to inſiſt upon Merits *and* Pardons, *as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whoſe Sight no Fleſh living ſhall be juſtified. His Mercy is boundleſs and unſpeakable, and thither it is that I muſt appeal from his Juſtice.* The *Pariſh-Prieſt*, upon theſe Words, departed; and *Cornelius*, with great *Joy* and *Chearfulneſs*, (as one tranſported with the Hope of a better Life) cauſed ſome Texts to be read, to confirm him in the Hope of a Reſurrection, and ſet before him the Rewards of Immortality; as that out of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the *Hymn*; and then the 1 *Cor.* 15. the Death of *Lazarus* out of St. *John*; but eſpecially the Hiſtory of *Chriſt's Paſſion* out of the *Goſpels*. With what Affection did he take in all theſe Scriptures! ſighing at ſome Paſſages; cloſing his Hands, as in Thankfulneſs at others: One while rapt and overjoy'd at ſome Paſſages, and at others ſending up his Soul in ſhort Ejaculations. After Dinner, when he had ſlept a little, he cauſed to be read the *Twelfth* of St. *John*,

to

to the End of the Story. And here the Man ſeem'd to be transfigur'd, and poſſeſs'd with a new Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raiſing himſelf as well as he could, he thus beſpake them.

My deareſt Wife, the ſame God that join'd us doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and that too but for a ſhort Time. That Care, Kindneſs, and Piety, that thou haſt hitherto divided betwixt my ſelf, and the tender Pledges of our mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to them: Nor canſt thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to educate, cheriſh, and inſtruct thoſe whom Providence has beſtow'd upon us as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Chriſt. Double thy Piety towards them, and reckon upon my Share too, as tranſlated unto thee. If thou doſt this, (as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans,

If ever thou ſhouldſt marry again——— With that his Wife guſh'd out into Tears; and as ſhe was about to forſwear the thing, *Cornelius* thus interpoſed: *My deareſt Siſter in* Chriſt, *if our Lord* Jeſus *ſhall vouchſafe to thee ſuch a Reſolution, and Strength of Spirit, be not wanting to thy ſelf in the cheriſhing of ſo divine a Grace; for it will be more commodious, as well to thy ſelf, as to*

thy Children; but if thy Infirmity ſhall move thee another way, know, that my Death has freed thee from the Bond of Wedlock, but not from that Truſt, which in both our Names thou oweſt in common to the Care of our Children. As to the Point of Marriage, make uſe of the Freedom which God has given thee. This only let me entreat, and admoniſh thee, make ſuch a Choice of a Huſband, and ſo diſcharge thy ſelf towards him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by his own Goodneſs, or for thy Convenience, he may be kind to our Children. Have a Care then of tying up thy ſelf by any Vow: Keep thy ſelf free to God, and to our Iſſue; and bring them up in ſuch a Frame of Piety and Virtue, and take ſuch Care of them, that they may not fix upon any Courſe of Life, till by Age, and the Uſe of Things, they ſhall come to underſtand what is fitteſt for them.

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue, Obedience to their Mother, and mutual Friendſhip and Affection among themſelves. He then kiſs'd his Wife, pray'd for his Children, and making the Sign of the Croſs, recommended them to the Mercy of *Chriſt*. After this, looking upon all that were preſent: *Yet before to Morrow-morning* (ſays he) *the Lord that ſanctified the Morning, by reviving upon it, will deſcend out of his infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darkneſs of this*

this Mortality into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your ſelves in your tender Age with unprofitable Watching; only let one wake with me, to read to me, and let the reſt ſleep by Turns. When he had paſs'd the Night; about Four in the *Morning*, the whole Family being preſent, he cauſed that *Pſalm* to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Croſs. When that was done, he call'd for a *Taper*, and a *Croſs*; and taking the *Taper*, *the Lord* (ſays he) *is my Light and my Salvation, whom ſhall I fear?* And then kiſſing the *Croſs*, *the Lord* (ſays he) *is the Defender of my Life, of whom then ſhall I be afraid?* By and by, with his Hands upon his Breaſt, and the Geſture of one praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lord Jeſus* (ſays he) *receive my Spirit.* And immediately he cloſed his Eyes, as if he were only about to ſleep; and ſo with a gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only ſlumber'd, and not expir'd. *Ma.* The leaſt painful Death that ever I heard of. *Ph.* His Life was as calm as his Death. Theſe two Men were both of 'em my Friends; and perhaps I am not ſo good a Judge which of them dy'd the likeſt a Chriſtian: But you that are unbyaſs'd may perhaps make a better Judgment. *Ma.* I'll think of it, and give you my Opinion at Leiſure.

The

The Exorciſm: Or, The Apparition.

COL. XIII.

A Dragon *in the Air*; *with the Relation of an artificial and famous Impoſture.*

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

Th. YOU have found a Purchaſe ſure, that ye laugh to your ſelf thus: What's the beſt News? *Anſ.* Nay, you are not far from the Mark. *Th.* If there be any thing that's good, let your Friend take part with ye. *Anſ.* And welcome too; for I have been wiſhing a good while for ſome Body that would be merry with me for Company. *Th.* Let's have it then. *Anſ.* I was told e'en now the pleaſanteſt Story; and if I did not know the Place, the Perſons, and every Circumſtance, as well as I know you, I ſhould ſwear 'twere a *Sham*. *Th.* You have ſet me a longing to hear it. *Anſ.* Do not you know *Pool*, *Fawn*'s Son-in-law? *Th.* Perfectly well. *Anſ.* He's both the *Contriver* of it, and the chief *Actor* in the *Play*. *Th.* I am apt enough to believe that; for he's a Man to do any Part to the Life. *Anſ* 'Tis right: Do you not know a Farm that he has a little Way from *London*? *Th.* Oh? Very well. He and I have crack'd many a Bottle together there. *Anſ.* There's

There's a Way, you know, betwixt two ſtreight Rows of Trees. *Th.* A matter of *two Flight Shot* from the Houſe, upon the left Hand. *Anſ.* That's it. One ſide of the Way has a dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and then there's a little Bridge, that leads into an open Field. *Th.* I remember it. *Anſ.* There went a Report among the Country People, of a *Spirit* that walk'd there; and of hideous *Howlings* that were heard about that Bridge, which made them conclude it to be the Soul of ſome Body that was miſerably tormented. *Th.* Who was't that rais'd this Report? *Anſ.* Who but *Pool*; that made this the *Prologue* to his *Comedy*? *Th.* What put it in his Head, I wonder, to invent ſuch a *Flam*? *Anſ.* I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man; for he loves to make himſelf Sport with ſilly People. I'll tell you a late Whimſy of his, of the ſame Kind. We were a good many of us, riding to *Richmond*, and ſome in the Company that you would allow to be no Fools. The Day was ſo clear, that there was not a Cloud to be ſeen. *Pool*, looking wiſhly up into the Air, fell on the ſudden to *croſſing* of himſelf, and with a ſtrange Amazement in his Countenance; *Lord* (ſays he to himſelf) *what do I ſee!* They that rode next him, aſking him what it was that he ſaw; he *croſs'd* himſelf, *more and more. In Mercy* (ſays he) *deliver us from this Prodigy.* They ſtill preſſing him more earneſtly, to ſay what was the Matter. Then *Pool* fixing his Eyes, and pointing toward ſuch a Quarter of the Heaven, *That monſtrous Dragon* (ſays he) *with fiery Horns*; (don't you ſee him?) *and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a Kind of a Circle.*

Upon their Denial, that they ſaw any thing; and his urging them to lood ſteadily juſt where he pointed; one of them, at laſt, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that he ſaw it too; and ſo one after another, they all ſaw it; for they were aſham'd not to ſee any thing that was ſo plain to be ſeen. In ſhort, the Rumour of this *portentous Apparition* was in three Days all over *England*; and it is wonderful, how they had amplify'd the Story; and ſome were making Expoſitions upon the Meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Succeſs of his Project. *Th.* I know the Humour of the Man to a Hair. But to the *Ghoſt* again. *Anſ.* While that Story was a Foot, there comes very opportunely to *Pool*, one *Fawn*, a *Prieſt*; (one of thoſe which they call in *Latin*, *Regulars*) a *Pariſh-Prieſt* of a Village there in the Neighbourhood.) This Man took upon him to underſtand more than his Fellows in holy Matters. *Th.* Oh! I gueſs whereabouts ye are. *Pool* has found out one now to bear a Part in the Play. *Anſ.* They were a talking at Supper of this Report of the *Spectrum*, at the Table; and when *Pool* found that *Fawn* had not only heard of it, but believed it, he fell to entreating the Man, that as he was a holy, and a learned Perſon, he would do his beſt toward the relieving of a poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any Doubt of the Truth on't, ſays he, ſift out the Matter; and do but walk about *ten a Clock*, towards that little Bridge, and there you ſhall hear ſuch Cries and Groanings, as would grieve your Heart; but I would adviſe ye, however, for your own Security, to take ſome Com-

pany that you like, along with you. *Th.* Well, and what then? *Anſ.* After Supper, out goes *Pool*, a hunting, or about his uſual Sports; and when it grew duſkiſh, out went *Fawn*, and was at laſt, a Witneſs of thoſe grievous Lamentations. *Pool* had hid himſelf thereabouts in a *Bramble buſh*, and perform'd his Part incomparably well. His Inſtrument was an *Earthen Pot*, that through the Hollow of it, gave a moſt mournful Sound. *Th.* This Story, for ought I ſee, out-does *Menander's Phaſma*. *Anſ.* You'll ſay more when you have heard it out. Away goes *Fawn* home in great Impatience, to tell what he heard; while *Pool*, by a ſhorter Cut, gets home before him. There does *Fawn* tell *Pool* all that paſt, with ſomething of his own too, to make the Matter more wonderful. *Th.* Well, but could *Pool* hold his Countenance all this while? *Anſ. He held his Countenance?* Why, he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have ſworn that the whole Action had been in Earneſt. In the End, *Fawn*, upon the preſſing Importunity of *Pool*, reſolv'd to venture upon an *Exorciſm*: and ſlept not one Wink that Night, his Thoughts were ſo taken up with the Conſideration of his own Safety; for he was moſt wretchedly afraid. In the firſt Place, he got together the moſt powerful *Exorciſms* that he could find; to which, he added ſome new ones, as by the *Bowels* of ſuch a *Saint*, the *Bones* of St. *Winnifrede*; and after this, he makes Choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Buſhes, whence the Noiſe came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with ſeveral *Croſſes* in it, and a phantaſtical Variety of *Characters*; and all this was perform'd in a

ſet Form of Words. He had there alſo, a great Veſſel, full of *holy Water*; and the *holy Stole* (as they call it) about his Neck; upon which hung the Beginning of the Goſpel of St. *John.* He had in his Pockets, a little Piece of *Wax*, which the Biſhop of *Rome* us'd to conſecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an *Agnus Dei.* With theſe Arms in Time paſt, they defended themſelves againſt *evil Spirits*, till the *Cowl* of St. *Francis* was found to be more formidable. All theſe things were provided, for Fear the *Fiend* ſhould fall foul upon the *Exorciſt.* And all this was not enough neither to make him truſt himſelf alone in the Circle; but he concluded to take ſome other Prieſt along with him, to keep him Company. This gave *Pool* an Apprehenſion, that by the joining of ſome cunning Fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be diſcovered. So that he took a *Pariſh-Prieſt* thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Deſign; (and it behoved him ſo to do) beſides, that he was as fit as any Man for ſuch an Adventure. The next Day, when every thing was ready, and in order; about *ten a Clock*, *Fawn* and the *Pariſh-Prieſt* enter the Circle. *Pool*, that was gone before, *yells* and *howls* in the *Brambles.* *Fawn* gives a *God-ſpeed* to the *Exorciſm.* In the mean Time, *Pool* ſteals away in the Dark to the next Village, and from thence, brings another Perſon to act his Part; for there went a great many of them to the Play. *Th.* Well, and what are they to do? *Anſ.* They mount themſelves upon *black Horſes*, and privately carry *Fire* along with them. When they came near, they ſhew'd the *Fire* to fright *Fawn* out of the Circle.

Th.

Th. Pool took a great deal of Pains, I ſee, to carry on the Work. *Anſ.* His Fancy lies that Way; but there fell out an Accident that had like to have ſpoil'd the Jeſt. *Th.* How ſo? *Anſ.* The ſudden flaſhing of the *Fire*, ſo ſtartled the *Horſes*, that the Riders could hardly keep the Jades upon their Legs, or themſelves in the Saddle. And here's an End of the firſt Act.

Upon *Fawn*'s Return, *Pool* aſk'd him very innocently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the Matter; and then *Fawn* up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful *Cacodemons* that appear'd to him upon *black Horſes*, their Eyes ſparkling with Fire, and Flames coming out of their Noſtrils; and what Attempts they made to paſs the Circle, but that by the Power and Efficacy of his Words, they were driven away with a Vengeance. This Encounter put *Fawn* into Courage; ſo that the next Day, with great Solemnity, he returned to his Circle. And when he had a long Time, with much Vehemence, provok'd the Spirit; *Pool* with his *Companion*, ſhew'd himſelf again upon their *black Horſes*, and preſs'd on with a moſt *outragious Outcry*, as if they were fully determin'd to ſtorm the Circle. *Th.* Had they no *Fire*? *Anſ.* None at all; for that did not ſucceed well: But you ſhall now hear of another Device. They had a long *Rope*, which they drew gently over the Ground; and then hurrying from one Place to another, as if they had been frighted away by *Fawn*'s *Exorciſms*, up went the Heels by and by of both the Prieſts, and down come they upon the Ground, with a great Veſſel of *Holy Water*; the *Prieſts* and

their *Holy Water* both together. *Th.* And this was t'other Prieſt's Reward for playing of his Part. *Anſ.* It was ſo; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the Deſign.

After this Encounter, *Fawn* upon his Return makes a mighty Buſineſs to *Pool*, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated *both the Devils* with his *Charms*; and he was by this time abſolutely perſuaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence ſo much as to attempt it. *Th.* This ſame *Fawn*, I perceive, is next door to a Fool. *Anſ.* Oh! You have heard nothing yet to ſpeak of. When the Comedy was thus far advanc'd, in very good Time came *Pool's Son-in-Law:* He's a pleaſant Droll, ye know; the young Man that married *Pool's eldeſt Daughter. Th.* I know him very well, and no Man fitter for ſuch an Exploit. *Anſ.* Fitter, ſay'ſt thou! Why, I will undertake he ſhall leave his Dinner at any Time for ſuch a Comedy. His Father-in-Law acquaints him with the whole Buſineſs, and who but he to act a *Ghoſt*. He undertakes his Part, has every thing provided, and wraps up himſelf in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a Shell, that ſhew'd through the Linnen, as if ſomething were a burning. About Night he goes to the Place; where the Scene of the Story lay: There were heard moſt doleful *Mones*; and *Fawn*, in the mean time, lets fly all his *Exorciſms:* By and by, a good way off in the Buſhes, appears the *Ghoſt*, ſhewing Fire by Fits, and groaning moſt rufully. While *Fawn* was beſeeching him to ſay who he was,

im-

immediately out leaps *Pool* in his *Devil's Habit*, from the Thicket, and roaring and raging; *This Soul*, ſays he, *is mine, and you have no Power over it*; and with that he runs up preſently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the *Exorciſt*. After which he loſes Ground, and retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the Words of the Exorciſm, or by the Virtue of the *Holy Water*, which was thrown upon him in great Abundance. At laſt, when the Spirit's Protector was driven away, *Fawn* enters into a Dialogue with the *Ghoſt*; which, after much Entreaty and Importunity, confeſt it ſelf to be the Soul of a Chriſtian: And being aſk'd the Name? My Name (ſays the Ghoſt) is *Fawn*. Why then (ſays *Fawn*) we are both of a Name: And the very Thought of delivering his *Name-ſake*, made him lay the Matter more to Heart. *Fawn* put ſo many *Queſtions*, that the *Ghoſt* began to fear, that a longer Diſcourſe might make ſome Diſcovery, and ſo withdrew himſelf, upon pretence that his Hour was come, that he was not permitted to talk any longer, and that he was now compell'd to go away, whither it pleas'd the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next Day at ſome lawful Hour. They meet again at *Pool*'s Houſe, who was the Maſter of the Shew; and there the *Exorciſt* talks of his Atchievement: and though in many things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himſelf yet in all he ſaid, ſo heartily was he affected to the Buſineſs in Hand. It was now manifeſt that it was the Soul of a Chriſtian, that was fallen under the Power of ſome unmerciful Devil, and in the moſt cruel

Torments; ſo that their Endeavour is now wholly bent that way. There happen'd one pleaſant kind of a ridiculous Paſſage in this *Exorciſm*. *Th.* I prithee what was that? *Anſ.* When *Fawn* had call'd up the *Ghoſt*, *Pool*, that acted the *Devil*, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado he would break into the Circle. *Fawn* fought him a great while with *Exorciſms*, and whole *Tubs* of *Holy Water*, and at laſt the Devil cry'd out, *He did not value all that, any more than the Dirt under his Feet; you, Sirrah,* (ſays he) *have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true Word has been ſpoken in jeſt*; for ſo it proved, for the *Exorciſt* finding himſelf touch'd with that Word, retir'd preſently to the very Centre of the *Circle*, and mumbled ſomething, I know not what, in the other Prieſt's Ear. *Pool* finding that, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. *Th.* A very modeſt and religious Devil. *Anſ.* Very right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not obſerv'd a *Decorum:* But yet he over-heard the Prieſt appointing him Satisfaction? *Th.* And what was the Satisfaction? *Anſ.* That he ſhould ſay the *Lord's Prayer three times over*; from whence he gather'd, that he had *tranſgreſs'd thrice that Night*. *Th.* A moſt irregular *Regular*. *Anſ.* Alas, they are but Men, and this is but humane Frailty. *Th.* But what follow'd next? *Anſ. Fawn* advances now, with more Courage and Fierceneſs, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his own Accord: But the Devil's Heart now fail'd him, and he fled back: *You have deceiv'd me,* ſays he; *what a Fool was I for giving*

ving you that Caution! Many are of Opinion, that what you once confeſs to a Prieſt, is immediately ſtruck out of the Devil's Memory, ſo that he ſhall never twit you in the Teeth for't. *Th.* A very ridiculous Conceit! *Anſ.* But to draw toward a Concluſion: This way of *Colloquy* with the *Ghoſt* continu'd for ſome Days; and it came to this at laſt, that the *Exorciſt* aſking, if there were any way to deliver the Soul from Torment? The *Ghoſt* anſwer'd him, that it might be done, by reſtoring the ill-gotten Money, which he had left behind him. What (ſays *Fawn*) if it were put into the Hands of your *People*, to diſpoſe of for *pious Uſes?* His Reply was, that it might do very well that way: Which was a great Conſolation to the *Exorciſt*, and made him very diligently enquire, to what Value it might amount? The *Ghoſt* told him, that it was a mighty *Sum*, and a thing that might prove very good and commodious. He told him the very Place too (but a huge way off) where this Treaſure was buried under Ground. *Th.* Well, and to what Uſes? *Anſ. Three Perſons* were to undertake a *Pilgrimage*; *One* of them to the *Threſhold* of St. *Peter*, *another* to *James* of *Compoſtella*, and the *third* to kiſs the *Comb* of our *Saviour* which is at *Tryers*; and then a great Number of *Services* and *Maſſes* were to be perform'd by ſeveral *Monaſteries*; and for the reſt he ſhould diſpoſe of them as he pleas'd. Now *Fawn*'s Heart was wholly fixt upon the *Treaſure*, which he had in a manner ſwallow'd already. *Th.* That's a common Diſeaſe, tho' perpetually caſt in the *Prieſt's Diſh* upon all Occaſions. *Anſ.* There was nothing omitted that concern'd the Buſineſs

Buſineſs of Money; and when that was done, the *Exorciſt* (being put upon't by *Pool*) fell to queſtion the *Ghoſt* about *curious Arts*, *Chymiſtry* and *Magick*: But the *Ghoſt* put him off for the preſent with ſome ſlight Anſwer; only giving him the Hopes of large Diſcoveries, ſo ſoon as ever he ſhould get clear of the *Devil's Clutches*. And here's the End of the *third Act*.

In the *fourth*. *Fawn* began every where to talk high, and promiſe ſtrange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a glorious Work he had in Hand for the Good of the *Monaſteries*; and he was elevated now into another manner of Stile and Behaviour. He went to the Place where the Treaſure was hid, and found the Marks, but durſt not venture to dig for't; for the *Ghoſt* had put into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the Money before the *Maſſes* were ſaid. By this Time there were a great many cunning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was ſtill making Proclamation every where of his Folly, though divers of his Friends, and his *Abbot* particularly, caution'd him againſt it, and advis'd him, that having a long time had the Reputation of a ſober Man, he ſhould not take ſo much Pains now to convince the World of the contrary. But his Mind was ſo poſſeſs'd with the Fancy of the thing, that all the Counſel in Nature could not leſſen his Belief of it. All his *Diſcourſes*, nay his very *Dreams*, were of *Spectres* and *Devils*. The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; ſo pale, ſhrivel'd and dejected, that he was rather a *Sprite* than a *Man*. In one Word, he had certainly run ſtark mad, if it had not been ſeaſonably prevented.

vented. *Th.* Now this is to be the laſt *Act* of the *Comedy*. *Anſ.* It ſhall be ſo.

Pool and his *Son-in-Law* hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an *Epiſtle*, written in a *ſtrange antick Character*, and upon ſuch a ſort of Paper, as your *Guilders* uſe for their *Leaf Gold*; a kind of a *Saffron-colour'd Paper*, you know. The Form of the *Epiſtle* was this.

FAwn, *that has been long a* Captive, *now* Free, *to* Fawn *his Gracious* Deliverer, Greeting. *It is not needful (my Dear* Fawn) *that thou ſhould'ſt macerate thy ſelf any longer upon this Affair*; *Heaven has regarded the pious Intentions of thy Mind, and in Reward of thy Merit, I am deliver'd from my Puniſhment, and live now happily among the Angels. Thou haſt a Place provided for thee with St.* Auguſtin, *which is the next Range to the Quire of the* Apoſtles. *When thou com'ſt hither, I'll give thee* publick Thanks; *in the mean Time,* Live as merrily as thou canſt.

From the Empyreal Heaven,
the Ides of September,
1498. *under the Seal of my own Ring.*

This Epiſtle was laid privately under the *Altar*, where *Fawn* was to *officiate*; and there was one labour'd upon the Concluſion of the Office, to advertiſe him of the thing as found by Chance! And the good Man carries the Letter

ter now about him, ſhews it as a holy thing, and makes it an Article of his Faith, that it was brought from *Heaven* by an *Angel*. *Th.* This is no *freeing* the Man of his *Madneſs*, but only *changing* the *Sort* of it. *Anſ.* Why truly it is ſo; for it is only a more agreeable *Phrenſy*. *Th.* I never was very credulous in the common Tales of *Apparitions*, but I ſhall be leſs hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that many of thoſe Relations that we hear of, were only *Artifice* and *Impoſture*, deliver'd over to the World for *Truths* by *eaſy Believers*, like our *Fawn*. *Anſ.* And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do of the greater part of them.

The

The Horſe-Courſer.

COL. XIV.

A Horſe-Courſer puts a Jade upon a Gentleman; and the Gentleman couſens the Horſe-Courſer again with his own Jade.

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

Aul. GOodly, goodly! The Gravity of *Phædrus!* How he ſtands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to Day? *Ph.* And why that Queſtion always? *Aul.* Becauſe that ſour Look of yours has more of *Cato* in it than of *Phædrus*. *Ph.* Never wonder at that, Friend, for I am juſt now come from *Confeſſion*. *Aul.* My Wonder's over then. But tell me now, upon your honeſt Word, have you confeſs'd *all your Sins?* *Ph.* All that I thought of, but *one*, upon my Honeſty. *Aul.* And what made ye reſerve that *one?* *Ph.* Becauſe it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. *Aul.* Some pleaſant Sin, I ſuppoſe. *Ph.* Nay, I am not ſure that it is a *Sin* neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. *Aul.* With all my Heart. *Ph.* Our *Horſe Courſers*, ye know, are deviliſh Cheats. *Aul.* Yes, yes; I know more of them than I wiſh I did; for they have fetch'd me over many and many a time. *Ph.* I had an Oc-

Occaſion lately, that put me upon a long Journey, and I was in great Haſte; ſo I went to one of the honeſteſt, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and one for whom I had formerly done ſome good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent Buſineſs, and that I wanted a ſtrong, able Gelding for my Journey; and I deſired him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furniſh me with a Horſe for my Turn. *Depend upon me*, ſays he, *and I will uſe you as if you were my own Brother.* *Aul.* Perhaps he would have couſen'd him too. *Ph.* He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At laſt I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the reſt. *Well, Sir*, (ſays he) *I ſee you underſtand a Horſe; I know not how many People have been at me for this Nag, but I reſolv'd to keep him rather for a particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Cuſtomer.* All this he ſwore to, and ſo we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid, and up got I into the Saddle. Upon the firſt ſetting out, my Steed falls a prancing, and ſhews all his Tricks. He was fat and fair, and there was no Ground would hold him. But by that time I had been ſome half an Hour upon the Way, he tir'd with me ſo downright, that neither Switch nor Spur could get him one Step further. I had heard ſufficiently of the Tricks of theſe Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look fair to the Eye, and not be worth one Penny yet for Service. So ſoon as I found that I was caught, *Come*, (ſaid I to my ſelf) *if I live to come back again, I may chance to ſhew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick.* *Aul.* But what became of you

you in the mean time? *A Horſe-man unhors'd?* *Ph.* I conſulted with Neceſſity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my Horſe privately with an Acquaintance I had there, and hired another in his ſtead. I purſu'd my Journey, return'd, deliver'd up my hired Horſe, and finding my own Jade in as good Caſe as I left him, I mounted him again, and ſo back to my Horſe-Courſer, deſiring that he might ſtand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He aſk'd me how he perform'd his Journey? And I ſwore as ſolemnly to him as he had done to me, that I never came upon the Back of a better Nag, and ſo eaſy too, that methought he carry'd me in the Air; beſide, that he was not one bit the leaner for his Journey. The Man was ſo far perſuaded of the Truth of what I ſaid, that he began to think within himſelf, that this Horſe was better than he took him for. Before we parted, he aſk'd me, if I would put him off again? Which I refus'd at firſt; for in Caſe of any Occaſion for ſuch another Journey, I could never expect to get the Fellow of him. Not that I would not ſell my very ſelf, or any thing elſe for *Money*, if I could but have enough for't. *Aul.* This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. *Ph.* Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had ſet a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he coſt me, and ſo I went my way. By and by I gave an Acquaintance of mine ſome Inſtructions how to behave himſelf, and made him a Confident of my Deſign. Away he goes to the Houſe, calls for the *Horſe-Courſer*, and tells him he wants a Nag, but it muſt be a hardy one, for he was upon a long Journey, and earneſt Buſineſs,

ſineſs. The Oſtler ſhews him the Stables, and ſtill commended the worſt, but ſaid nothing at all of the Horſe he had ſold to me, upon an Opinion, that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Deſcription of that Horſe, and told him his very *Standing*; and ſo he enquired, if that Horſe (pointing to mine) were to be ſold? The *Horſe-Courſer* went on commending other Nags in the Stable, without any Anſwer to that Queſtion: But when he found that the Gentleman would have that Horſe or none, the Horſe-Courſer fell to reaſoning the Matter with himſelf; *I was clearly miſtaken* (ſays he) *in this Horſe, but this Gentleman underſtands him better than I did.* So that upon the Gentleman's preſſing, whether he would ſell him or no? Well, ſays the Man, he may be ſold, but 'tis at a ſwinging Price; and ſo he made his Demand. *Why this*, ſays the other, *is no great Price in a Caſe of Importance*; and ſo they came at laſt to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a *Ducat Earneſt* to bind the Bargain. (The *Horſe-Courſer* ſet his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make ſure of a conſiderable Profit.) The Purchaſer gives the Oſtler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horſe well, till he came back by and by to fetch him. So ſoon as ever I heard that the Bargain was ſtruck, away go I immediately, booted and ſpurr'd, to the *Horſe-Courſer*, and call my ſelf out of Breath for my Horſe. Out comes the Maſter, and aſks what I would have? I bad him preſently make ready my Horſe, for I muſt be gone immediately upon extraordinary Buſineſs. *But* (ſays he) *you bad me take Care of your Horſe for ſome few Days.*

That's

That's true, ſaid I, but I'm ſurpriz'd with an Occaſion wherein the King is concern'd, and there muſt be no Delay. *You may take your Choice*, ſays the other, *out of my Stables, but your own is not to be had.* How ſo? ſaid I. He tells me, that he is ſold. Heaven forbid! ſaid I, pretending to be in a great Paſſion; for as the Caſe ſtands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price: And ſo fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me; and in the Concluſion, he grew a little teſty too. *There's no need* (ſays he) *of ill Language; you ſet a Price upon your Horſe, and I ſold him; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me: We are govern'd here by Law, and you can't compel me to bring your Horſe again.* When I had clamour'd a good while, that he ſhould either produce the Horſe, or the Man that bought him; the Man at laſt, in a Rage, throws down the Money. The Horſe coſt me *fifteen Crowns*, and I ſold him for *twenty*, he himſelf valu'd him at two and thirty, and ſo computed with himſelf that he had better make that Profit of him than reſtore him. Away go I, like one in Sorrow, and not at all pacified with the Receipt of the Money; the Man deſiring me not to take it ill, and he would make me an Amends ſome other way. Thus was the *Cheater cheated.* His Horſe is an errant Jade. He looks for the Man to fetch the Horſe, that gave him the Earneſt, but that will never be. *Aul.* But in the *Interim*, did he never expoſtulate the Matter with you? *Ph.* With what Face or Colour could he do that? I have met him over and over ſince. He only complain'd, that the Buyer never

came to take him away. But I have often reaſon'd the Matter with him, and told him, 'twas a juſt Judgment upon him for ſelling away my Horſe. This was a Fraud ſo well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not ſo much as confeſs it for a Fault. *Aul.* If it had been my Caſe, I ſhould have been ſo far from *confeſſing* it as a *Sin*, that I ſhould have challeng'd a Statue for it. *Ph.* Whether you ſpeak as you think or no, I know not; but it ſet me *agog* however, to be paying more of theſe Fellows in their own Coin.

The

The Alchymiſt.

COL. XV.

A Prieſt *turns* Quack, *and engages an eminent Gentleman (who was otherwiſe a prudent Man) in the Project of the* Philoſopher's Stone. *He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat through ſeveral Diſappointments, the Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a Sum of Money to keep Counſel.*

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

Ph. LAlus ſhould have ſome pleaſant Crotchet in his Head, by his Gigling thus to himſelf. Bleſs me, how the Man is tickled! and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Croſs! I'll venture to ſpoil his Sport. How is it, my beſt Friend, *Lalus?* Methinks I read Happineſs in thy very Countenance. *La.* But I ſhall be much happier, if I may tell thee what it is that pleaſes me. *Ph.* Prithee make me happy too then as ſoon as thou can'ſt. *La.* Doſt thou know *Balbinus?* *Ph.* What, the honeſt learned old Man? *La.* Nay, he is *all that*; but it is not for any Mortal to be wiſe

at *all Times*, and to *all Purpoſes* And this excellent Perſon, after all his eminent Qualities, has his weak Side as well as his Neighbours: His *Beauty* is not without a *Mole*; the Man runs raving mad upon the Art of *Chymiſtry*. *Ph.* Believe me, that which thou call'ſt a *Mole*, is a dangerous *Diſeaſe*. *La.* Whatever it is, he has been of late ſtrangely wrought upon by Flatteries and fair Words, tho' he has been ſufficiently bitten formerly by that ſort of People. *Ph.* In what manner? *La.* There was a certain *Prieſt* that went to him, ſaluted him with great Reſpect, and in this Faſhion accoſted him: *You will wonder, perhaps, moſt learned* Balbinus, *at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your Thoughts in the Middle of your moſt holy Studies. Balbinus*, according to his Cuſtom, nods to him; being, you know, a Man of few Words. *Ph.* An Argument of Prudence. *La.* But the other, as the wiſer of the two, proceeds: *You will forgive this my Importunity*, ſays he, *when I tell you what it was that brought me hither.* Tell me in ſhort then, ſays *Balbinus*. *I will*, ſays the other, *be as brief as poſſible. You know, moſt excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot ſay, whether I ſhould reckon my ſelf among the Happy or the Miſerable; for looking upon my ſelf one way, I account my ſelf moſt happy; and if I look another way, I am of all Men the moſt miſerable. Balbinus* preſſing him to contract his Buſineſs. *I ſhall have done immediately*, ſays he, *moſt learned* Balbinus; *and I may the better ſhorten my Diſcourſe, becauſe no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to ſpeak of, than your ſelf. Ph.* You are drawing of an *Orator*, rather than of a *Chymiſt*. *La.*

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We'll come to the *Alchymiſt* by and by. *I have been ſo happy, you muſt know, from a very Child, as always to have had a Paſſion for this divine Study, I mean the* Chymical Study; *which is indeed the Marrow of all Philoſophy.* At the Name of *Chymiſtry*, *Balbinus* a little rais'd himſelf, that is to ſay, in *Geſture*; but then fetching a hearty Sigh, he bade him go on, and ſo he did. *Miſerable Man that I am!* (ſays he) *for not falling into the right Way.* *Balbinus* demanded of him, what Way he ſpake of? *You know,* (ſays he) *incomparable as you are; (for what is there, my learned Sir, that you do not know?) You know* (I ſay) *that there are two Ways in this Art; the one is call'd* Longation, *and the other* Curtation. *Now it has been my hard Lot to fall upon* Longation. *Balbinus* aſking him about the Difference of the Ways; *Impudent that I am,* ſays he, *to ſpeak all this to a Perſon that knows all theſe things, no Man better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility addreſs'd to you, that you would take Pity upon me, and vouchſafe to inſtruct me in the bleſſed Way of* Curtation. *The more knowing you are, the leſs will be your Trouble of communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal ſo great a Gift of God from your poor Brother, that is ready to die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you aſſiſt me in this.* When *Balbinus* ſaw no End of this Solemnity of Obteſtations, he told him flat and plain, that he underſtood nothing at all of the Buſineſs of *Longation* and *Curtation* from one End to the other; and therefore deſir'd him to explain the Meaning of thoſe two Words. *Well, Sir,* ſays he, *though I know I am now*

ſpeaking to my Maſter; ſince it is your Pleaſure to command me, it ſhall be done. They that have ſpent their whole Life in this divine Art, turn the Species *of things* two Ways; *the* one *is* ſhorter, *but ſomewhat more* hazardous; *the* other *is* longer, *but* ſafer. *I account my ſelf very unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not ſo well agree with my Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the other,* which I am ſo paſſionately in Love withal. *But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply my ſelf to you, as a Perſon conſpicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledge inſtructs ye to grant what I deſire, and your Piety will diſpoſe you to aid a Chriſtian Brother, whoſe Life is in your Hand.* To make ſhort with you; when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Diſcourſe, had clear'd himſelf from all Suſpicion of a Deſign, and gain'd Credit for finding out one Way which was ſo certain, *Balbinus* began to have an Itch to be medling; and at laſt, when he could hold no longer: Away with your Methods (ſays he) of *Curtation*; for ſo far am I from *underſtanding*, that I never ſo much as heard the *Name* of it; but tell me ingenuouſly, do you perfectly underſtand the Way of *Longation*? *Phy, phy,* ſays he, *the Length of it makes it ſo irkſome; but for the Knack of it I have it at my Fingers Ends.* *Balbinus* aſk'd him what Time it would take? *Too much,* ſays he; *little leſs than a Year; but then 'tis infallible.* Never trouble your ſelf for that, ſays *Balbinus*; tho' it ſhould take up two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To ſhorten the Story: They came to an Agreement, and preſently fell to work

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privately in the Houſe of *Balbinus*, upon theſe Conditions, *That the one ſhould do the Work, the other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided*; tho' the modeſt Impoſtor, of his own Accord, gave *Balbinus* the Benefit that came of it. There was interchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the Manner of thoſe that are initiated into myſterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for *Pots*, *Glaſſes*, *Coals*, and other Proviſions for the furniſhing of a *Laboratory*; and there our *Chymiſt* has his *Wenches*, his *Gameſters*, and his *Bottles*, where he fairly conſumes his Allowance. *Ph.* This is one Way however of changing the Species of things. *La. Balbinus* preſſing him to fall on upon the main Buſineſs; Do not you underſtand (ſays he) that *what's well begun is half done?* 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a time he ſet himſelf upon the building of a *Furnace*; and here there muſt be more *Gold* again; which was given only as a *Bait* for more to come: As one Fiſh is taken with another, ſo the *Chymiſt* muſt caſt *Gold* in before he gets *Gold out*. In the mean while, *Balbinus* keeps cloſe to his *Arithmetick*; *If four Ounces* (ſays he) *brings fifteen, what will be the Product of two thouſand?* When this Money was gone, and two Months ſpent, the Philoſopher pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the *Bellows* and the *Coals*; and when *Balbinus* aſk'd him how the Work went forward? he ſtood directly mute; but upon redoubling the Queſtion, why, ſays he, as all great Works do, the main Difficulty is the Entrance upon them; and then he picks a Quarrel with the *Coal*: *Here they have brought* Oak

(ſays he) *inſtead of* Beech *or* Hazle. And there was a *hundred Crowns* loſt, that ſupply'd him with more *Dicing-Money*. Upon giving him *new Caſh*, he provided *new Coals*; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a Soldier that has had a Diſaſter by Miſchance, repairs it by his Virtue. When the *Laboratory* had been kept warm for ſome Months, and that they expected the Golden Fruit, and that there was not ſo much as one Grain of Gold in the Veſſels, (for the *Chymiſt* had waſted all that too) there was another Obſtruction found out: The *Glaſſes* they made uſe of were not of the *right Temper*; for as every *Block* will not make a *Mercury*, ſo every *Glaſs* will not make Gold. The further he was *in*, the lother he was to give it off. *Pb.* That's the right Humour of Gameſters, as if they had not better loſe ſome than all. *La.* 'Tis juſt ſo. The *Chymiſt*, he ſwears that he was never cheated ſince he was born before, but now he has found out the Miſtake, he'll ſee to the ſecuring of all for the future, and to the making good of this Miſcarriage with Intereſt. The *Glaſſes* are *chang'd*, and the Shop now a third time new furniſh'd. The Philoſopher told him, that the Oblation of ſome Crowns to the *Virgin Mother*, might probably draw a Bleſſing upon the Work; for the Art being ſacred, it needed the Favour of the Saints to carry it on with Succeſs. This Advice exceedingly pleas'd *Balbinus*; being a Man of great *Piety*, and one that never paſs'd a Day without performing his Devotions. The *Alchymiſt* undertook the *Religious Office*; but went no further than the next Town, where the *Virgin*'s Money went away in *Tipple*. Upon his Return,

Return, he ſeem'd to have great Hope that all would be well; for the *Virgin*, he ſaid, was wonderfully delighted with the *Offering*. After a long time ſpent upon the Project, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* reaſoning the Matter with him, he proteſted that in all his Days he was never thus diſappointed; that for his *Method*, it was impoſſible that ſhould deceive him; and that he could not ſo much as imagine what ſhould be the Reaſon of this Failing. After they had beat their Heads a long time about it, *Balbinus* bethought himſelf, and aſk'd him, if he had never miſt *Chapel* ſome Day or other ſince this Undertaking? Or miſs'd ſaying the *Horary Prayers*, (as they call them) which might be ſufficient, perhaps, to defeat the whole Work. *You have hit the Bird in the Eye*, (ſays the *Quack*) *Wretch that I am! For I do now call to mind, that I have once or twice forgotten my ſelf; and that lately, riſing from Dinner, I went my way without ſaying the Salutation of the Virgin.* Why then, ſays *Balbinus*, 'tis no wonder that this great Affair ſucceeds no better. Whereupon the *Chymiſt* engages himſelf to hear *Twelve Services* for the *Two* that he had *omitted*; and for that *One Salutation*, to become anſwerable for *Ten*. This laviſh *Alchymiſt* came to want Money again; and when he had no Pretext left him for the aſking of more, he bethought himſelf of this Project: He went home like a Man diſtracted; and crying out with a lamentable Voice, *Oh!* Balbinus, *I am undone, utterly undone; my Life's at ſtake.* This amazed *Balbinus*, and made him extremely impatient to know what was the matter? *Oh!* ſays the *Chymiſt*, *our Deſign has*

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taken Air; they have gotten an Inkling of it at Court, and I expect every Hour to be carried away to Priſon. This put *Balbinus* into a Fit too: He turn'd as pale as Aſhes, (for you know 'tis Capital with us, for any Man to practiſe *Chymiſtry* without the Prince's Licence.) Not (ſays he) that I apprehend my being put to Death, for I ſhould be glad it were no worſe; but there is a greater Cruelty that I fear, which is, (ſays he, upon *Balbinus*'s aſking him the Queſtion) I ſhall be carried away into ſome remote Priſon, and be forced there to ſpend my Life in working for thoſe People I have no Mind to ſerve. Is there any Death now that a Man would not rather chuſe, than ſuch a Life? The Matter was then debated; and *Balbinus*, that was a Man well ſkill'd in *Rhetorick*, caſt his Thoughts every way to ſee if it were poſſible to avoid this Miſchief. *Can't ye deny the Crime?* (ſays he.) Not poſſibly, (ſays the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have infallible Proof on't; and there's no defending the Fact, for the Law is point blank againſt it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any Shift that would hold Water, at laſt, *We apply our ſelves* (ſays the *Alchymiſt*, that wanted preſent Money) *to ſlow Counſels*, Balbinus, *when the Matter requires an immediate Remedy: It will not be long before I am ſeiz'd, and carry'd away.* And ſeeing *Balbinus* at a ſtand: *I am as much at a loſs* (ſays he) *as you; for we have nothing now to Truſt to, but to fall like Men of Honour, unleſs we ſhould make Trial of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather profitable than honeſt; but Neceſſity is a hard Chapter: Your Purſuivants,*

you

you know, and Meſſengers (ſays he) *are a ſort of People greedy of Money, and ſo much the eaſier to be brib'd to Secreſy: 'Tis againſt the Statute, I muſt confeſs, to give Raſcals Money to throw away; but yet, as the Caſe ſtands, I ſee no other Retreat. Balbinus* was of that Opinion too, and laid down *thirty Crowns* to be offer'd them for a *Gratuity*. *Ph.* This, let me tell you, was a wonderful Liberality in *Balbinus*. *La.* In an honeſt Cauſe you ſhould ſooner have gotten ſo many of his Teeth. This Proviſion did the *Chymiſt* ſome Service; for the Danger he was in, was the want of Money for his *Wench*. *Ph.* 'Tis a wonder *Balbinus* ſhould ſmoke nothing all this while. *La.* He's as quick as any Man in all other Caſes, but ſtark blind in this. The *Furnace* goes up again with *new Money*, and only the Promiſe of a Prayer to the *Virgin Mother* in favour of the Project. A whole Year was now run out, and ſtill ſome Rub or other in the way; ſo that all the Expence and Labour was loſt. In the *Interim* there fell out one moſt ridiculous Chance. *Ph.* What was that? *La.* The *Chymiſt* held a private Converſation with a *Courtier's Lady*. The Huſband grew jealous, and watch'd him; and in Concluſion having Intelligence that the *Prieſt* was in his *Bed-Chamber*, he went home unexpected and knock'd at the Door. *Ph.* Why, what would he do to the Man? *La.* Do? Why perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or geld him. The Huſband threatned his Wife to force the Door, unleſs ſhe open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagine; but conſidering of ſome preſent Reſolution, and the Caſe bearing no better, they pitch'd upon this:

this: The Man put off his Coat; and not without both Danger and Miſchief, crept out at a narrow Window, and ſo went his way. Such Stories as theſe, you know, are ſoon ſpread; and it quickly came to *Balbinus* himſelf, the *Chymiſt* foreſeeing as much. *Ph.* There was no ſcaping for him now. *La.* Yes, he got better off here than out at the Window: And obſerve his Invention now. *Balbinus* made no Words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance, that he was no Stranger to the Talk of the Town. The *Chymiſt* knew *Balbinus* to be a Man at leaſt *Pious*, if not *Superſtitious*; and People of that way are eaſy enough to pardon any thing that ſubmits, let the Crime be never ſo great. Wherefore when he had done his Endeavour, he fell to talk of the Succeſs of his Buſineſs, complaining that it did not proſper as uſual, or according to his Wiſh; adding withal, that he did infinitely admire what ſhould be the Reaſon of it! Upon this Diſcourſe *Balbinus*, who otherwiſe ſeem'd bent upon Silence, was a little mov'd, (as he was eaſy enough ſo to be;) It is no hard Matter (ſays he) to gueſs why we ſucceed no better: Our Sins, our Sins lie in the way; for pure Works ſhould only paſs through pure Hands. At this Word, the *Projector* threw himſelf upon his Knees; and beating his Breaſt, *It is true*, Balbinus; *'tis true*, (ſays he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) *our Sins hinder us; but they are my Sins, not yours; for I am not aſham'd to confeſs my Uncleanneſs before you, as I would before my Father Confeſſor: The Frailty of my Fleſh overcame me*, Satan *drew me into the Toil, and (Miſerable Creature that I am!) of a* Prieſt

I am

I am become an Adulterer; *and yet the* Offering *that you preſented to the* Virgin Mother *is not wholly loſt neither; for I had periſhed inevitably if ſhe had not protected me: For the Huſband brake open the Door upon me, and the Window was too little to get out at. In the Pinch of this Danger I bethought my ſelf of the* Bleſſed Virgin; *I fell upon my Knees, and beſought her, that in token of her Acceptance of the Gift, ſhe would now aſſiſt me in my Diſtreſs. So without any Delay I went to the Window again, my Neceſſity lying hard upon me, and I found it by* Miracle *ſo enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my Eſcape. Ph.* Did *Balbinus* believe all this? *La. Believe*, ſay you? Why he *pardon'd* it, and moſt religiouſly admoniſhed the Impoſtor not to be ingrateful to the *Bleſſed Virgin:* Nay, there was more Money laid down, upon this Juggler's Promiſe, that he would not profane the Operation for the time to come with any farther Impurity. *Ph.* But how did all end at laſt? *La.* 'Tis a long Hiſtory, but I'll diſpatch it now in a word. When he had made ſport enough with theſe Inventions, and wheedled *Balbinus* out of a conſiderable Sum of Money, there came a Perſon in the Concluſion, that had known this Knave from a Child; and he eaſily imagining that he was now upon the ſame Lock with *Balbinus* as he had been elſewhere, goes privately to *Balbinus*, ſhews him what a Snake he had taken into his Boſom, and adviſes him to get quit of him as ſoon as he could, unleſs he had rather ſtay the rifling of all his Boxes. *Ph.* And did not *Balbinus* preſently order the Fellow to be laid by the Heels? *La.* By the Heels? No, he gave him Money

to bear his Charges away, and conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no Words of what had paſs'd betwixt them; and truly, in my Opinion it was wiſely done, rather to ſuppreſs the Story, than to make himſelf a common Laughing-ſtock and Table-talk, and to run the Riſque of a Confiſcation beſides; for the *Chymiſt* had no more Skill than an *Aſs*, ſo that he was in no Danger, and in ſuch a Caſe the Law would have favour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft, his Character would have ſav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Priſon. *Ph.* I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, but that he took Pleaſure to be gull'd. *La.* I muſt now away to the Hall, and keep my other fooliſh Stories to another time. *Ph.* At your better Leiſure I ſhould be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

The

The Abbot and the Learned Woman.

COL. XVI.

An Abbot *gives a Lady a Viſit; and finding* Latin *and* Greek *Books in her Chamber, gives his Reaſons againſt Womens meddling with Learning. He profeſſes himſelf to be a greater Lover of* Pleaſure *than* Wiſdom; *and makes the* Ignorance *of* Monks *to be the moſt powerful Reaſon of their* Obedience.

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

An. THIS Houſe methinks is ſtrangely furniſh'd. *Ma.* Why? Is't not well? *An.* I don't know what you call *Well*; but 'tis not ſo proper, methinks, for a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not, I pray ye? *An.* Why what ſhould a Woman do with ſo many *Books*? *Ma.* As if you that are an *Abbot* and a *Courtier*, and have liv'd ſo long in the World, had never ſeen *Books* in a Lady's Chamber before. *An.* Yes, *French* ones I have; but here are *Greek* and *Latin*. *Ma.* Is there no Wiſdom then but in *French*? *An.* But they are well enough however for *Court Ladies*, that have nothing elſe to do to paſs away their time withal.

Ma. So that you would have only your *Court Ladies* to be Women of *Underſtanding* and of *Pleaſure?* *An.* That's your Miſtake now to couple *Underſtanding* with *Peaſure*; for the *One* is not for a *Woman at all*, and the *Other* is only for a *Woman of Quality.* *Ma.* But is it not every Bodies Buſineſs to *live well?* *An.* Beyond all Queſtion. *Ma.* How ſhall any Man live *comfortably*, that does not live *well?* *An.* Nay, rather how ſhall any Man live *comfortably* that does? *Ma.* That is to ſay, you are for a Life that's *Eaſy*, let it be never ſo *Wicked.* *An.* I am of Opinion, I muſt confeſs, that a *pleaſant Life* is a *good Life.* *Ma.* But what is it that makes one's Life *pleaſant?* Is it *Senſe* or *Conſcience?* *An.* It is the *Senſe* of *Outward Enjoyments.* *Ma.* Spoken like a *learned Abbot*, though but a *dull Philoſopher.* But tell me now, what are thoſe *Enjoyments* you ſpeak of? *An. Money, Honour, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping*, and *the Liberty of doing what a Man has a Mind to do.* *Ma.* But what if God ſhould give you *Wiſdom* over and above all the reſt? Would your Life be ever the *worſe* for't? *An.* Let me know firſt, what it is that you call *Wiſdom.* *Ma. Wiſdom is a Knowledge, that places the Felicity of Reaſonable Nature in the Goods of the Mind*; and tells us, that a Man is neither the *happier* nor the *better* for the external Advantages of *Blood, Honour*, or *Eſtate.* *An.* If *that* be it, pray'e make the beſt of your *Wiſdom.* *Ma.* But what if I take more Delight in a *good Book*, than you do in a *Fox Chaſe*, a *Fudling-Bout*, or in the ſhaking of your *Elbow?* Will you not allow me then to have a *pleaſant Life* on't? *An.* Every one as they like,

but

but it would not be ſo to me. *Ma.* The Queſtion is not what *does*, but what *ought* to pleaſe you. *An.* I ſhould be loath, I do aſſure you, to have my *Monks* over *Bookiſh*. *Ma.* And yet my Huſband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I ſee any hurt in't, if your *Monks* would be ſo too. *An.* Marry hang 'em up as ſoon: It teaches 'em to chop *Logick*, and makes 'em undutiful. You ſhall have them *expoſtulating* preſently, appealing to *Peter* and *Paul*, and prating out of the *Canons* and *Decretals*. *Ma.* But I hope you would not have them do any thing that claſhes with *Peter* and *Paul* though? *An.* *Claſh* or not *claſh*, I do not much trouble my Head about their *Doctrine*; but I do naturally hate a Fellow that will have the *laſt Word*, and *reply* upon his *Superior*. And betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my People *wiſer* than their *Maſter*. *Ma.* 'Tis but your being wiſe your ſelf, and then there's no fear on't. *An.* Alas! I have no time for't. *Ma.* How ſo, I beſeech you? *An.* I'm ſo full of Buſineſs. *Ma.* Have you no time, do you ſay, to apply your ſelf to *Wiſdom*? *An.* No, not a ſingle Minute. *Ma.* Pray'e what hinders you, if a body may aſk the Queſtion? *An.* Why, you muſt know we have *deviliſh long Prayers*; and by that time I have look'd over my *Charge*, my *Horſes*, my *Dogs*, and made my *Court*, I have not a Moment left me to ſpare. *Ma.* Is this the mighty Buſineſs then that keeps you from looking after Wiſdom? *An.* We have got a *Habit* of it; and *Cuſtom*, you know, is a great matter. *Ma.* Put the Caſe now that it were in your Power to transform *your ſelf* and all

your *Monks* into any other *Animals*; and that a body ſhould deſire you to turn *your ſelf* into a *Hunting-Nag*, and your whole *Flock* into a *Herd of Swine*, would you do't? *An.* No, not upon any Terms. *Ma.* And yet this would ſecure you from having any of your Diſciples wiſer than your ſelf. *An.* As for my *People*, I ſhould not much ſtand upon it what ſort of *Brutes* they were, provided that I might ſtill be a Man my ſelf. *Ma.* But can you account him for a Man, that neither is wiſe, nor has any Inclination ſo to be? *An.* But ſo long as I have Wit enough for my own Buſineſs—— *Ma.* Why ſo have the *Hogs*. *An.* You talk like a Philoſopher in a Petticoat methinks. *Ma.* And you, methinks, like ſomething that's far from it. But what's your Quarrel all this while to the *Furniture of this Houſe*? *An.* A Spinning-wheel, or ſome Inſtrument for good Huſwifery, were more ſuitable to your Sex. *Ma.* It is not the Duty then of a Houſe-keeper to keep her Family in Order, and look to the Education of her Children? *An.* 'Tis ſo. *Ma.* And is this Office to be diſcharg'd without Underſtanding? *An.* I ſuppoſe not. *Ma.* This Underſtanding do I gather from my Books. *An.* But yet I have above *threeſcore Monks* under my Care, and not ſo much as *one Book* in my *Lodgings*. *Ma.* They are well tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure *Books* too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? *An.* 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a *Woman*. *Ma.* Why, what's your Exception to't? *An.* 'Tis not a Language to keep a Woman honeſt. *Ma.* Your *French Romances*, I muſt confeſs, are great Provocatives to Modeſty. *An.* Well,

Well, but there's ſomething elſe in't too. *Ma.* Out with it then. *An.* If the Women do not underſtand *Latin*, they are in leſs Danger of the *Prieſts*. *Ma.* But ſo long as you take care that the *Prieſts* themſelves ſhall not underſtand *Latin*, where's the Danger? *An.* 'Tis the Opinion of the common People however, becauſe it is ſo rare a thing for a *Woman* to underſtand *Latin*. *Ma.* Why, what do you talk to me of the *People*, that never did any thing well? Or of *Cuſtom*, that gives *Authority* to all *Wickedneſs*. We ſhould apply our ſelves to that which is good, and turn that which was unuſual, unpleaſant, and perhaps ſcandalous before, into the contrary. *An.* I hear you. *Ma.* Is it not a laudable Quality for a *German* Lady to ſpeak *French*? *An.* It is ſo. *Ma.* And to what end? *An.* That ſhe may be Converſation for thoſe that ſpeak *French*. *Ma.* And why may not I as well learn *Latin*, to fit my ſelf for the Company of ſo many wiſe and learned Authors, ſo many faithful Counſellors and Friends? *An.* But 'tis not ſo well for Women to ſpend their Brains upon Books, unleſs they had more to ſpare. *Ma.* What you have to ſpare, I know not; but for my ſmall Stock, I had much rather employ it upon honeſt Studies, than in the mumbling over of ſo many Prayers, like a Parrot, by Rote; or the emptying of ſo many *Diſhes* and *Beer-Glaſſes* till Morning. *An.* But *much Learning makes a Man mad.* *Ma.* Your *Topers*, *Drolls* and *Buffoons* are an Entertainment, no doubt, to make a body *ſober*. *An.* They make the time paſs merrily away. *Ma.* But why ſhould ſo pleaſant Company, as the Authors I converſe with, make me mad then? *An.* 'Tis a

common Saying. *Ma.* But yet the Fact it ſelf tells ye otherwiſe; and that intemperate Feaſting, Drinking, Whoring, and inordinate Watching, is the ready way to *Bedlam*. *An.* For the whole World I would not have a *learned Wife*. *Ma.* Nor I an *unlearned Huſband*. Knowledge is ſuch a Bleſſing, that we are both of us the dearer one to another for't. *An.* But then there's ſo much Trouble in the getting of it; and we muſt die at laſt too. *Ma.* Tell me now, by your Favour, if you were to march off to Morrow, whether had you rather die a *Fool*, or a *wiſe Man*? *An.* Ay; if I could be a wiſe Man without Trouble. *Ma.* Why, there's nothing in this World to be gotten without it; and when we have gotten what we can, (tho' with never ſo much Difficulty) we muſt leave it behind us in the Concluſion; *Wiſdom* only and *Virtue* excepted, which we ſhall carry the Fruit of into another World. *An.* I have often heard that *one wiſe Woman is two Fools*. *Ma.* Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly Wiſe, does not think her ſelf ſo; but ſhe that is not ſo, and yet thinks her ſelf ſo, is twice a Fool. *An.* I know not how it is; but to my Fancy, a *Packſaddle* does as well upon an *Ox*, as *Learning* upon a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not as well as a *Mitre* upon an *Aſs*? But what do you think of the *Virgin Mary*? *An.* As well as is poſſible. *Ma.* Do you not think that ſhe read Books? *An.* Yes; but not ſuch Books as yours. *Ma.* What did ſhe read then? *An.* The *Canonical Hours*. *Ma.* To what purpoſe? *An.* For the Service of the *Benedictines*. *Ma.* Well, and do you not find others that ſpend their time upon godly Books?

An.

An. Yes; but that way is quite out of *Faſhion*. *Ma.* And ſo are *learned Abbots* too: For 'tis as hard a matter now a-days to find a *Scholar* amongſt them, as it was formerly to find a *Blockhead*. Nay, Princes themſelves in times paſt were as eminent for their Erudition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet ſo rare a thing neither, as you imagine, to find learned Women; for I could give you out of *Spain*, *Italy*, *England*, *Germany*, &c. ſo many eminent Inſtances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Poſſeſſion of your very *Schools*, your *Pulpits*, and your *Mitres*. *An.* God forbid it ſhould ever come to that. *Ma.* Nay, do you forbid it: For if you go on at the rate you begin, the People will ſooner endure *Preaching Geeſe*, than *Dumb Paſtors*. The World is come about ye ſee, and you muſt either take off the Vizour, or expect that every Man ſhall put in for his part. *An.* How came I to ſtumble upon this Woman! If you'll find a time to give me a Viſit, you may promiſe your ſelf a better Entertainment. *Ma.* And what ſhall that be? *An.* We'll dance, drink, hunt, play, laugh. *Ma.* You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

The Beggar's Dialogue.

COL. XVII.

The Practices, *and* Cheats, *and* Impoſtures *of Crafty* Beggars: *With the* Advantages *and* Privileges *of that* Condition *of Life.*

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

Ir. WHat new thing have we got here? I know the *Face*, but the *Clothes* methinks do not ſuit it. I am much miſtaken if this be not *Miſoponus*. I'll venture to ſpeak to him as tatter'd as I am. Save thee, *Miſoponus*. *Mi.* That muſt be *Irides*. *Ir.* Save thee, *Miſoponus*, once again. *Mi.* Hold your Tongue, I ſay? *Ir.* Why, what's the matter? May not a Man ſalute ye? *Mi.* Not by that *Name*. *Ir.* Your Reaſon for't. You have not chang'd your *Name*, I hope, with your *Clothes*? *Mi.* No; but I have taken up my *Old Name* again. *Ir.* What's that? *Mi. Apicius*. *Ir.* Never be aſham'd of your old Acquaintance; it may be you have mended your Fortune ſince I ſaw you, but 'tis not long however ſince you and I were both of an Order. *Mi.* Do but comply with me in this, and I'll tell thee what thou'lt aſk me. I am not aſham'd of *your Order*, but of the *Order* that I was firſt of *my ſelf*.

Ir.

Ir. What *Order* do ye mean? That of the *Franciſcans*? *Mi.* No, by no means, my good Friend; but the Order of the *Spendthrifts*. *Ir.* You have a great many Companions ſure of that Order. *Mi.* I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to ſome tune as long as it laſted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know *Apicius*. And then I ran away for ſhame, and betook my ſelf to *your College*, which I look'd upon to be much better than digging. *Ir.* 'Twas wiſely done. But how comes your Carcaſs to be in ſo good caſe of late? Your Change of Clothes, I do not ſo much wonder at. *Mi.* How ſo? *Ir.* Becauſe *Laverna* (the Goddeſs of *Thieves*) makes many of her Servants rich of a ſudden. *Mi.* You do not think I got an Eſtate by ſtealing, I hope? *Ir.* Nay, by *Rapine* perhaps, which is worſe. *Mi.* No; neither by *Stealing*, nor by *Rapine*. And this I ſwear by the Goddeſs you adore; (that's *Penia* or *Poverty*) but I'll firſt ſatisfy ye as to my Conſtitution of *Body*, that ſeems to you ſo wonderful. *Ir.* While you were with us you were perpetually *ſcabby*. *Mi.* But I have had the kindeſt Phyſician ſince. *Ir.* Who was that? *Mi.* Even mine own ſelf; and I hope no body loves me better. *Ir.* The firſt time that ever I took you for a *Doctor*. *Mi.* Why all that *Dreſs* was nothing but a *Cheat*, daub'd on with *Frankincenſe*, *Sulphur*, *Roſin*, *Bird-lime*, and *Blood-Clouts*; and when I had a mind to't. I could take it off again. *Ir.* Oh! Impoſtor! And I took thee for the very Picture of *Job* upon the *Dunghill*. *Mi.* This was only a Compliance with my Neceſſities, though Fortune ſometimes may change the very Skin too. *Ir.* But now you ſpeak on't,

tell me a little of your Fortune: Have you found ever a Pot of Money? *Mi.* No; but I have found out a Trade that's ſomewhat better than yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you ſet up, that had nothing to begin upon? *Mi.* An Artiſt will live any where. *Ir.* I underſtand ye: Picking of Pockets, I ſuppoſe, the Cut-purſe's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e; I am turn'd *Chymiſt*. *Ir.* A very *apt Scholar*, to get that in a *Fortnight*, (for 'tis thereabouts ſince we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way to't. *Ir.* What may that be? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a Stock of about *four Crowns* by Begging; by great good Luck I met with an old Companion of mine, of about my Eſtate; we drank together, and (as 'tis uſual) he up and told me the Hiſtory of his Adventures, and of an *Art* he had got; and we came at laſt to an Agreement, that *if I paid the Reckoning, he ſhould teach me his Art*, which he very honeſtly perform'd; and that *Art* now is my *Revenue*. *Ir.* Might not I learn it too? *Mi* I'll teach thee it *gratis*, if it were but for old Acquaintance ſake

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the *Philoſopher's Stone*. *Ir.* I have heard as much, and I believe it *Mi.* I hunt for all Occaſions of inſinuating my ſelf into ſuch Company. I talk big; and where-ever I find an hungry Buzzard, I throw him out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own Accord, to have a Care how he truſts Men of that Profeſſion; for they are moſt of them Cheats and Impoſtors, and very little better than Pick-pockets to

thoſe that do not underſtand them. *Ir.* This Prologue, methinks, ſhould never do your Buſineſs. *Mi* Nay, I tell him plainly, that I would not be truſted my ſelf neither, any further than a Man would truſt his own Eyes and Fingers. *Ir.* 'Tis a ſtrange Confidence you have in your Art. *Mi.* Nay, I will have him to look on while the *Metamorphoſis* is a working, and to be attentive to't; and then, to take away all doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himſelf, while I'm at a Diſtance, and not ſo much as a little Finger in't. When the Matter is *diſſolv'd*, I bid him purge it himſelf, or ſet ſome *Goldſmith* to do it; I tell him the Quantity it will afford, and then let him put it to as many Teſts as he pleaſes. He ſhall find the *preciſe Weight*, the *Gold* or the *Silver pure*; (for *Gold* or *Silver* 'tis the ſame thing to me, only the latter Experiment is the leſs dangerous) *Ir.* But is there no Couſenage in all this? *Mi.* An abſolute Cheat from one end to the other. *Ir.* I cannot find where it lies. *Mi.* I'll ſhew ye then: Firſt we agree upon the *Price*; but I touch no Money, till I have given Proof of the thing it ſelf. I deliver him a certain *Powder*, as if that did the whole Buſineſs; I never part with the Receipt of it, but at an exceſſive Rate; and then I make him ſwear moſt horridly too, that for ſix Months he ſhall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. *Ir.* But where's the *Cheat* yet? *Mi.* The whole Myſtery lies in a *Coal* that I have fitted and hollow'd for the purpoſe; and into that do I put as much *Silver* as I ſay ſhall come out again. After the Infuſion of the *Powder*, I ſet the Pot in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall be in

effect

effect *cover'd* with *Coals*, as well as *Coals under* and *about* it, which I tell them is a Method of Art. Among the *Coals* that lie *a-top*, I put in one or more that has the *Gold* or the *Silver* in't. When that comes to be diſſolv'd, it runs in to the reſt, whether it be *Tin* or *Copper*; and upon the *Separation*, 'tis found and taken out. *Ir.* A ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole Buſineſs himſelf? *Mi.* When all things are done according to my Preſcription, before we begin the *Operation*, I come and look about to ſee that every thing be right, and then I find a Coal or two wanting upon the Top; and under pretence of fetching it from the Coal-heap, I privately convey one of my own, or elſe I have it ready laid there before-hand, which I can take and no body the wiſer. *Ir.* But what will you do when the Trial is made of this without ye? *Mi.* I'm out of Danger, when I have the Money in my Pocket; or I can pretend that the Pot was crack'd, the Coals naught, they did not know how to temper the Fire; and then it is one Myſtery in our Profeſſion, never to ſtay long in a Place. *Ir.* But will the Profit of this give a Man a Livelihood? *Mi.* Yes, and a very brave one; and if you are wiſe, you'll leave your wretched Trade of *Begging*, and turn *Quack* too. *Ir.* Now ſhould I rather hope to bring you back again to us. *Mi.* What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before? And to quit a good one, that I have found profitable? *Ir.* But this Profeſſion of ours is made pleaſant by Cuſtom. How many are there that fall off from St. *Francis* and St. *Benedict*? But ours is an *Order* of *Mendicants*, that

that never any Man forſook that was acquainted with it. Alas! you were but a few Months with us, and not come yet to taſte the Comforts of this kind of Life. *Mi.* But I taſted enough on't though to know the Miſery of it. *Ir.* How comes it then that our People never leave us? *Mi.* Becauſe they are naturally wretched. *Ir.* And yet for all this Wretchedneſs, I had rather be a *Beggar* than a *Prince*; and there are many Princes, I doubt not, that envy the Freedom of us Beggars. Whether it be *War* or *Peace*, we are ſtill *ſafe*: We are neither *preſt* for *Soldiers*, nor *taxt*, nor put upon *Pariſh-Duties*. The *Inquiſition* never concerns it ſelf with us. There's no Scrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's unlawful, *who'll ſue a Beggar?* If we aſſault any Man, 'tis a Shame to contend with a *Beggar*. Whereas neither in *Peace* nor in *War* are Kings at eaſe; and the greater they are, the more have they to fear. Men pay a Reverence to *Beggars*, as if they were conſecrated to *God*, and make a Conſcience of it not to abuſe us. *Mi.* But then how naſty are ye in your Rags and Kennels? *Ir.* Thoſe things are without us, and ſignify nothing at all to true Happineſs; and for our Rags, 'tis to them we owe our Felicity. *Mi.* If that be your Happineſs, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. *Ir.* Why ſo? *Mi.* Becauſe they ſay we ſhall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of thoſe to work that are able to do it, without wandering up and down as they did formerly. *Ir.* How comes that? *Mi.* Becauſe they find great *Rogueries* committed under Pretence of *Begging*, and great *Inconve-*

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niences to the *Publick* from your *Order*. *Ir.* Oh! they have been talking of this a long time; and when the Devil's blind, it may be, they'll bring it to paſs. *Mi.* Too ſoon perchance for your Quiet.

Cyclops: Or, The Goſpel-Carrier.

COL. XVIII.

An Invective againſt Hypocrites, *and ſuch as have the* Goſpel *continually in their* Hands *or* Diſcourſes, *and do not practiſe it in their Lives.*

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

Ca. WHY how now, *Polyphemus*, what are you hunting for? *Po.* Do you call him a *Huntſman*, that has neither *Dogs* nor *Lance*? *Ca.* Upon the Chace perhaps of ſome Lady of the Wood here. *Po.* Shrewdly gueſs'd, believe me; and here's the Device I have to catch her. *Ca.* What's the Meaning of this? *Polyphemus* with a *Book* in his Hand! *A Hog in Armour!* They agree as well as *Puſs* and my Lady. [Γαλῆ χοιρωλίον, a *Cat* in a *lac'd Petticoat!*] *Po.* Nay, I aſſure ye, here's *Vermilion* and *Azure* upon my Book, as well

as (*Crocus*) or *Saffron*. *Ca.* I do not ſpeak of *Crocus* (which is *Saffron*) but you miſtake *Crocoton* (which is a *Greek* word) for *Crocus*. Is it a Military Book that ſame? For by the *Boſſes* and *Plates* upon't, it ſeems to be arm'd. *Po.* Look into't. *Ca.* I ſee what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not ſo fine as it might be tho'. *Po.* Why, what wants it? *Ca.* You ſhould do well to put your Arms upon't. *Po.* What Arms? *Ca.* An *Aſſes head* looking out of a *Hogſhead*. What's the *Subject* of it, *the Art of Drinking*? *Po.* You'll ſpeak *Blaſphemy* before you're aware. *Ca.* Why ſo? Is there any thing in't that's *Sacred*? *Po.* If the *Holy Goſpel* be not *Sacred*, I pray'e what is? *Ca.* The Lord deliver us; what has *Polyphemus* to do with the *Goſpel*? *Po.* And pray'e let me aſk you, what a *Chriſtian* has to do with *Chriſt*? *Ca.* Truly methinks a *Halbert* would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, ſhould meet you at *Sea*, he would certainly take ye for a *Pirate*; or in a *Wood*, for a *Highway-man*. *Po.* But the *Goſpel* teaches us not to judge of Men by *outward Appearances*. For tho', 'tis true, that many a *Knaves-head* lies under a *Cowl*, yet it falls out ſometime, that a *Modiſh Wig*, a Pair of *Spaniſh Whiſkers*, a *Stern Brow*, a *Buff-coat*, and a *Feather* in the Cap, accompany an *Evangelical* Mind. *Ca.* And why not; as well as a *Sheep* ſometimes in the *Skin* of a *Wolf*? And if we believe *Emblems*, many an *Aſs* lurks under the *Coat* of a *Lion*. *Po.* Nay I know a Man my ſelf that looks as innocent as a *Sheep*, and yet's a *Fox* in his *Heart*. I could wiſh he had as candid Friends as he has *black Eyes*; and that he had as well the *Value* of

Gold,

Gold, as he has the *Colour* of it. *Ca.* If he that wears a *Woollen Hat*, muſt conſequently wear a *Sheep's Head*; what a Burthen do you march under, that carry an *Eſtrich* in your *Cap*, over and above? But he is more monſtrous yet, that's a *Bird* in his *Head*, and an *Aſs* in his *Breaſt*. *Po.* That's too ſharp. *Ca.* But it were well if you were as much the better for your *Book*, as that's the *Gayer* for you: And that in exchange for *Colours*, it might furniſh you with *Good* Manners. *Po.* I'll make it my Care. *Ca.* After the old way. *Po.* But Bitterneſs aſide, Is it a Crime, do you think, for a Man to carry the *Goſpel* about with him? *Ca.* Not in the leaſt *(minime Gentium)* *Po.* Will you ſay that I am the leaſt in the World, that am by an *Aſſes head* taller than your ſelf. *Ca.* That's a little too much, even tho' the *Aſs* ſhould prick up his Ears. *Po.* By an *Ox-head* I dare ſay. *Ca.* That Compariſon does well enough: But I ſaid *minime* the *Adverb*, not *minime* the *Vocative Caſe* of the *Adjective*. *Po.* Pray'e what's the Difference betwixt an Egg, and an Egg? *Ca.* And what's the Difference (ſay you) betwixt the *Middle-finger* and the *Little-finger*? *Po.* The Middle is the *longer*. *Ca.* Moſt acute. And what's the Difference betwixt the *Ears* of an *Aſs*, and thoſe of a *Wolf*? *Po.* A *Wolf's Ears* are *ſhorter*. *Ca.* Why, there's the Point. *Po.* But I am us'd to meaſure *long* and *ſhort*, by the *Span*, and by the *Yard*, not by the *Ears*. *Ca.* Well ſaid. He that carried *Chriſt* was called *Chriſtopher*; ſo that inſtead of *Polyphemus*, I ſhall call you the *Goſpel-Bearer*. *Po.* Do not you account it a *Holy thing* then to carry the

Goſpel?

Goſpel? *Ca.* No, not at all; unleſs you'll allow me that *Aſſes* are the greateſt *Saints.* *Po.* What do you mean by that? *Ca.* Becauſe *one Aſs* will carry at leaſt *Three thouſand ſuch Books:* And I am perſuaded if you were but well hamper'd, that you would be able to carry as many your ſelf. *Po.* In that ſenſe I think there's no Abſurdity to ſay an *Aſs* may be *Holy.* *Ca.* And I ſhall never envy you That Holineſs. If ye have a mind to't, I'll give ye ſome of the Relicks to kiſs, of the very *Aſs* that our *Saviour* rode upon. *Po.* You cannot oblige me more; for that *Aſs* could not but be conſecrated by the very *Contact.* *Ca.* But there was *Contact* too in thoſe that *ſmote our Saviour.* *Po.* But tell me ſeriouſly, is it not a pious thing for a Man to carry the *New Teſtament* about him? *Ca.* If it be done out of *Affection,* and without *Hypocriſy,* it is piouſly done. *Po.* Tell the *Monks* of your *Hypocriſy*; what has a *Soldier* to do with it? *Ca.* But tell me Firſt, what is the meaning of *Hyprocriſy?* *Po. When a man ſeems to be one thing, and is really another.* *Ca.* But what ſignifies the carrying of the *Goſpel* about you? Does it not intimate a *holy Life*; *Po.* I ſuppoſe it does. *Ca.* Now where a Man's *Life* is not ſuitable to his *Books,* is not that *Hypocriſy?* *Po.* It may be ſo. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the *Goſpel* as we ought? *Ca.* Some carry it about in their *Hands,* as the *Franciſcans* do the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and at that rate, a *Porter,* an *Aſs,* or a *Gelding* may carry it as well as a *Chriſtian.* There are others that carry it in their *Mouths*; and only *talk* of *Chriſt* and the *Goſpel*; and thoſe are *Phariſees.* And there are others that carry it in their *Hearts*:

But thoſe are the *true Goſpel-bearers*, that have it in *all Three*; their *Hands*, their *Mouths*, and their *Hearts*. *Po.* But where are thoſe? *Ca.* What do you think of thoſe that miniſter in the Churches; that both carry the Book read it to the People, and meditate upon it? *Po.* As if any Man could carry the *Goſpel* in his *Heart*, and not be a *holy Man*, *Ca.* Let us have no *Sophiſtry*. No Man carries the Goſpel in his Heart, that does not love it with all his Soul; and no Man loves it as he ought to do, that does not conform to it in his Life. *Po.* Theſe are Subtilties out of my reach. *Ca.* I'll be plainer then: For a Man to carry a Flagon of Wine upon his ſhoulders, it's a Burden. *Po.* No doubt of it. *Ca.* What if a Man ſwills a ſoup of Wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again? *Po.* He's never the better for't: Tho' that's none of my way. *Ca.* But to come to your way then: What if he gulps it down? *Po.* There's nothing more Divine. *Ca.* It warms his Body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. *Po.* Moſt certain. *Ca.* And ſo it is with the Goſpel. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himſelf preſently a New Man after it. *Po.* And you think perhaps that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. *Ca.* That's a Queſtion only to be reſolv'd by your ſelf. *Po.* I underſtand none but Military Diviſions. *Ca.* Suppoſe any Man ſhould give you the Lie to your Face, or call you *Buffle-head*; what would you do? *Po.* What wou'd I do? Why I'd give him a Box o' th' Ear. *Ca.* And what if he ſhould give you another. *Po.* Why then I'd cut his Throat for't. *Ca.* And yet your Book

Book teaches you another Leſſon, and bids you return Good for Evil: and that if any body ſtrikes you on the Right Cheek, you ſhould offer him the Left alſo. *Po.* I have read ſome ſuch thing, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* I ſuppoſe you *pray* often. *Po.* That's too *Phariſaical.* *Ca.* Long Prayers are *Phariſaical* indeed, if they be accompanied with *Oſtentation.* Now your Book tells you that you ſhould *pray always*, but with *Intention.* *Po.* Well, but for all this I do pray ſometimes. *Ca.* At what times? *Po.* Sometimes when I think on't: It may be once or twice a Week. *Ca.* And what's your Prayer? *Po.* The *Lord's Prayer.* *Ca.* How often? *Po.* Only once: For the Goſpel forbids *Repetitions.* *Ca.* Can you go through the *Lord's Prayer* without thinking of any thing elſe? *Po.* I never try'd that: Is it not enough that I pronounce it? *Ca.* I cannot tell that God takes notice of any thing in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart. Do ye *faſt* often? *Po.* No, never. *Ca.* And yet your Book recommends *Faſting* and *Prayer.* *Po.* And I ſhould approve on't too, but my *Stomach* will not bear it. *Ca.* But St. *Paul* tells us that he's no Servant of *Jeſus Chriſt*, that ſerves his *Belly.* Do you eat *Fleſh* every day? *Po.* Yes, when I have it. *Ca.* And yet you have a robuſt Conſtitution that would live upon Hay with a Horſe, or the Barks of Trees. *Po.* But the Goſpel ſays that *thoſe things that go into a man, do not defile him.* *Ca.* Neither do they, if they be taken moderately, and without giving *Scandal.* But St. *Paul* that was a Diſciple of our Saviours, would rather ſtarve than offend a weak Brother: and he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all Men.

Po. Paul is *Paul*, and *Polyphemus* is *Polyphemus*. *Ca.* But it is *Ægon*'s Duty to feed Goats. *Po.* But I had rather *eat* them *(malim eſſe.)* *Ca.* Had you rather *BE* a Goat, ſay ye? That's a pleaſant Wiſh. *Po.* But I meant *Eſſe, pro Edere.* *Ca.* Very pretty. Do you give liberally to the Poor? *Po.* I have nothing to give. *Ca.* But if you'd live ſoberly and take pains, you might have ſomething to give. *Po.* It's a pleaſant thing for a Man to take his Eaſe. *Ca.* Do you keep the *Commandments?* *Po.* That's a hard Taſk. *Ca.* Do you *repent* your ſelf of your *Sins?* *Po.* Chriſt has made Satisfaction for us. *Ca.* How can you ſay now that you love the Goſpel? *Po.* I'll tell ye, we had a certain *Franciſcan* that was perpetually thundring out of the Pulpit, againſt *Eraſmus's New Teſtament:* I caught the Fellow once by himſelf, took him by the hair with my left hand, and with my right I buffetted him ſo well favouredly that ye could ſee no Eyes he had: and was not this done now like a Man that loves the Goſpel? After this, I gave him Abſolution, and knocking of him over the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I made three Bunches upon his Crown, and ſo abſolv'd him in Form. *Ca.* This was *Evangelically* done, without Queſtion; and a way of defending *one Goſpel* with *another.* *Po.* I met with another of his Fellows that was ſtill raging too againſt *Eraſmus*, without either End or Meaſure. My *Goſpel-Zeal* mov'd me once again, I brought him on his Knees, to this *Confeſſion*, that *what he ſaid was by the Inſtigation of the Devil:* I look'd upon him, like the Picture of *Mars* in a *Battle*, with my *Partizan* over him, to cut off his head if he had not done

it in point; and this was acted in the preſence of a great many Witneſſes. *Ca.* I wonder the Man was not frighted out of his wits. But to proceed; Do ye keep your *Body chaſt?* *Po.* When I come to be Old, it may be I ſhall. But ſhall I tell ye the Truth, *Cannius?* *Ca.* I'm no Prieſt: And if you have a mind to *Confeſs* your ſelf, you may ſeek ſome body elſe. *Po.* I uſe to *Confeſs* to God, but for once I'll do it to you. I am as yet (no perfect but) a very *Ordinary Chriſtian.* We have *four Goſpels*, and we *Military-Goſpellers*, propound chiefly to our ſelves theſe Four things. *Firſt*, to take Care for our *Bellies*; *Secondly*, that nothing be wanting *Below*; *Thirdly* to put *Money* in our Pockets; and *Laſtly*, to do what we *liſt*. When we have gain'd theſe four Points, we drink and ſing as if the Town were our own: And this is to us the Reign of Chriſt; and the Life of the Goſpel. *Ca.* This is the Life of an *Epicure*, not of a *Chriſtian.* *Po.* I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is Almighty ye know, and can make us other Men in an Inſtant, if he pleaſes. *Ca.* Yes, and he may make us *Swine* too; with more likelihood perhaps than Good Men. *Po.* I would there were no worſe things in the World than *Hogs*, *Oxen*, *Aſſes*, and *Camels*. You ſhall find a great many People that are *Fiercer* than *Lions*, more *Ravenous* than *Wolves*, more *Luſtful* than *Sparrows*, that will *bite* worſe than *Dogs*, and *ſting* worſe than *Vipers*. *Ca.* But it is time for you now to turn from a *Brute-animal* to a *Man.* *Po.* Ye ſay well; for I find in the Propheſies of theſe times, that the World's near an end. *Ca.* There's ſo much the more reaſon to repent betimes. *Po.* I hope Chriſt will give

me his helping Hand. *Ca.* But it is your part to make your ſelf fit matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the World is ſo near an end? *Po.* Becauſe People, they ſay, are now doing juſt as they did *in the days before the Flood*; *they are Eating and Drinking, Marrying and giving in Marriage*; *they* Whore, they Buy, they Sell, they take to Uſe, they put to Uſe, they Build; Kings make War; Prieſts ſtudy to encreaſe their Revenues; Schoolmen make *Syllogiſms*; Monks run up and down the World, the Rabble Tumult; *Eraſmus* writes Colloquies: In fine, all's naught; Hunger and Thirſt, Robberies, Hoſtilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a ſcarcity of all things that are Good. And does not all this argue now that the World is near an End? *Ca.* Now of all this Maſs of Miſchief, which is your greateſt Trouble? *Po.* Gueſs. *Ca.* That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Bags. *Po.* The very Point, or let me periſh! I have been drinking hard to day, but ſome other time when I'm ſober, we'll have another Touch at the Goſpel. *Ca.* And when ſhall I ſee ye ſober? *Po.* When I am ſo. *Ca.* And when will ye be ſo? *Po.* When you ſee me ſo: In the *Interim*, my dear *Cannikin*, be Happy. *Ca.* In requital, may'ſt thou long be what thou'rt call'd. *Po.* And that I may not be outdone in Courteſy; may the *Can* never fail *Cannius*, whence he has borrow'd his Name.

The

The False Knight.

COL. XIX.

The Insolences of Men in Power; and the Impostures that are put upon the World by Ignorance *and* Impudence, *instead of* Wisdom *and* Honour.

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

Ha. If you could help me out now, I am not a Man to forget a Courtesy. *Ne.* It shall be your own Fault, if I do not make ye what you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our Power to be *Born Noble*. *Ne.* What you want in *Blood*, you must supply with Vertue; and lay the Foundation of your own Nobility. *Ha.* That's such a devilish way about. *Ne.* Away, away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle. *Ha.* But the People are so apt to laugh at a Man that buys his Honour. *Ne.* Well! And if it be so ridiculous, why would you so fain be a Knight? *Ha.* Oh! I could shew ye twenty Reasons for that; if you could but put me in a way to make my self Honourable in the Opinion of the World. *Ne.* What would the *Name* signify without the *Thing*? *Ha.* But still if a Man has not the *Thing* it self, 'tis something however to have the *Reputation* of it. But give me your Advice at a venture;

and when ye know my Reaſons, you'll ſay it was worth my while. *Ne.* Why then I'll tell ye: You muſt, firſt, remove your ſelf to ſome Place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* And then get your ſelf into the Company of Men of Quality. *Ha.* I underſtand ye. *Ne.* People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. *Ha.* They will ſo. *Ne.* But then you muſt be ſure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. *Ha.* As how? *Ne.* I ſpeak of your Clothes: If they were *Silk* 'twere better; but if ye cannot go to the Price of *Silk*, I would rather have them *Canvaſs* than *Cloth*. *Ha.* You're in the Right. *Ne.* And rather than wear any thing that's *whole*, you ſhall cut your very *Hat* too, your *Doublet*, *Breeches*, *Shoes*; nay, rather than fail, if it could be handſomly done, your very *Fingers Ends*. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from *Vienna*, aſk him what he thinks of the Peace with *France*? How your *Couſin* of *Furſtenberg* has his Health there? And you muſt enquire after all the jolly Officers of your old Acquaintance. *Ha.* It ſhall be done. *Ne.* And you muſt be ſure to have a *Seal-Ring* upon your Finger. *Ha.* Good; if my Purſe would reach to't. *Ne.* You may have a *Braſs Ring gilt*, with a *Doublet*, for a ſmall matter. But then you muſt charge a *Scutcheon* with your *Coat of Arms*. *Ha.* And what *Bearing*? *Ne.* *Two Milking-Pails* and a *Pot of Ale*. *Ha.* Come, leave your Fooling. *Ne.* Were ye ever in a *Battle*? *Ha.* Alas! I never ſaw a naked Sword in my whole Life. *Ne.* Did you ever cut off the Head of a *Gooſe* or a *Capon*? *Ha.* Many a time, and with the Reſolution of a Man

Man of Honour too. *Ne.* Why what do ye think then of *three Goose caps Or*, and a *Whinyard Argent*? *Ha.* And what would you have the *Field*? *Ne.* What ſhould it be but *Gules*, in token of the *Blood ſhed*? *Ha.* 'Tis not amiſs; for the *Blood* of a *Gooſe* is as *Red* as that of a *Man*. But go forward. *Ne.* Where-ever ye paſs, let your *Coat* be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. *Ha.* And how the *Helmet*? *Ne.* That's well thought of: A *Mouth gaping* from Ear to Ear. *Ha.* Your Reaſon for that? *Ne.* Firſt, to give you Air; and then 'tis more ſuitable to your Dreſs. But what Creſt? *Ha.* What ſay you to that? *Ne.* A *Dog's Head with a Pair of bangling Ears*. *Ha.* That's common. *Ne.* Why then let him have *two Horns*, and that's extraordinary. *Ha.* That will do well: But what *Supporters*? *Ne.* Why, for *Stags*, *Talbots*, *Dragons*, *Griffins*, they are all taken up already by *Kings* and *Princes:* What do ye think of *Two Harpies*? *Ha.* Nothing can mend it. *Ne.* But now for your *Title*; you muſt have a Care that you do not call your ſelf *Harpalus Comenſis*, but *Harpalus à Como*; not *Norfolk Booby*, (for the Purpoſe) but *Booby* of *Norfolk*; the *one's Noble*, the *other Pedantick*. *Ha.* 'Tis ſo. *Ne.* Is there any thing now that you can call your ſelf the *Lord* of? *Ha.* No, not ſo much as a *Pig-ſty*. *Ne.* Were ye born in any eminent *City*? *Ha.* To make ye my *Confeſſor*, I was born in a pitiful obſcure *Village*. There muſt be no Lying in the Caſe, when a Man aſks Counſel. *Ne.* Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a famous *Mountain* near ye? *Ha.* Yes, there is. *Ne.* And is there ever a *Rock* near that? *Ha.* A very ſteep one. *Ne.*

Why then you ſhall be *Harpalus of the Golden Rock*. *Ha.* But moſt great Men, I obſerve, have their peculiar *Motto*. As *Maximilian*, *Keep within Compaſs*; Philip, *He that will*; Charles, *Further yet*, &c. *Ne.* Why then yours ſhall be, *Turn every Stone*. *Ha.* Nothing more pertinent. *Ne.* Now to confirm the World in their Eſteem of you, you muſt have Counterfeit Letters from ſuch and ſuch illuſtrious Perſons; and there you muſt be treated in a Stile of *Honour*, and with Buſineſs of *Eſtates*, *Caſtles*, *huge Revenues*, *Commands*, *Rich Matches*, *&c.* Theſe Letters you muſt either leave behind ye, or drop them ſome where by Chance, that they may be found, and taken Notice of. *Ha.* I can do that as eaſily as drink; for I'll imitate any Man's Hand alive ſo exactly, that he ſhall not know it from his own. *Ne.* Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you ſend your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be ſure 'twill be no Secret. But then you muſt be extremely troubled, that you ſhould be ſo careleſs. *Ha.* Let me alone for ordering my Countenance without a Vizor. *Ne.* The great Skill is, to have the Matter publiſhed ſo, that no body ſmell it out. *Ha.* For that matter, I'll warrant ye. *Ne.* You muſt then furniſh your ſelf with *Companions*, (or 'twill do as well if they be Servants) that ſhall ſtand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your *Worſhip* at every Turn: And never be diſcourag'd at the Charge, for you'll find young Fellows enough that will bear this part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humour-ſake, and for God-a-mercy. And then you muſt know, that there are a great

great many ſcribling Blades here, that are ſtrangely infected with the *Itch*, (I had like to have ſaid the *Scab*) of *Writing*; and a Company of hungry *Printers*, that will venture upon any thing for Money. You muſt engage theſe People to make honourable Mention of your *Quality* and *Fortune* in your *own Country*, in their *Pamphlets*; and your *Name* to be ſtill ſet in *CAPITALS*. This is a Courſe that will give ye Honour, even if the Scene were laid in *Japan*; and *one Book* ſpreads more than a *hundred talkative Tongues*. *Ha.* I am not againſt this way, but there muſt be *Servants yet maintain'd*. *Ne. Servants* muſt *be had*, but there's no need of *your feeding 'em*. They have *Fingers*, and when they are ſent up and down ſomething or other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in ſuch Caſes. *Ha.* A Word to the Wiſe; I underſtand ye. *Ne.* And then there are other Inventions. *Ha.* Pray'e let's hear 'em. *Ne.* If you do not underſtand *Cards* and *Dice*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Squandring*, the Art of *Borrowing* and *Bubbling*, and the *French Pox* to boot, there's no body will take ye for a *Perſon of Condition*. *Ha.* Theſe are Exerciſes I have been train'd up to: But where's the *Money* that muſt carry me through? *Ne.* Hold a little, I was juſt coming to that Point. Have ye any Eſtate? *Ha.* Truly a very ſmall one. *Ne.* Well, but when ye are once ſettled in the Reputation of a great Man, you can never fail of finding Fools to truſt ye: Some will be afraid, and others will be aſham'd to deny you; and there are Tricks for a Man to delude his Creditors. *Ha.* I know ſomething of that too; but they are apt to be trou-

troubleſome yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. *Ne.* Nay, on the contrary no Man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that owes *Money* to a *great many*. *Ne.* How ſo? *Ne.* Your *Creditor* pays ye that Obſervance, as if he himſelf were the Perſon obliged; for fear you ſhould take any thing ill, and couzen him of his Money. No Man has his *Servants* in ſuch awe, as a *Debtor* has his *Creditors*; and if you pay 'em never ſo little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you gave it. *Ha.* I have found it ſo. *Ne.* But then you muſt have a Care how you engage your ſelf to *Little People*: For they care not what Tragedies they raiſe, for peddling Sums; whereas Men of competent Fortunes are more tractable: They are either reſtrain'd by Good Nature, led on by Hope, or kept in Order by Fear, for they know the Danger of meddling with Men of Power; or, in Concluſion, when you are no longer able to ſtand the ſhock, 'tis but changing of your Quarter, and ſtill upon earneſt Buſineſs removing from one Place to another: And where's the Shame of all this? For a *Knight* to be in the *ſame Eſtate* with his *Imperial Majeſty*. If you find your ſelf preſt by a Fellow of mean Condition, you are to bleſs your ſelf at his Confidence; and yet 'tis good to be paying of ſomething; but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, ſet a good Face on't, as if ye had Money in your Pocket ſtill, though the Devil a Croſs. *Ha.* But what ſhall a Man brag of that has nothing? *Ne.* If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it paſs for your own. But it muſt be taken Notice of only as by Chance. And

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in this Case 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it, though ye pay it again the next Hour. You may put *Counters* in your Pocket, and 'tis but taking a *right Crown* or *two* out, and making the rest Chink: You may imagine— *Ha.* I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. *Ne.* But Knights, ye know, will handle us as they please. *Ha.* 'Tis very true, and there's no Remedy. *Ne.* I would advise you to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor Kindred: such as must be kept however. They'll stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House, or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper. Do ye conceive me? Let 'em consider, that Men have not Fingers for nothing. *Ha.* If this could be done with Safety. *Ne.* You must be sure to keep them in *handsome Liveries*, and be still sending of 'em with *counterfeit Letters* to *this Prince*, or *that Count.* Who shall dare to suspect them, if any thing be missing; or if they should suspect them, who shall dare to own it, for fear of the Knight their Master? If they chance to take a Booty by force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War; for this Exercise is but a Prelude to War it self. *Ha.* A blessed Counsellor! *Ne.* Now this *Statute* of *Knighthood* must be ever observ'd, that it is lawful for a Knight upon the Road to ease a common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more dishonourable, than for a pitiful Fellow of *Commerce* to have *Money at Will*, and a *Knight want it* to supply him with Necessaries for *Whores* and *Dice*? Be seen as much as possible in the Company of Great

Great Men, though you pin your ſelf upon them. You muſt put on a *Brazen Face*, and eſpecially to your *Hoſt*; and let nothing put ye out of Countenance. And therefore you ſhould do well to paſs your time in ſome Publick Place, as at the *Baths*, or *Waters*, and in the *moſt frequented Inns*. *Ha.* I was thinking of that. *Ne.* In ſuch Places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. *Ha.* As how I beſeech you? *Ne.* You'll find now and then a Purſe drop't, or the Key left in the Door, or ſo; you comprehend me. *Ha.* But—— *Ne.* What are ye afraid of? A Perſon that lives and talks at your Rate? *The Knight of the Golden Rock*, who ſhall preſume to ſuſpect him, or however to open his Mouth againſt him at the worſt? They'll rather caſt it upon ſome body that went away the Day before. You'll find the Family in Diſorder about it; but do you behave your ſelf as a Perſon wholly unconcern'd. If this Accident befals a Man that has either Modeſty or Brains, he'll even paſs it over without making any Words on't; and not caſt away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to't. *Ha.* 'Tis very well ſaid; for I ſuppoſe you know *the Count of the White Vulture?* *Ne.* Yes, yes, why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain *Spaniard*, a handſome gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his Houſe; he carry'd away a matter of *threeſcore Pounds Sterling*, and the *Count* had ſuch a Reverence for his Perſon, that he did not ſo much as open his Mouth for the matter. *Ne.* So that there's a Precedent. You may ſend out a Servant now and then for a *Soldier*, as ye ſee Occaſion; and he falls in upon the Rifling of a *Church* or a *Monaſtery*, and

and there's a *Fortune* made by the *Law of Arms*. *Ha.* This is the safest Expedient we have had yet. *Ne.* Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha.* And let's have that too, I prithee. *Ne.* When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a Quarrel with 'em, especially if they be *Church-men*, for they are strangely *hated* now a-days: One broke a Jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this Man spake, or t'other Man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a Ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter: But then you must breathe nothing but Destruction, Fire and Sword; and that naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity; and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand *three thousand Crowns*, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than *two hundred*. *Ha.* I, and I can threaten others with the *Law*. *Ne.* That is not so *generous* though; but yet it may help in some Degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the main Point; some *young Wench* or other, with a good Fortune, might be handsomly drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye, a *Young, Spruce, Drolling, Grinning Rascal!* Let it be given out, that you're call'd away to some great Office in the *Emperor's Court*; *the Girls are mad upon Coupling with the Nobility*. *Ha.* I know some that have made their Fortunes this way. But what if all this Roguery should come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me; and your imaginary Knight comes to have rotten Eggs

thrown at him? For a Man had better be taken robbing of a Church, than in the Course of such a Cheat. *Ne.* In this Case, you must put on the Brazen Face I told ye of; and I'll tell ye this for your Comfort, that *Impudence* never past so current for *Wisdom*, since the Creation of the World, as it does at *this Day.* You must betake your self to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can; ye shall find some Fools or other that will favour it: Nay, and some that out of pure Candor and Civility, tho' they understand the Abuse, will yet make the best on't: But for your last Refuge, shew a fair Pair of Heels for't; thrust your self into a *Battle* or a *Tumult*; for as *the Sea covers all Mischiefs, so War covers all Sins.* And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in this School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails; and yet let me advise ye to turn every Stone before ye come to't. Many a Man is undone by *Security.* Wherefore have a Care of *little damned Towns*, that a Man cannot *let a Fart* in, but the People presently take the *Alarm.* In *great* and *populous Cities* a body is more at Liberty, unless it be in such a Place as *Marseilles.* Make it your Business to know what the People say of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at this Rate: *What does this Man here so long? Why does not he go home again, and look after his Castles with a Pox? What does he talk to us of his Pedigree? I wonder how the Devil he lives?* These are *Bugg-Words*; and if you find this Humour once to grow upon the People, up with your Baggage, and be jogging before it be too late: But you must make your *Retreat* like a *Lion*, not like

like a *Hare*. *You are call'd away by the* Emperor, *to take Poſſeſſion of a great Charge, and it will not be long perhaps before they ſee you again at the Head of an Army.* Thoſe that have any thing to loſe, will be quiet enough when ye're gone: But of all People, have a care of your *peeviſh, malicious Poets*; they throw their Venom upon their Paper, and what they write is as publick as the Air. *Ha.* Let me die if I am not ſtrangely pleas'd with thy Counſel; and you ſhall never repent ye either of your *Scholar*, or of your *Obligation.* The firſt good Horſe that I take up upon my *Patent of Knighthood* ſhall be yours. *Ne.* Be as good as your Word now: But what is the Reaſon that you ſhould ſo ſtrangely dote upon a falſe Opinion of Nobility? *Ha* Only becauſe they are in a manner *Lawleſs*, and do what they pleaſe; and is not this a conſiderable Inducement? *Ne.* When all comes to all, you owe a Death to Nature, tho' you liv'd a *Carthuſian*; and he that dies of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, or the *Palſy*, had better have been broken upon the *Wheel.* 'Tis an *Article* of a *Soldier's Faith*, that *after Death there remains Nothing of a* Man *but his* Carcaſs. *Ha.* And that's my Opinion.

The

The Seraphick Funeral.

COL. XX.

A bitter Diſcourſe upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, *and* Practices *of the* Franciſcans: *Their* Inſtitution, *and the Blaſphemous Fundamentals of their Order.*

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

Ph. WHY, where have you been, *Theotimus*, that ye look ſo wonderfully *Grave* and *Devout*? *Th.* How ſo? *Ph.* You look ſo ſevere, methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your Left Shoulder, and your Beads in your Hand. *Th.* My Friend, if you have a Mind to know any thing that does not belong to ye; I have been at a *Shew*. *Ph. Jacob Hall* perhaps, or the *Jugler*, or ſome ſuch Buſineſs, it may be. *Th.* 'Tis ſomewhat thereabouts. *Ph.* You're the firſt Man ſure that ever brought ſuch an Humour back from a *Publick Spectacle*. *Th.* But this was ſuch a *Spectacle*, let me tell ye, that if you your ſelf had been a *Spectator*, you would have been more out of order perchance than I am. *Ph.* But why ſo extremely religious, I prethee, on a ſudden? *Th.* I have been at the *Funeral* of a *Seraphim*. *Ph.* Nay, pray tell me, do the *Angels* die? *Th.* No, but *Angels Fellows* do. But to put ye out of your Pain, you know

Euſebius,

Euſebius, I ſuppoſe; a famous, and a learned Man. *Ph.* What do you mean? *Euſebius*, the *Peluſian*; he that was firſt *degraded* from his *Authority*, to the ſtate of a *private Man*, and of a *private Man* made an *Exile*, and of an *Exile*, within a little of a *Beggar?* (I had like to have ſaid worſe.) *Th.* That's the Man. *Ph.* But what's come to him? *Th.* He's this day *Bury'd*, and I am juſt now come from his *Funeral*. *Ph.* It muſt needs be a doleful buſineſs ſure, to put you into this diſmal mood. *Th.* I ſhall never be able *to tell ye the Story without weeping*. *Ph.* Nor I to *hear it without laughing*. But let's have it however. *Th.* You know that *Euſebius* hath been a long time *infirm*. *Ph.* Yes, yes, he has not been a *Man* this many a year. *Th.* In theſe Slow and Conſumptive Diſeaſes, 'tis a common thing for a Phyſician to foretel a Man how long he ſhall live, to a preciſe day. *Ph.* It is ſo. *Th.* They told their Patient that all that the Art of Man could do, towards his preſervation, had been done already; and that God might preſerve him by a *Miracle*; but that he was abſolutely paſt all Relief of Phyſick; and according to human Conjecture, he had not above *three days to live*. *Ph.* And what follow'd? *Th.* The *Waſted Body of the Excellent Euſebius*, was preſently dreſs'd up in a *Franciſcan's Habit*, his *Head Shaven*, his *Aſh colour'd Cowl*, and *Gown*, his *Knotted Hempen Girdle*, and his *Franciſcan Shooes*; all put on. *Ph.* As departing this Life? *Th.* Even ſo: and with a Dying Voice, declaring, that if it ſhould pleaſe God to reſtore him to the Health that his Phyſicians deſpair'd of, he would ſerve under Chriſt, according to the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and there

were ſeveral Holy Men call'd in, to bear witneſs to his Profeſſion. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Phyſicians. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to aſſiſt at his Funeral Solemnity. *Ph.* I would I had been one of the Number my ſelf. *Th.* It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to ſee with what Tenderneſs the *Seraphick Sodality waſh'd* the *Body*, fitted the *holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Croſs*, *uncover'd*, and *kiſs'd* his *naked Feet*; and according to the Precept of the Goſpel, chear'd up his *Countenance* with *Ointment*. *Ph.* What a prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphick Brethren* to take upon them the *Pariſh Offices* of *Bearers* and *Waſhers*. *Th.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Bier*; and according to the direction of St. *Paul (bear ye one anothers Burthen)* Gal. 6. The Brethren took their Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the High-way to the *Monaſtery*, where they interr'd him with the uſual Songs and Ceremonies. As this Venerable Pomp was paſſing upon the way, I obſerv'd a great many People that could not forbear weeping; to ſee a Man that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapp'd now in a *Franciſcan's Habit*, *girt* with a *Rope's end*, and the whole Body diſpos'd in ſuch a poſture, as could not chuſe but move Devotion. For his *Head*, as I ſaid, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms a-croſs*; and every thing elſe too carry'd a wonderful appearance of Holineſs. But then the *March* of the Seraphick *Troop* it ſelf, hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fix'd upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dirges*: (ſo

mourn-

mournful; that in *Hell it ſelf* there can be nothing beyond it.) All this, I ſay, drew Sighs, and Tears in abundance from the Beholders. *Ph.* But had he the *five wounds* too of *St. Francis? Th.* I dare not affirm that for a Certain; but I ſaw ſome *Blewiſh Scars* on his *Hands*, and *Feet*; and he had a *hole* in his *left ſide* of his *Gown*; but I durſt not look too narrowly, for many People have been undone, they ſay, by being too curious in theſe matters. *Ph.* But did ye not take notice of ſome that laugh'd too? *Th.* Yes, I did obſerve it; but they were *Hereticks*, I ſuppoſe; there are e'en too many of them in the World. *Ph.* To deal honeſtly with thee, in my Conſcience, if I had been there my ſelf, I ſhould have laugh'd too for Company. *Th.* I pray God thou haſt not a *ſpice* of the ſame Leaven. *Ph.* There's no danger of that, good *Theotimus!* For I have had a Veneration for St *Francis*, even from a Child: He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and Man, for the ſtrict Mortification of his Affections, than for any Worldly Learning, or Wiſdom; and thoſe are his True Diſciples, that ſo *live in the Fleſh*, as if they were *dead* to it, and *liv'd* only in *Chriſt*: But for the *Habit* it ſelf, I value it not; and I would fain know what is a *dead Man* the Better for a *Garment? Ph.* It is the Lord's Precept, ye know, *not to give holy things to Dogs, or to caſt Pearls before Swine*: And beſides, if ye aſk Queſtions to make your ſelf merry with them. I'll tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honeſt deſire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. *Ph.* My Buſineſs is to learn, and you ſhall find me a diligent, a docile, and a

thankful Diſciple. *Th.* You know, firſt, that ſome People are ſo poſſeſs'd with Pride and Vanity, that their Ambition accompanies them to the very Grave; and they are not content, unleſs they be *Bury'd* with as much *Pomp* as they *Liv'd.* It is not that the *Dead feel* any thing; but yet by the force of *Imagination* they take ſome *Pleaſure* in their *Lives* to think of the *Solemnity*, and *Magnificence* of their *Funerals.* Now ye will not deny it, I ſuppoſe, to be ſome degree of Piety to renounce this weakneſs. *Ph.* I'll confeſs it, if there be no other way to avoid the Vanity of this Expence. But I ſhould think it much more Human, and Modeſt, even for a *Prince* to recommend his Body to a *coarſe Winding ſheet*, and to be laid in the *common Burying-place* by the *Ordinary Bearers.* For to be carry'd to the Grave, as *Euſebius* was, is rather the *Change* of a *Vanity*, than the *Avoidance* of it. *Th.* It is the *Intention* that *God accepts*, and it is *God alone* that can *judge* of the *Heart.* But this that I have told ye is a ſmall Matter, there are greater things behind. *Ph.* What are they? *Th.* They profeſs themſelves of the *Order of St. Francis*, upon the Point of *Death.* *Ph.* And he is to be their Protector in the *Elyſian Fields.* *Th.* No, but in *this World*, if they happen to *recover:* And it pleaſes God many times, that when the *Phyſicians* have given a Man for *loſt*, ſo ſoon as ever he has put on *this holy Robe* he *recovers.* *Th.* And ſo he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. *Th.* We ſhould walk with *Simplicity* in the *Faith*, but if there were not ſomewhat Extraordinary in the Caſe, why ſhould ſo many Eminent and Learned Men, eſpecially among the *Italians*, make ſuch a bus'neſs

bus'neſs to be *bury'd in This holy habit?* But theſe you'll ſay are Strangers to ye. What do ye think then of the famous *Rodolphus Agricola*; (one that I'm ſure you have an Eſteem for) and then of *Chriſtopher Longolius*, who were *both* bury'd ſo? *Ph.* I give no heed to what Men do when they are under the Amuſements of *Death.* Pray'e tell me now, what does it ſignify to a Man, the *profeſſing* or the *clothing* of him, when he comes to be aſſaulted with the *Terrors*, and *Diſtractions* of his *approaching Fate? Vows* ſhould be made in *ſound ſenſe*, and *ſobriety*; they are frivolous elſe, there ſhould be *mature Deliberation*, without either *Force*, *Fear*, or *Guile:* Nay they are *Void*, even without all this, before the Year of *Probation* be out: at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the *Coat* and *Hood*; (for ſo ſay the *Seraphicks)* ſo that if they recover, they are at liberty in two reſpects. For neither does That Vow bind, that is made by a Man under an *Aſtoniſhment*, betwixt the *Hope* of *Life* and the *Fear* of *Death*, nor does the *Profeſſion* oblige any Man, before the *wearing of the Hood. Th.* Whether it be an Obligation, or not, 'tis enough, that They think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the Good will; and This is the Reaſon that the *Good Works* of *Monks (cæteris Paribus,)* are more acceptable to *God*, than thoſe of *Other People*; becauſe they ſpring from that Root. *Ph.* We ſhall not make it a queſtion in This place, the Merit of a Man's Dedicating himſelf wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own Power. Every Chriſtian, as I take it, delivers himſelf up wholly to God in his *Baptiſm*; when he Renounces the *Devil and all his Works, the*

Pomps and Vanities of the Wicked World, and all the Sinful Luſts of the Fleſh, and liſts himſelf a Soldier to fight under Chriſt's Banner, to his Lives End. And St. *Paul* ſpeaking of thoſe that *die* with *Chriſt*, that they may *live* no longer to *Themſelves*, but to *Him* that is *Dead for them*, does not mean This of *Monks* only, but of *all Chriſtians*. *Th.* You have minded me ſeaſonably of our *Baptiſm*, but in times paſt, if they were but *Sprinkled* at the *laſt Gaſp*, there was hope yet promis'd them of Salvation. *Ph.* 'Tis no great matter what the Biſhops promiſe, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what God will vouchſafe to Do: For if there went no more to *Salvation*, than the *Sprinkling* of a little *Water*, what a Gap were there open'd to all ſorts of Carnal Appetites, and Licenſe? When Men had ſpent their lives, and their ſtrength in Wickedneſs, till they could ſin no longer, two or three drops of Water would ſet all Right again. Now if the *ſame Rule* holds in *your Profeſſion*, and *This Baptiſm*, it would make well for the Security of the Wicked, if they might *live* to *Satan* and *die* to *Chriſt*. *Th.* Nay, if a Man may ſpeak what he hears, of the *Seraphick Myſtery*, the *profeſſing of a Franciſcan* is *more efficacious* than his *Baptiſm*. *Ph.* What is't ye ſay? *Th.* Only our *Sins* are *waſh'd* away in *Baptiſm*; but the *Soul*, tho' it be *purg'd*, is left *naked*: But he that is inveſted with *This Profeſſion*, is preſently endow'd with the *Merits* and *Sanctimony* of the *whole Order*, as being *grafted* into the *Body* of the moſt *holy Sodality*. *Ph.* And what do ye think of him that is by *Baptiſm ingrafted* into the *Body* of *Chriſt*? Is he never the better; neither for the *Head*, nor for the *Body*?

Th.

Th. He's nothing at all the better for this *Seraphick Body*; unleſs he intitle himſelf to it by ſome *ſpecial Bounty*, or *Favour*. *Ph.* From what *Angel*, I beſeech ye, had they this *Revelation*? *Th.* From what *Angel*, do ye ſay? Why *St. Francis* had This, and a great deal more, *face to face*, from *Chriſt himſelf*. *Ph* Now as thou haſt any kindneſs for me in the World, tell me, for the Love of God, what were thoſe Diſcourſes? *Th.* Alas! Thoſe *holy* and *profound Secrets* are not for *profane Ears*. *Ph.* Why *profane*, I prethee? For I have ever been a Friend to this *Seraphick Order*, as much as to any other. *Th.* But for all That, you give 'em ſhrewd Wipes ſometimes. *Ph.* That's a ſign of *Love*, *Theotimus*; the *great Enemies* of the *Order* are the *Profeſſors* of it *themſelves*, that by *ill Lives* bring a *Scandal* upon the *Habit*. And that Man does not love it, that is not offended with the Corrupters of it. *Th.* But I am afraid St. *Francis* will take it ill, if I ſhould blab any of his Secrets. *Ph.* And why ſhould ye fear that from ſo innocent a Perſon? *Th.* Well, well! But what if I ſhould loſe my *Eyes*, or run *mad* upon't? As I am told *many have done, only for denying the Print of the five Wounds*. *Ph.* Why then the *Saints* are *worſe natur'd in Heaven*, than they were upon *Earth*. We are told that St. *Francis* was of ſo *meek* a Diſpoſition, that when the Boys in the Streets would be playing the Rogues with his *Cowl*, as it hung down at his Back, and throwing *Milk*, *Cheeſe*, *Dirt*, *Stones* at it, the Saint walk'd on *chearful* and *pleaſant* without any Concern at all. And ſhall we believe him *now* then to be *cholerick* and *revengeful*? One of his Companions once call'd

him *Thief*, *Sacrilegious*, *a Murtherer*, *an inceſtuous Sot*, and all the Villains in the World. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confeſs'd himſelf guilty. But one of the Company wondring at ſuch an Acknowledgment; I had done worſe than all this, ſays *St. Francis*, if God's Grace had not reſtrained me. How comes *St. Francis* now then to be *Vindictive? Th.* So it is, for tho' the *Saints* will bear any thing upon *Earth*, they'll take no *Affronts* in *Heaven*. Was ever any Man *gentler* than *Cornelius*, *milder* than *Anthony*, or more *patient* than *John the Baptiſt*, when they liv'd upon *Earth?* But now they are in *Heaven*, if we do not worſhip them as we ought, what *Diſeaſes* do they ſend among us? *Ph.* For my own part, I am of Opinion, that they rather *cure our Diſeaſes* than *cauſe* them. But however, aſſure your ſelf that what ye ſay to me is ſpoken to a Man that's neither *prophane*, nor a *Blab*. *Th.* Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it ſpoken without Offence to *St. Francis*, or the *Society*. St. *Paul*, ye know, was endu'd with a *profound* and *hidden Wiſdom*, which he never *publiſh'd*; but only *whiſper'd* it in *private* to thoſe *Chriſtians* that were *perfected*. So have theſe *Seraphicks* certain *Myſteries* alſo that they do not make *common*; but only communicate them in *private* to *rich Widows*, and other *choice* and *godly People*, that are *well-willers* to the *Society*. *Ph.* How do I long for the opening of this holy *Revelation!* *Th.* It was at firſt foretold by the *Lord* to the *Seraphick Patriarch*, that the more the *Society* increaſed, the more Proviſion he would make for them. *Ph.* So that at

firſt

firſt daſh here's that Complaint anſwer'd, that their growing ſo numerous is a Grievance of the People. *Th.* And then he revealed this farther too; That upon his *Anniverſary Feſtival*, all the *Souls* of that *Fraternity*, and not only thoſe that were of the *Cloathing*, but the *Souls* of their Friends alſo ſhould be deliver'd from the Fire of *Purgatory*. *Ph.* But was *Chriſt* ſo familiar with St. *Francis*? *Th.* He was as free with him as one *Friend* or *Companion* is with another. As *God the Father* in former times communed with *Moſes*. *Moſes* received the *Law* firſt, from *God himſelf*, and then deliver'd it to the *People*. *Our Saviour publiſhed the Goſpel*, and St. *Francis* had *two Copies of his peculiar Law* under the *Hands* of an *Angel*; which he deliver'd to that *Seraphick Fraternity*. *Ph.* Now do I look for a *third Revelation*. *Th.* That famous *Patriarch*, fearing now, that when the *good Seed was ſown, the Enemy ſhould come, while Men ſlept, and ſowing Tares among the Wheat, they ſhould both be pluck'd up together*. St. *Francis* was eas'd of this *Scruple*, by a *Promiſe* from the *Lord*, that he would take Care that this *Tribe* of *Half-ſhod* and *Rope-girt* People ſhould never fail, ſo long as the World endur'd. *Ph.* Why, what a merciful Providence was this now? For God would have had no Church elſe. But proceed. *Th.* It was *reveal'd* in the *fourth place*; that no leud Liver could long perſevere in that Order. *Ph.* But is it not taken for a Defection from the *Order*, if a Man live wickedly? *Th.* No; no more than it is for renouncing of *Chriſt*; tho' in ſome Reſpect, it may be ſo taken, when a Man denies in his *Actions*, what he profeſſes in his *Words*. But whoſoever caſts off this holy

Habit,

Habit, that Man is irrecoverably loſt to the *Society*. *Ph.* What ſhall we ſay then of ſo many Convents that hoard up Money, drink, play, whore, keep their Concubines publick, and more than I'll ſpeak of? *Th.* Thoſe People neither wear St. *Francis*'s *Gown*, nor his *Girdle*. And when they come to knock at the Door, the Anſwer will be, *I know ye not*; *for ye have not on the Wedding-Garment*. *Ph.* Is there any more? Why, ye have heard nothing yet. The *Fifth Revelation* was this: That the Enemies of this *Seraphick Order* (as they have been too many, the more's the pity) ſhould never arrive at half the Age that God had otherwiſe appointed them, without making away themſelves; but that they ſhould all die miſerable before their Times. *Ph.* Oh! We have ſeen many Inſtances of this, as in the *Cardinal Mathæus*, who had a very *ill Opinion* of this *Society*, and ſpake as *hardly* of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was *Fifty Years of Age*. *Th.* 'Tis very true; but then he was an Enemy to the *Cherubick Order*, as well as to the *Seraphick*: For he was the Cauſe, they ſay, of burning the *four Dominicans* at *Bern*, when the matter might otherwiſe have been compounded with the *Pope* for a Sum of Money. *Ph.* But theſe *Dominicans*, they ſay, had ſet up moſt horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to ſupport by *falſe Viſions* and *Miracles*; as that the *Bleſſed Virgin* was tainted with *Original Sin*; nay, that St. *Francis's Prints* of the *Five Wounds* were *counterfeited*: They gave out, that St. *Catharine*'s were more *authentick*. But the *perfecteſt* of all they promiſed to a *Laick Proſelyte* they had got, whom they made uſe

of

of for this Action; abuſing the *Lord's Body* in the *Government* of this *Impoſtor*, even with *Clubs* and with *Poiſon*. And they ſay further, that this was not the Contrivance of one *Monaſtry* alone, but of the *Principals* of the *Whole Order*. *Th.* Let it be which way it will, that divine Caution holds good however, *Touch not mine Anointed*. *Ph.* Is there any thing more to come? *Th.* Yes, you ſhall have the *Sixth Apocalyps*; wherein the Lord bound himſelf by an *Oath* to St. *Francis*, that all the *Favourers* of this *Seraphick Order*, let them live never ſo *wickedly*, ſhould find *Mercy* in the *Concluſion*, and *end their Days in Peace*. *Ph.* Why what if they ſhould be taken away in the Act of *Adultery*? *Th.* That which the Lord hath Promiſed, he will certainly make good. *Ph.* But what muſt a Man do to entitle himſelf to a Right of being call'd their *Friend*? *Th.* What? Do ye queſtion that? He that *preſents* them, he that *clothes* them, he that makes the *Pot boyl*, that Man gives Evidences of his *Love*. *Ph.* But does not he love, that *teaches* or *admoniſhes* them? *Th.* That's *Water into the Sea*; they have a great deal of this at home; and it is their Profeſſion to beſtow it upon *others*, not to *receive* it *from* them. *Ph. Our Saviour* promiſed more, I perceive, to St. *Francis's Diſciples*, than ever he did to his *own*. He takes that as done unto himſelf, which for his Sake one Chriſtian does for another; but I don't find where he promiſes *Eternal Salvation* to *Unrepenting Sinners*. *Th.* That's no wonder, my Friend; for the *Tranſcendent Power* of the *Goſpel* is reſerv'd to *this Order*. But ye ſhall now hear the *Seventh* and *Laſt Revelation*.

Ph.

Ph. Let's have it then. *Th.* Our Saviour ſware further to St. *Francis*, that *no Man ſhould ever make an ill End, that dy'd in a* Franciſcan's *Habit*. *Ph.* But what is it that you call an *ill End*? *Th.* When the *Soul* goes directly out of the *Body* into *Hell*; from whence there is no *Redemption*. *Ph.* So that the *Habit* does not free a Man from *Purgatory*? *Th.* No, not unleſs he dies upon St. *Francis*'s *Day*. But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be ſecur'd from *Hell*? *Ph.* The greateſt of all, no doubt. But what becomes of thoſe that are put into the *Habit* when they are *dead already*? for they cannot be ſaid to *die* in't. *Th.* If they *deſire* it in their *Life-time*, the *Will* is taken for the *Deed*. *Ph.* But I remember once in *Antwerp*, I was in the Chamber with ſome Relations of a Woman that was juſt giving up the Ghoſt. There was a *Franciſcan* by, (a very Reverend Man) who obſerving the Woman to yawn, and juſt upon her laſt Stretch, he put one of her Arms into his *Sleeve*, and ſo recover'd that *Arm*, and part of the *Shoulder*. There was a Diſpute rais'd upon't, whether the *whole Body* ſhould be *ſafe* for't, or only *that Part* which he had *touch'd*. *Th.* There is no doubt but the *whole Woman* was *ſecur'd*; as the *Water* upon the *Forehead* of a *Child* makes the *whole Child a Chriſtian*. *Ph.* 'Tis a ſtrange thing, the dread that the *Devils* have of *this Habit*. *Th.* Oh! they dread it more than the Sign of the *Croſs*. When the Body of *Euſebius* was carried to the *Grave*, there were *Swarms* of *Black Devils* in the *Air*, as thick as *Flies*, that would be *buzzing* about the *Body*, and *ſtriking* at it, but yet durſt not *touch* it: I ſaw this my ſelf, and ſo did

did many others. *Ph.* But methinks his *Face*, his *Hands*, and his *Feet* ſhould have been in *Danger*, becauſe (ye know) they were *naked*. *Th.* A *Snake* will not come near the *Shadow* of an *Aſh*, let it ſpread never ſo far; nor the *Devil* within *Smell* of *that holy Garment*: 'Tis a kind of *Poiſon* to them. *Ph.* But do not theſe Bodies putrify? For if they do, the *Worms* have more Courage than the *Devils*. *Th.* What you ſay is not improbable. *Ph.* How happy is the very *Louſe* that takes up his Abode in that *Holy Garment!* But while the Robe is going to the *Grave*, what is it that protects the Soul? *Th.* The Soul carries away with it the Influence of the *Garment*, which preſerves it to ſuch a degree, that many People will not allow any of that Order to go ſo much as into *Purgatory*. *Ph.* If this be true, I would not give this part of the *Revelation* for the *Apocalypſe* of St. *John*: For here's an eaſy and a ready way cut out, without *Labour*, *Trouble*, or *Repentance*; to *live* merrily in *this World*, and *ſecure* our ſelves of *Heaven hereafter*. *Th.* And ſo it is. *Ph.* So that my Wonder is over at the great Eſteem that is paid by the World to this *Seraphick Order*. But I am in great Admiration, on the other ſide, that any Man ſhould dare to open his Mouth againſt them. *Th.* You may obſerve where-ever ye ſee them, that they are Men given over to a *reprobate* Senſe, and blinded in their Wickedneſs. *Ph.* I ſhall be wiſer for the future than I have been, and take Care to die in a *Franciſcan Habit*. But there are ſome in this Age, that will have Mankind to be juſtified only by Faith, without the help of Good Works; but what a Privilege is it to be ſav'd

by a *Garment without Faith?* *Th.* Nay, not too faſt, *Philecous:* It is not ſaid, *Simply without Faith*; but it is ſufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promis'd by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the *Order*. *Ph.* But will this *Garment* ſave a *Turk* too? *Ph.* It would ſave *Lucifer himſelf*, if he had the Patience to *put it on*, and could but believe this *Revelation*. *Ph.* Well, thou haſt won me for ever. But there's a Scruple or two yet, that I would fain have clear'd. *Th.* Say then. *Ph.* I have been told, that St. *Francis's Order* is of *Evangelical Inſtitution?* *Th.* True. *Ph.* Now I had thought, that all *Chriſtians* had profeſs'd the Rule of the *Goſpel:* But if the *Franciſcans* be a *Goſpel-Order*, it looks as if all *Chriſtians* were bound to be *Franciſcans*; and *Chriſt* with his *Apoſtles* and the *Virgin Mother* at the *Head* of them. *Th.* It would be ſo indeed; but that St. *Francis* (ye muſt know) has *added ſeveral things* to the *Goſpel*. *Ph.* What are thoſe? *Th.* An *Aſh-colour'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, *naked Feet*. *Ph.* And by thoſe Marks we may know an *Evangelical Chriſtian* from a *Franciſcan*. *Ti.* But they differ too upon the Point of *touching Money*. *Ph.* But I am told, that St. *Francis* forbids the *receiving* of it, not the *touching* of it; but the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir* or a *Proxy* does commonly *receive* it; and though he draws it over in his *Glove*, ſo that he does not *touch* it, he does yet *receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that not *receiving* ſhould be expounded to be *not touching?* *Th.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*. *Ph.* Not as a *Pope*, but only as a *Franciſcan*. And again:

The *ſtricteſt* of the *Order*, do they not take *Money* in a *Clout*, when it is given them, in all their *Pilgrimages*? *Th.* In a caſe of *Neceſſity* they do. *Ph.* But a Man would rather *die*, than violate ſo *ſuper-Evangelical a Rule*. And then do they not receive Money every where by their *Officers*? *Th.* Yes, that they do, *Thouſands* and *Thouſands* many times; and why not? *Ph.* But the *Rule* ſays, that they muſt not *receive* Money, either by *themſelves*, or by *others*. *Th.* Well, but they don't *touch* it. *Ph.* Ridiculous. If the *Touch it ſelf* be *impious*, they *touch* it by *others*. *Th.* But that's the Act and Deed of their *Proctors*, not their own. *Ph.* Is it not ſo? Let him try it that has a Mind to't. *Th.* Do we ever read, that *Chriſt* touch'd Money? *Ph.* Suppoſe it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vinegar, and Sallads for his Father: But *Peter* and *Paul*, beyond all Controverſy, *touch'd* Money. The Virtue conſiſts in the *Contempt* of Money, and not in the *not touching* of it. There is much more danger, I'll aſſure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as ſcrupulous in *this Caſe* as in the *other*? *Th.* Becauſe St. *Francis* did not *forbid it*. *Ph.* They can frankly enough offer their *Hands*, (which they keep *fair* and *ſoft* with *Care* and *Idleneſs*) to a pretty *Wench*; but if there be any *touching* of Money in the Caſe, bleſs me! how they *ſtart*, and *croſs* themſelves, as if they had ſeen the *Devil*? And is not this an *Evangelical Nicety*? I cannot believe that St. *Francis* (though never ſo illiterate) could be ſo ſilly, as abſolutely to interdict all *touching* of *Money* whatſoever; Or if that were his Opinion, to how great

great a Danger did he expoſe all his Followers, in commanding them to go *bare-foot?* For Money might lie upon the *Ground*, and they *tread* upon it at *unawares*. *Th.* But they do not *touch* it with their *Fingers*. *Ph.* As if the Senſe of *Touching* were not common to the whole *Body*. *Th.* But in caſe any ſuch thing ſhould fall out, they dare not *officiate* after it, till they have been at *Confeſſion*. *Ph.* 'Tis conſcientiouſly done. *Th.* But *Cavilling* apart, I'll tell ye plainly how it is: Money ever was and ever will be an *Occaſion* to the World of *great Evils*. *Ph.* 'Tis confeſt; but then it is an Enablement of as much *Good* to *ſome*, as *Ill* to *others*. The *inordinate Love* of Money I find to be condemn'd, but not the Money *it ſelf*. *Th.* You ſay well. But to keep us the further from an avaricious Deſire of Money, we are forbidden the very *touching of it*; as the Goſpel forbids *Swearing* at all, to keep us from *Perjury*. *Ph.* Are we forbidden the *Sight* of Money? *Th.* No, we are not; for it is eaſier to govern our *Hands* than our *Eyes*. *Ph.* And yet *Death it ſelf* enter'd into the World at *thoſe Windows*. *Th.* And therefore your *true Franciſcan* draws his *Cowl* over his *Eye-Brows*, and walks with his *Eyes cover'd*, and ſo intent upon the *Ground*, that he *ſees nothing* but his *Way*: As we do our *Waggon-Horſes*, that have a Leather on each ſide of their Heads, to keep them from ſeeing any thing but what's at their Feet. *Ph.* But tell me now; are they *forbidden* by their *Order*, to receive any *Indulgencies* from the *Pope*? *Th.* They are ſo. *Ph.* And yet I am inform'd that no Men living have more; inſomuch that they are allow'd either to *poiſon* or to *bury alive* ſuch

ſuch as they themſelves have *condemn'd*, without any Danger of being call'd to account for't. *Th.* There is ſomething, I muſt confeſs, in the Story: For I was told once by a *Polander*, (and a Man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and faſt aſleep in the *Franciſcan's Church*, in the Corner where the Women ſit to make their *Confeſſions*. Upon the ſinging of their uſual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durſt not diſcover himſelf: And when the *Office* was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a Place, where there was a large deep *Grave* ready made; and there ſtood *two young Men* with their Hands ty'd behind them: They had a Sermon there in praiſe of *Obedience*, and a promiſe of God's Pardon for all their Sins, and not without ſome Hope of Mercy from the *Brotherhood*, upon condition that they ſhould *voluntarily* go down into the *Pit*, and lay themſelves upon their *Backs* there. So ſoon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth preſently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive. *Ph.* But did the *Polander* ſay nothing all this while? *Th.* Not one Syllable, for fear he himſelf ſhould have made the *third*. *Ph.* But can they juſtify this? *Th.* Yes, they may, when the *Honour* of the *Order* is in Queſtion; for ſee what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Eſcape, told what he had ſeen in all Companies where he came: which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphick Order:* And *had it not been better now, that this Man had been bury'd alive? Ph.* It may be it had. But theſe Niceties apart, how comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go *bare-foot*, they go now commonly

half-ſhod? *Th.* This Injunction was *moderated*, for *two Reaſons:* The *One*, for fear they ſhould tread upon Money at unawares; the *Other*, for fear they ſhould catch cold, or take any harm by *Thorns*, *Snakes*, *ſharp Stones*, and the like; for theſe People are fain to beat it upon the Hoof all the World over. But however, for the Dignity of the *Injunction*, the Rule is ſav'd by a *Synecdoche*; for ye may ſee part of the *Foot naked* through the *Shoe*, which by *that Figure* ſtands for the *whole*. *Ph.* They value themſelves much upon their Profeſſion of *Evangelical Perfection*, which (they ſay) conſiſts in *Goſpel-Precepts*; but about thoſe *Precepts* the Learned themſelves are in a manner at *Daggers drawing*. Now among thoſe *Goſpel-Precepts*, which do you reckon to be the moſt perfect? *Th.* of the *Fifth* of St. *Matthew*, where ye have this Paſſage: *Love your Enemies, do good to them that hate, and pray for them that perſecute and revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to ſhine upon the Good and upon the Evil, and ſendeth Rain upon the Juſt and upon the Unjuſt. Therefore be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* *Ph.* That's well ſaid. But then our *Heavenly Father* is rich, and munificent to all People, aſking nothing of any Man. *Th.* And theſe our *Earthly Fathers* are *bountiful* too, but it is of *Spiritual things*, as of *Prayers* and *Good Works*; of which they have enough for themſelves, and to ſpare. *Ph.* I would we had more Examples among them of that *Evangelical Charity*, that returns *Bleſſings* for *Curſings*, and *Good* for *Evil*. What is the Meaning of that

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celebrated Saying of *Pope* Alexander, *There's leſs Danger in affronting the moſt powerful* Prince *or* Emperor, *than a ſingle* Franciſcan *or* Dominican. *Th.* It is lawful to vindicate the *Honour* of the *Order*; and what's done to the *leaſt* of them, is done to the *whole Order*. *Ph.* And why not t'other way rather? The *Good* that is done to *One* extends to *all*: And why ſhall not an *Injury* to *one Chriſtian* as well engage all *Chriſtendom* in a *Revenge*? Why did not St. *Paul*, when he was *beaten* and *ſtoned*, call for *Succour* againſt the *Enemies* of his *Apoſtolical Character*? Now if, according to the Saying of our *Saviour*, it be better to *give* than to *receive*, certainly he that *lives and teaches well*, and *gives* out of his *own* to thoſe that *want*, is much perfecter, than he that is only upon the *receiving Hand*; or elſe St. *Paul's Boaſts of preaching the Goſpel gratis* is *vain* and *idle*. It ſeems to me, to be the beſt Proof of an *Evangelical Diſpoſition*, for a Man not to be mov'd with malicious Reproaches, and to preſerve a Chriſtian Charity even for thoſe that leaſt deſerve it. What does it ſignify for a Man to relinquiſh ſomething of his own, and then to live better upon another body's; if when he has laid down his *Avarice*, he ſtill retains to himſelf a Deſire of *Revenge*? The World is full every where of this *half-ſhod ſort of People* with their *Hempen Girdles*; but there's not one of a thouſand of them that lives according to the *Precepts* of our *Saviour*, and the *Practice* of his *Apoſtles*. *Th.* I am no Stranger to the Tales that paſs in the World for current among the Wicked, concerning that ſort of People; but for my own part, where-ever I ſee the *Sa-*

cred Habit, I reckon my ſelf in the preſence of the *Angels of God*; and *That* to be the *happieſt Houſe*, where the *Threſhold* is moſt *worn* by the *Feet* of theſe Men. *Ph.* And I am of Opinion too, that *Women* are in no place ſo *fruitful*, as where theſe *holy Men* have moſt to do. St. *Francis* forgive me, *Theotimus*, for my great miſtakes, but really I took their *Garment* to be no more than my own; not one jot the better, than the Habit of a *Skipper*, or a *Shoemaker*; ſetting aſide the Holineſs of the Perſon that wears it: As the *Touch* of our *Saviour*'s *Garment*, we ſee cur'd the Woman of her *Bloody-Iſſue*; and then I could not ſatisfy my ſelf, ſuppoſing ſuch *Virtue* in a *Garment*, whether I was to thank the *Weaver*, or the *Taylor* for it. *Th.* Beyond doubt, he that gives the *Form*, gives the *Virtue*. *Ph.* Well, ſo it is, I'll make my Life eaſier hereafter, than it has been; and never trouble my ſelf any more with the Fear of *Hell*, the *wearisome Tediouſneſs* of *Confeſſion*, or the *Torment of Repentance*.

Hell

Hell Broke Looſe.

COL. XXI.

The Diviſions of Chriſtian Princes are the Scandal of their Profeſſion. The Furies *ſtrike the Fire, and the* Monks *blow the Coal.*

CHARON, ALASTOR.

WHY ſo briſk, *Alaſtor*, and whither ſo faſt, I prithee? *Al.* Why now I have met with you, *Charon*, I'm at my Journey's end. *Ch.* Well! And what News d'ye bring! *Al.* That which you and your Miſtreſs *Proſerpina* will be glad to hear. *Ch.* Be quick then, and out with it. *Al.* In ſhort the *Furies* have beſtirr'd themſelves, and gain'd their Point. That is to ſay; what with *Seditions*, *Wars*, *Robberies*, and all manner of *Plagues*, there's not one ſpot left upon the Face of the Earth, that does not look like *Hell above-ground*. They have ſpent their *Snakes* and their *Poiſon*, till they are fain to hunt for more. Their Skulls are as bald as ſo many Eggs: Not a hair upon their Heads; nor one drop of Venom more in their Bodies. Wherefore be ready with your *Boat*, and your *Oars*, for you'll have more work e'er long than you can turn your Hand to. *Ch.* I could have told you as much as this comes to my

ſelf. *Al.* Well, and how came you by't? *Ch.* I had it from *Fame*, ſome two days ago now. *Al.* Nay *Fame*'s a nimble Goſſip. But what make you here without your *Boat*? *Ch.* Why I can neither will nor chuſe: For mine is ſo rotten a leaky old Piece, that 'tis impoſſible, if *Fame* ſpeak Truth, it ſhould ever hold out for ſuch a Job: And I am now looking out for a titer Veſſel. But true or falſe, I muſt get me another Bark however; for I have ſuffer'd a Wreck already. *Al.* Y'are all dropping wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Ch.* Neither better nor worſe, *Alaſtor*, than from ſwimming out of the *Stygian Lake*. *Al.* And where did you leave your Fare? *Ch.* E'en paddling among the *Frogs*. *Al.* But what ſays *Fame*, upon the whole matter? *Ch.* She ſpeaks of three Great Potentates, that are mortally bent upon the Ruin of one another, inſomuch, that they have poſſeſs'd every Part of Chriſtendom, with this Fury of *Rage* and *Ambition*. Theſe three are ſufficient to engage all the leſſer Princes and States in their Quarrel; and ſo *wilful*, that they'll rather periſh than yield. The *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Scot*, nay, and the *Turk himſelf*, are dipp'd in the Broil, and the Deſign. The Contagion is got into *Spain*, *Britany*, *Italy*, and *France*: Nay, beſides theſe Feuds of Hoſtility, and Arms, there's a worſe matter yet behind: That is to ſay; there is a Malignity that takes its Riſe from a Diverſity of *Opinions*; which has debauched Men's Minds, and Manners, to ſo unnatural, and inſociable a Degree, that it has left neither *Faith*, nor Friendſhip in the World. It has broken all Confidence betwixt Brother

and

and Brother; Huſband and Wife: And it is to be hop'd that this Diſtraction will one day produce a glorious Confuſion, to the very Deſolation of Mankind: For theſe Controverſies of the *Tongue*, and of the *Pen*, will come at laſt to be tried by the *Sword's Point*. *Al.* And *Fame* has ſaid no more in all this, than what theſe very Ears and Eyes have heard and ſeen. For I have been a conſtant Companion, and Aſſiſtant to theſe *Furies*; and can ſpeak upon Knowledge, that they have approv'd themſelves worthy of their Name and Office. *Ch.* Right, but Men's Minds are variable; and what if ſome Devil ſhould ſtart up now to negotiate a Peace? There goes a Rumour, I can aſſure ye, of a certain ſcribling Fellow, (one *Eraſmus* they ſay) that has enter'd upon that Province. *Al.* Ay, ay: But he talks to the deaf. There's no body heeds him, now-a-days. He writ a kind of a *Hue and Cry* after Peace, that he phanſy'd to be either *fled* or *baniſh'd*: And after that an *Epitaph* upon *Peace defunct*, and all to no purpoſe. But then we have thoſe on the other hand, that advance our *Cauſe* as heartily as the very *Furies themſelves*. *Ch.* And what are they, I prithee? *Al.* You may obſerve, up and down, in the Courts of Princes, certain Animals; ſome of them trick'd up with Feathers: Others in *White*, *Ruſſet*, *Aſh-colour'd Frocks*, *Gowns*, *Habits*: Or call 'em what you will, Theſe are the Inſtruments, you muſt know, that are ſtill irritating *Kings* to the Thirſt of *War* and *Blood*, under the ſplendid Notion of *Empire* and *Glory*: And with the ſame Art and Induſtry, they inflame the Spirits of the *Nobility* likewiſe, and of the *Common People*. Their *Sermons* are only *Harangues*,

in Honour of the Out-rages of *Fire* and *Sword*, under the Character of a *Juſt*, a *Religious*, or a *Holy War*. And which is yet more wonderful; they make it to be *God's Cauſe*, on *both Sides*. *God fights for us*, is the Cry of the *French* Pulpits: *And (what have they to fear, that have the Lord of Hoſts for their Protector?) Acquit your ſelves like Men*, ſay the *Engliſh*, and the *Spaniard*, and the Victory is certain: For *(this is God's Cauſe, not* Cæſar's.) As for thoſe that fall in the Battle, their Souls mount as directly to Heaven, as if they had Wings to carry 'em thither. (Arms and all.) *Ch.* But do their Diſciples believe all this? *Al.* You cannot imagine the Power of a *Well-diſſembled Religion*; where there's *Youth*, *Ignorance*, *Ambition*, and a *natural Animoſity*, to work upon. 'Tis an eaſy matter to *impoſe*, where there is a previous Propenſion to be *deceiv'd! Ch.* Oh, that it did but lie in my Power to do theſe People a good Office! *Al.* Give them a magnificent Treat then; there's nothing they'll take better. *Ch.* It muſt be of *Mallows*, *Lupines*, and *Leeks*, then, for we have nothing elſe you know. *Al.* Pray let it be *Partridge*, *Capons*, *Pheaſant*, they'll never think they are welcome elſe. *Ch.* But to the Point, what ſhould ſet theſe People ſo much a-gog upon *Sedition* and *Broils*. What can they get by't? *Al.* Do not you know then, that they get more by the *Dead*, than by the *Living*? Why, there are *Teſtaments*, *Funerals*, *Bulls*, and twenty other pretty *Perquiſites* that are worth the looking after: Beſides that a *Camp life* agrees much better with their Humour, than to lie droning in their *Cells*. *War* breeds *Biſhops*, and a very *Block-head*, in a Time of *Peace*, comes

many times to make an *Excellent Military Prelate*. *Ch.* Well! they underſtand their buſineſs. *Al.* Stay: But to the matter of a Boat; what neceſſity of having another? *Ch.* Nay, 'tis but *Swimming* once again, inſtead of *Rowing*. *Al.* Well, but now I think on't; how came the Boat to ſink? *Ch.* Under the Weight of the Paſſengers. *Al.* I thought you had carry'd *Shadows* only, not *Bodies*. What may be the Weight, I prithee, of a Cargo of *Ghoſts*? *Ch.* Why, let 'em be as light as *Water-Spiders*, there may be enow of them to do a bodies work. But then my *Veſſel* is a kind of a *Phantom* too. *Al.* I have ſeen the time, when you had as many Ghoſts as you could ſtow a-board; and Three or Four thouſand more hanging at the Stern, and your Bark methought never ſo much as felt on't. *Ch.* That is all according as the Ghoſts are: For your *Hectical*, *Phthiſical* Souls, that go off in a Conſumption, weigh little or nothing. But thoſe that are torn out of Bodies, in a Habit of foul Humours; as in *Apoplexies*, *Quinſies*, *Fevers*, and the like; but moſt of all, in the Chance of *War*: Theſe, I muſt tell ye, carry a great deal of corpulent, and groſs Matter, along with them. *Al.* As for the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, methinks they ſhould not be very *Heavy*. *Ch.* No, not comparatively with others: And yet I do not find them altogether ſo light as Feathers neither. But for the *Britains*, and the *Germans*, that are rank Feeders, I had only ten of 'em a-board once; and if I had not lighten'd my Boat of part of my Lading, we had all gone to the Bottom. *Al.* You were hard put to't I find. *Ch.* Ay; but what do ye think, when we are

peſter'd

peſter'd with *great Lords*, *Hectors*, and *Bullies*? *Al.* You were ſpeaking of a *Juſt War*, e'en now. You have nothing to do, I preſume, with thoſe that fall in ſuch a War: Theſe go to rights, all to Heaven, they ſay. *Ch.* Whither they go, I know not; but this I am ſure of: Let the War be what it will, it ſends us ſuch Sholes of Cripples, that a body would think there were not one Soul more left above ground; and they come over-charg'd not only with *Gut* and *Surfeits*, but with *Patents*, *Pardons*, *Commiſſions*, and I know not how much Lumber beſides. *Al.* Do they not come *Naked* to the Ferry then? *Ch.* Yes, yes; but at their firſt coming they are ſtrangely haunted with the *Dreams* of all theſe things. *Al.* Are *Dreams* ſo heavy then? *Ch. Heavy*, d'ye ſay? Why they have drown'd my Boat already: And then there's the Weight of ſo many *Half-pence*, over and above. *Al.* That's ſomewhat I muſt confeſs, if they be Braſs. *Ch.* Well, well! It behoves me at a venture to get a ſtout Veſſel. *Al.* Without many Words; upon the main, thou'rt a happy Man. *Ch.* Wherein, as thou lov'ſt me? *Al.* Thou't get thee an Alderman's Eſtate, in the turning of a Hand. *Ch.* There muſt be a World of Fares, at a *Half-penny a Ghoſt*, for a Man to thrive upon't. *Al.* You'll have enough I warrant ye to do your buſineſs. *Ch.* Ay, ay, 'twould mount to ſomewhat indeed, if they'd bring their Wealth along with them. But they come to me, weeping and wailing, for the *Kingdoms*, the *Dignities*, the *Abbies*, and the *Treaſures* that they left behind 'em; pay their bare Paſſage, and that's all. So that what I have been theſe Three thouſand

Years

Years a ſcraping together, muſt go all away at a ſwoop, upon one Boat. *Al.* He that would get Money, muſt venture Money. *Ch.* Ay; but the People in the World have better Trading they ſay: Where a Man in three Years time ſhall make himſelf a Fortune. *Al.* Yes, yes, and ſquander't away again, perhaps in half the time. Your gain 'tis true, is leſs, but then 'tis ſteady and ſurer. *Ch.* Not ſo ſteady neither, perchance. For what if ſome Providence ſhould diſpoſe the Hearts of Princes to a General Peace: My Work's at an end. *Al.* My Life for yours, there's no fear of that, for one half-ſcore Year. The *Pope* is labouring it, I know: But he had as good *keep his Breath to cool his Porridge.* Not but that there is notable Muttering and Grumbling every where? 'Tis an unreaſonable thing they cry, that Chriſtendom ſhould be torn in pieces thus, to gratify a particular Picque, or the Ambition of two or three ſwaggering Pretenders. People, in fine, are grown ſick of theſe *Hurly-burlies:* But when Men are bewitch'd once, there's no place left for better Counſels. Now to the buſineſs of the Boat. We have Workmen among our ſelves, without need to look any farther. As *Vulcan*, for the purpoſe. *Ch.* Right: If it were for an Iron, or a Brazen Veſſel. *Al.* Or 'twill coſt but a ſmall matter, to ſend for a Carpenter. *Ch.* Well! And where ſhall we have Materials? *Al.* Why, certainly, you have Timber enough. *Ch.* The Woods that were in *Elyzium*, are all deſtroy'd: Not ſo much as a Stick left. *Al.* How ſo, I beſeech ye! *Co.* With burning *Hereticks Ghoſts.* And now, for want of other Fewel, we are fain

to

to dig for Cole. *Al.* But theſe Ghoſts, methinks, might have been puniſh'd cheaper. *Ch. Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it ſo. *Al.* And what will you do now for your Wherry and Oars? *Ch.* I'll look to the Helm my ſelf, and if the Ghoſts will not row, let 'em e'en ſtay behind. *Al.* And what ſhall they do, that ne'er ſerv'd to the Trade? *Ch.* Serve or not ſerve, 'tis all a Caſe to me; for I make *Monarchs* row and *Cardinals* row, as well as *Porters* and *Carmen.* They all take their Turns, without any Privilege or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wiſh you a Boat to your Mind, and ſo I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But hark ye firſt. *Ch.* Speak then. *Al.* Make what Haſte you can, or you'll be ſmother'd in the Croud. *Ch.* Nay, you will find at leaſt Two Hundred Thouſand upon the Bank already, beſides thoſe that are plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all the Diſpatch I can, and pray'e let them know I'm coming.

The

The Old Man's Dialogue.

COL. XXII.

A ſhort View of Human Life, *in a* Colloquy *betwixt* Four Old Men *of ſeveral Humours. The* firſt *a Man of* Sobriety *and* Government; *the* ſecond *a* Debauchee; *the* third *a* Rambling Bigot; *the* fourth *a Man truly* Religious.

EUSEBIUS, PAMPYRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLYCION; HUGONITIO, HENRICUS, Waggoners.

Eu. WHat new Faces have we here? Stay a little. Either my Memory and my Spectacles abuſe me, or that muſt be *Pampyrus*, t'other *Polygamus*, and the third *Glycion*, my old Acquaintances and Companions. They are certainly the very ſame. *Pa.* Friend, what doſt thou ſtand ſtaring at with thy *Glaſs Eyes*, as if thou would'ſt bewitch People: Pray come nearer a little. *Po.* In good time, honeſt *Euſebius*; how glad am I to ſee thee! *Gl.* All Health and Happineſs to the beſt of Men. *Eu.* One Bleſſing upon you all together, my dear Friends. What Providence, or at leaſt what providential Chance has brought us together now! 'Tis *forty Year*, I believe, ſince we four ſaw one another. Why 'tis as if ſome *Mercurial* Rod had brought us into a Circle with a Charm

Charm. But what are ye doing here? *Pa.* We are ſitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beſeech ye? *Po.* We wait for the *Antwerp Waggon.* *Eu.* You are going to the *Fair* perhaps? *Po.* We are ſo; but rather upon Curioſity than Buſineſs; tho' ſome go for one, ſome for t'other. *Eu.* Well! and I am going thither my ſelf too: But what do you ſtay for? *Po.* Only to bargain for our Paſſage. *Eu.* Theſe *Waggoners* are a dogged ſort of People. But what if we ſhould put a *Sham* upon 'em? *Po.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to reaſonable Terms, I'm for telling them, that we'll e'en trudge it away a Foot? *Po.* You may as well tell 'em that you'll fly thither, as that you'll walk it, and they'll believe it as ſoon. *Gl.* Shall I adviſe you for the beſt now? *Po.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be ſure they are at their *Brandy*; and the longer they fuddle, the more Danger of over-turning. *Po.* You muſt riſe betimes to find a *Fore-man* ſober. *Gl.* I fancy it would be worth the while for us take a Waggon by our ſelves; 'tis but little more Charge, and we ſhall get the ſooner thither: We ſhall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Converſation. *Po. Glycion* is much in the right on't. For Good Company upon the Way does the Office of a Coach, and makes the Journey both eaſy and pleaſant, beſides the Liberty of Diſcourſe. *Gl.* Come good People, I have taken the *Waggon*; let's up and be jogging. So. And now I begin to live methinks, in the Sight of ſo many of my ancient Friends and Comrades, and after ſo long a Separation. *Eu.* And I to grow young again.

again. *Po.* How long may't be, ſince we Four were in Penſion together at *Paris?* *Eu.* I take it to be a matter of *Two and Forty Years.* *Pa.* And were not we Four much of an Age then? *Eu.* Very near the matter. *Pa.* And what a Difference does there ſeem to be at preſent! Here's *Glycion* has nothing of an Old Man about him; and for *Polygamus* there, a Body would take him for his *Grand-father.* *Eu.* The thing is manifeſtly true. But what ſhould be the Reaſon on't? *Pa.* Why either the one ſtopt in his Courſe, or the other made *more Haſte than good ſpeed.* *Eu.* No, no; Men may ſlacken their Pace, but Time rouls on without reſpect. *Po.* Come, *Glycion,* deal frankly with us, and ſay, How many *Years* haſt thou upon thy *Back?* *Gl.* More than *Ducats* in my *Pocket.* *Pa.* But the *Number,* I prithee. *Gl.* Juſt *Sixty Six.* *Eu.* Why thou'lt never be old. *Po.* Well; but by what ſecret Arts haſt thou preſerv'd thy ſelf in Health and Youth ſo long, without either Grey Hairs or Wrinkles? There's Fire and Spirit in your Eyes, your Teeth are white and even, a freſh Colour, and a ſmooth plump Habit of Body. *Gl.* Upon Condition that you tell me how you came to be *Old* ſo ſoon, I'll tell you how I kept my ſelf *Young* ſo long. *Po.* I'll do't with all my Heart; and therefore begin the Hiſtory at your leaving of *Paris.*

GLYCION. I went directly into my own Country; and by that time I had been there about a Year, I began to bethink my ſelf what Courſe of Life to chuſe, as a matter of great Importance towards my future Peace: And ſo I caſt my Thoughts upon ſeveral Examples

good and bad; ſome that ſucceeded, others that miſcarry'd. *Po.* This was a Point of Prudence more than I expected; for you had none of theſe ſober Conſiderations about ye, when I knew you at *Paris*. *Gl.* That was before I had *ſow'd my wild Oats*, as we ſay. But you muſt know, my good Friend, that I did not do all this neither, purely by my own *Mother-Wit*. *Po.* I was indeed a little ſurpriz'd at it. *Gl.* The Courſe I took was, in ſhort this: The firſt thing I did was to find out a Perſon of the moſt general Reputation for Gravity, Wiſdom, and long Experience in the whole Neighbourhood; and one that in my own Opinion was the happieſt of Men. *Eu.* Very diſcreetly done. *Gl.* This Man I made my Friend and my Counſellor, and by his Advice I marry'd a Wife. *Po.* With a fair Portion, I hope. *Gl.* So, ſo: But in a competent Proportion to my own Fortune, and juſt enough to do my Buſineſs. *Po.* What was your Age then? *Gl.* Towards *Two and Twenty*. *Po.* A happy Creature! *Gl.* You muſt not take this yet to be wholly the Work of Fortune. *Po.* How ſo? *Gl.* I'll ſhew ye now. 'Tis the Practice of the World to *love* before they *judge*, but I *judge* before I *lov'd*: Not but that I took this Woman more for Poſterity ſake, than for any Carnal Satisfaction. And never a happier Couple under the Sun, for the eight Years that we lived together; but then I loſt her. *Po.* Had you no Children by her? *Gl.* Yes, *Four*, that, God be prais'd for't, are yet alive; two Boys and two Girls. *Po.* And what's your Condition at preſent? Private or Publick? *Gl.* Why I have a Publick Commiſſion. It might have been better, but there's Credit enough in't to ſecure me

me from Contempt, and then 'tis free from vexatious Attendances; which is as much as I aſk, ſo long as I have ſufficient for my ſelf, and ſomewhat upon Occaſion to ſpare for my Friend, which is the very height of my Ambition. And then I have taken Care to give more Reputation to my Office than I have receiv'd from it. I hope I have done well in't. *Po.* Without all Controverſy. *Gl.* At this rate of Government my Life has been long and eaſy to me, and I am grown old in the Arms and good Eſteem of all my Companions and Friends. *Eu.* But there's a hard Saying, methinks, though very much to the Purpoſe: *He that has no Enemies has no Friends. Envy never fails to tread upon the Heel of Happineſs.* *Gl.* Right if it be a ſplendid, pompous Felicity; but in a State of Mediocrity, a Man's quiet and ſafe. I have made it my perpetual Care and Study never to raiſe any Advantage to my ſelf from the Miſeries or Misfortunes of other People. I have kept as much as poſſible from the Cumber of Buſineſs, eſpecially from invidious Employments, that could not be diſcharg'd without making many Enemies: Nay as near as I can, I would not diſoblige one Man to help another. In caſe of any Miſunderſtanding, I do what I can, either to excuſe and ſoften it, or to let it fall without taking notice of it; or elſe with good Offices to ſet all Right again. I never lov'd Squabbling and Contention; but where there's no avoiding it, I chuſe rather to loſe my Money than my Friend. Upon the whole I am for *Mitio*'s Character in the Comedy. I affront no Man; I carry a chearful Countenance to all, I ſalute or reſalute with Heart and Good-will; I croſs

no Man's Inclination; I cenſure no Man's Purpoſes or Doings; I am not ſo ſelf-conceited, as to deſpiſe other People; and it never moves me, when I ſee Men over value themſelves. That which I would have kept ſecret, I tell to no Mortal. I never was curious in the Privacies of other Men; and if any thing of that Nature came to my Knowledge, I never blab'd it. 'Tis my conſtant Practice either to ſay nothing at all of the Abſent, or to ſpeak of them with Kindneſs and Reſpect: For half the Quarrels in the World take their Riſe from the Intemperance of the Tongue. I have made it my Rule, never to provoke Differences, or to heed them; but on the contrary, ſo much as in me lay, either to moderate or to extinguiſh them. By theſe Means I have kept clear of Envy, and ſecur'd my ſelf of the Affection and Eſteem of my Country-men. *Pa.* Did not you find a *ſingle Life* irkſome to you? *Gl.* The ſharpeſt Affliction that ever befel me, was the Death of my Wife; I could not but paſſionately wiſh that we might have grown old together, and have continued happy in the Enjoyment of the common Bleſſing of our Children; but ſince Providence had otherwiſe determin'd, Duty and Religion told me, that God's way was beſt for both; and that it would be both fooliſh and wicked to torment my ſelf in vain, without any Advantage either to the Dead or to the Living. *Po.* You were ſo happy in one Wife, methinks, it ſhould have tempted you to venture upon another. *Gl.* I had ſome Thoughts that way: But as I married one for the hopes of Children; ſo for theſe Childrens ſakes I reſolv'd never to marry again. *Po.* But were not

the

the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow? *Gl. Nothing is hard to a willing Mind.* And then do but conſider the Benefits of a ſingle Life: There are a ſort of People in the World, that will be ſtill making the worſt of every thing, and taking it by the *wrong Handle.* As *Crates* (or ſome body elſe in an Epigram under his Name) has ſumm'd up the Evils or *Inconveniences* of Human Life; and the Reſolution is this, that *it is beſt not to be born.* Now that Humour of *Metrodorus* pleaſes me a great deal better, in his Abſtract of the *Bleſſings* of Life: 'Tis a more comfortable Proſpect, and it ſweetens the Diſguſts and Weakneſſes of Fleſh and Blood. For my own part, I have brought my ſelf to ſuch a Temper of Indifference, as never to be tranſported with any violent *Inclinations* or *Averſions*; and this ſecures me, whether my Fortune be good or bad, from either Inſolence in one Caſe, or Abjection or Deſpondence in the other. *Pa.* Make this good, and you are a greater Philoſopher than either *Thales* or *Metrodorus* themſelves. *Gl.* So ſoon as ever I find but the firſt Motion of any Diſorder in my Mind, (as theſe Touches are not to be avoided) whether it be from the Senſe of an Indignity or Affront, I caſt it immediately out of my Thoughts. *Po.* Well, but there are ſome *Family-Provocations* and *Offences* for the purpoſe, that would anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never ſtay long enough with me to make an Impreſſion. If I can quiet things I do't; if I cannot, I ſay thus to my ſelf: Why ſhould I gall my ſelf to no manner of purpoſe? In a word, my Reaſon does that for me at firſt, which after a little while time it ſelf would do. Briefly, if any thing trou-

bles me, I never carry the Thoughts on't to Bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to ſee ſo vigorous a Body under the Government of ſo virtuous a Mind. *Gl.* Come, come, Gentlemen, in the Freedom of Friendſhip: I have kept this Guard upon my ſelf, not to do any thing that might reflect upon my own Honour, or my Families. There's no Miſery like that of a *guilty Conſcience*; and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at Night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd my ſelf to God, for the Tranſgreſſions of the Day paſt. He that's well with his *Maker*, can never be uneaſy within himſelf; for the Love and Protection of the Almighty ſupports him againſt all the Malice of wicked Men. *Eu.* Have you never any anxious Thoughts upon the Apprehenſion of Death? *Gl.* No more than I have for looking back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I muſt die, and to live in fear on't may poſſibly ſhorten my Life, but it can never lengthen it; ſo my only Care is to live honeſtly and comfortably, and leave the reſt to Providence. No Man can live *Happily*, that does not live *Well*. *Pa.* But to live ſo long in the ſame Place, tho' 'twere in *Rome* it ſelf: I ſhould grow grey, I fancy, with ſo much of the ſame thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleaſure no doubt on't in Variety; but then for long Travels, though Experience and Obſervation may make Men wiſe, they run the Riſk of a thouſand Dangers, to balance that Prudence. Now I am for the ſafer way of compaſſing the World in a Map; and I can find out more in *printed Travels*, than ever *Ulyſſes* ſaw in all his *twenty Years Ramble* I have my ſelf a *Villa*, ſome two Miles out of Town; when

when I'm There, I'm a *Country-man*; and when I come back again, I am welcom'd, as if I had been upon the diſcovery of the *North-Weſt Paſſage*. *Eu.* You keep your Body in order, I preſume with *Phyſick*. *Gl.* No, no, I have nothing to do with the *Doctors*, I was never *let Blood* in my Life yet: and never meddled with either *Pill* or *Potion*. When I feel my ſelf any way indiſpoſed; change of *Air*, or a *ſpare Diet*, ſets me right again. *Eu.* Don't you *ſtudy* ſometimes? *Gl.* Oh by all means, 'tis the moſt agreeable Entertainment of my Life. But not ſo, as to *make a Toil of a Pleaſure*. And I do it not for Oſtentation, but for the Love and Delight of it, or for the informing of my Life and Manners. After Dinner I have a Collation of edifying Diſcourſe or Stories, or elſe ſome body to read to me; and I never plod at my Book above an hour at a time. When that's over, I take my Lute perhaps, and a walk in my Chamber, either groping it or ſinging to't; or ruminating it may be, upon what I have heard or read. If I have a good Companion with me, I give him part on't: and after a while, to my Book again. *Eu.* But tell me now, upon the word of an honeſt Man; do you find none of thoſe Infirmities about ye, that are ſo common to *Old Age*? *Gl.* Why truly, my *Sleeps* are not ſo ſound, neither is my *Memory* ſo firm as it has been. I have now acquitted my ſelf of my Promiſe, to a Syllable; and told you the whole Secret that has kept me *young* ſo *long* And pray'e let *Polygamus* deal as faithfully with us in the Relation of what has made him *old*, ſo much *ſooner*. *Po.* You are ſo much my Friends, that you ſhall have it without any Diſguiſe or Reſerve. *Eu.* Pray'e let it be ſo then, and it ſhall never go farther.

POLYGAMUS. I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *Paris*. *Eu.* We remember it very well: but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *hot Blood*, and your looſe Manners behind ye. *Po.* I had variety of Miſtreſſes there; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. *Eu.* What to your Father's Houſe? *Po.* Directly thither: But ſhe paſs'd for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a ſhort time was to follow her. *Gl.* And did your Father ſwallow this? *Po.* Yes at firſt, but in a matter of four days he ſmelt out the Cheat: and then there was heavy work made on't. In this *interim* however I ſpent my Time, and my Money in *Taverns*, *Treating-Houſes*, *Gaming-Ordinaries*, and other extravagant Diverſions of the like kind. In ſhort; my Father's Rage was ſo implacable, *He'd have no ſuch cackling Goſſips he ſaid under his Roof: He'd not own ſuch a rebellious Wretch any longer for his Son*, &c. that in concluſion, I was e'en fain to march off with my Pullet, and ſo neſtle in another place: Where ſhe brought me a brood by the way. *Pa.* But where had you Money all this while? *Po.* Why my Mother help'd me now and then by ſtealth: beſides conſiderable Sums that I borrow'd. *Eu.* And were there any ſuch Fools as would give you Credit? *Po.* Why, there are thoſe that will truſt a Spend-thrift ſooner than an honeſter Man. *Pa.* Well! and what next? *Po.* When my Friends ſaw my Father at laſt, upon the very point of diſinheriting me, they brought him to this Compoſition, that I ſhould renounce the *French Woman*, and marry one of our own Country. *Eu.* Was ſhe not your Wife? *Po.* There had paſt ſome words in the *Fu-*

ture

ture Tenſe (as *I will marry ye*, for the purpoſe) but then, to ſay the Truth, there follow'd *Carnal Copulation*, in the *Preſent Tenſe*, or ſo. *Eu.* And how could you diſſolve that Contract then? *Po.* Why, it came out afterwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French Huſband*, only ſhe was gone away from him. *Eu.* So that you have a Wife, it ſeems. *Po.* Yes, yes, I am now marry'd to my *eighth Wife*. *Eu.* The *eighth*, do ye ſay? Why then he that gave you the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens with Eggs*, in the ſtead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving* ſure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my *eighth* Wife ſhould die to day, I'd take a *ninth* to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my Opinion, that a *Man* may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as *a Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of *Whoring* and *Drinking*, to ſee you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an old Man before your time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.* Why, betwixt a ſmall Eſtate that my Father left me, and my own hard Labour, I make a ſhift to keep Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought a *Noble to Nine-pence*; and all I have to truſt to, is to *make the beſt of a bad Game*. *Eu.* I wonder how thou haſt been able to bear ſo many Mournings, and the loſs of ſo many Wives. *Po.* I never lived a Widower above ten days, and the next Wife ſtill blotted out the Memory of the laſt. I have given you here a very honeſt, and a true Abſtract of my Life. I wiſh *Pampirus* here would but tell his

Story as frankly as I have done mine. He bears his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I take him to be two or three years my *Senior*. *Pa.* I ſhall make no difficulty of that, if you can have Patience for ſo wild and phantaſtical a *Romance*. *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear what we have a *Mind* to hear.

PAMPIRUS. I was no ſooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good old Man my Father preſs'd me earneſtly to enter into ſome Courſe of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Conſideration of the matter, it was concluded, I ſhould betake my ſelf to the buſineſs of a *Merchant*. *Po.* I cannot but wonder, why that choice rather than any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious to know new things; to ſee ſeveral Countries, and famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my ſelf in the Cuſtoms and Manners of Men. Now, thought I, this is no way better to be compaſſed, than by Negotiation and Commerce: beſide a general underſtanding of things, that goes along with it. *Po.* Well! but *Gold it ſelf may be bought too dear*. *Pa.* It may be ſo; but to be ſhort, my Father put a good Sum of Money into my Hand to begin the World withal: Wiſh'd me good Luck with it, and gave me his Bleſſing. At the ſame time, he laid out for a rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon ſo vertuous and ſo amiable a Creature; that ſhe would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honeſt Man, *Eu.* Well! but was it a Match at laſt? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Uſe and Principal* was all loſt. *Eu.* Wreck'd, I ſuppoſe. *Pa.* Yes, yes, wreck'd. We ſtruck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock?* *Eu.* The *Malea* perchance? for that's a

deſperate

deſperate Paſſage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worſe. But it is ſomewhat like it however. *Eu.* Do you remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.* No, but it is a place infamous for a thouſand Miſcarriages. Pray, by your leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *ALEA?* I don't know your *Greek* name for't. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou wert! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prethee; to truſt a young Fop with ſuch a gob of Money? But it was in fine, the Rock *ALEA Anglice*, *The Devil's Bones*, that I was ſplit upon. *Gl.* And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, I began providently to conſider of a convenient Beam and Halter to hang my ſelf. *Gl.* Was your Father ſo implacable then? For ſuch a loſs might be made up again: and the firſt Fault muſt be very foul, not to be pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have Reaſon, perhaps. But in the mean while, the poor Man loſt his pretty Miſtreſs; for ſo ſoon as ever her Relations came to underſtand what they were to truſt to, they reſolv'd to have nothing more to do with me. Now I was in Love, you muſt know, over Head and Ears. *Gl.* In troth, I pity thee with all my heart. But what did you purpoſe to your ſelf after this? *Pa.* Only to do as other People do in deſperate Caſes. My Father had caſt me off; my Fortune was irrecoverably loſt, and conſequently my Wife: and the beſt Treatment I could get in the World, was to be pointed at for a *Debauchee, ſquandring Sot.* Without more words, it was e'en come to Croſs or Pile, whether I ſhould take up in a Cloyſter, or hang my ſelf. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to it But I preſume you had the Wit to pitch upon the eaſier Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather the more painful;

painful; ſo ſick was I, even of Life it ſelf. *Gl.* And yet many People caſt themſelves into *Monaſtries*, as the moſt comfortable State of living. *Pa.* Well! the firſt thing I did, was to put a little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Country. *Gl.* Whither went ye? *Pa.* Into *Ireland*, and there was I made a *Regular* of that Order, that wears *Linen above*, and *Woollen* to the *Skinward*. *Gl.* Did you ſpend your Winter there? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*. *Gl.* How came it you ſtaid no longer? Did you take Check at any thing? *Pa.* The Diſcipline was not ſevere enough methought, for a Wretch that hanging it ſelf would have been too good for. *Eu.* And how went Matters with you in *Scotland*? *Pa.* I e'en changed my *Linen* Habit for a *Leathern* one, among the *Carthuſians*. *Eu.* Theſe are the Men that are in ſtrictneſs of Profeſſion, dead to the World. *Pa.* So methought, by their ſinging. *Gl.* Are the dead ſo merry then? But how many Months were you there? *Pa.* Betwixt five and ſix. *Gl.* A ſtrange Conſtancy, to hold ſo long in a mind! *Eu.* You took no offence at any thing amongſt the *Carthuſians*, did ye? *Pa.* I could not like ſo lazy, a froward ſort of Life. And then, what with Fumes and Solitude, I phancy'd ſeveral of 'em to be *hot-headed:* and for my part; having but little Senſe already, I durſt not ſtay, for fear of loſing the reſt. *Po.* Whither did you take your next flight? *Pa.* Into *France:* among thoſe that give to underſtand by the *Colour* of their Habits, that they are *Mourners in this World.* I ſpeak of the *Benedictines:* and of thoſe particularly, that wear a kind of *Netted Haircloth* for their upper Garment. *Gl.* A terrible Mortification of the Fleſh, I muſt confeſs. *Pa.*

I was

I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave 'em at laſt? *Pa.* Why, I found they laid more ſtreſs upon *Ceremonies*, than *true Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more conſcientious Order, and under a ſeverer Diſcipline: Thoſe I mean that are habited in *White*, inſtead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *ten Months* among theſe too. *Eu.* And what diſguſted you here now? *Pa.* I diſlik'd nothing at all: For I found them very good Company. But I had an old ſaying in my Head: That *ſuch a thing muſt either be done, or it muſt not be done:* So that I was e'en reſolv'd, either to be a *Monk* in *Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the holieſt Men upon the Face of the Earth, were thoſe of the Order of St. *Bridget*. And theſe were the People that I thought to live and die withal. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beſeech ye? *Pa.* Neither *Months* nor *Weeks*; but in Truth *almoſt two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond ſure of this kind of Life to ſtay ſo long in't. *Po.* They take no body in, you muſt know, but thoſe that are preſently *profeſt*, and I was not ſo mad yet, as to put my Neck into ſuch a Nooſe, that it could never be got out again. And then the ſinging of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almoſt, with reminding me of my laſt Miſtreſs. *Gl.* Well! And what after this? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly ſet upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Croſs-bearers*. Some carry'd *white Croſſes*; others *red*, *green*, *party-colour'd*, ſome *ſingle*, ſome *double*, ſome *quadruple*; and ſome again, ſeveral

Sorts

Sorts and *Forms* of Croſſes. I had a Reverence for the *Chriſtianity* of the *Memorial*, but I was confounded, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worſt, I carry'd ſome of every ſort. But upon the whole matter, I found there was a great difference betwixt the *Figure* of a *Croſs* upon a *Garment*, and a Croſs in the *Heart*. When I had hunted my ſelf weary, and never the nearer my Journey's end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jeruſalem* a very Devil, he comes back a *Saint*. *Po.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes, *Po.* Upon whoſe charge I prethee? *Pa.* That ſhould have been your firſt Queſtion. But you know the old Proverb *A Man of Art will live any where*. *Gl.* And, what's *your Art*, I beſeech you? *Pa. Palmiſtry*. *Gl.* Where did you ſerve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the buſineſs? *Gl.* Under what *Maſter*? *Pa.* The great Maſter of *all Sciences*; the *Belly*? In little; I ſet up for a *Fortune-teller*: And there wou'd I lay about me, upon the *Topick* of things *paſt*, *preſent*, and to *come*. *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I ſet a good Face on't, and ran no *Riſque* neither: For I was paid ſtill before-hand. *Po.* That ever ſo ſenſeleſs an Impoſture ſhould find a Man Bread! *Pa.* And yet ſo it is, that I maintain'd my ſelf, and a brace of *Lacquies*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why, how ſhould *Knaves* live, without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So ſoon as I got to *Jeruſalem*, I put my ſelf into the Train of a rich Noble-man, of about *Seventy years of Age*, that could never have dy'd in Peace, he ſaid, if he had not bleſs'd his Eyes with the ſight of that Holy

Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope, to leave behind him? *Pa.* Yes, and ſix Children into the Bargain. *Eu.* A moſt impious, religious old Man! But you came back, I ſuppoſe, a Man of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly with you, ſomewhat worſe than I went. *Eu.* So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter than ever it was; and therefore I return'd into *Italy*, and apply'd my ſelf to a *Military* Life. *Eu.* You ſought for Religion in the *Camp*, it ſeems; the moſt unlikely Place under the Heavens to find it in. *Pa.* Ay, but it was a *Holy War*. *Eu.* Againſt the *Turks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay, a *Holier* War than that, or the Doctors were *beſide the Cuſhion*. *Eu.* How ſo? *Pa.* It was the War betwixt *Julius the Second* and the *French*. And then I had a Fancy to a *Soldier's Life*, for the Knowledge it gives a Man of the World. *Eu.* It brings a Man to the *Knowledge* of many things, that he had better be *ignorant* of. *Pa.* I found it ſo afterwards; and yet I ſuffer'd more Hardſhip in the *Field*, than in the *Cloyſter*. *Eu.* Well, and where were you next now? *Pa.* Why, I was thinking with my ſelf, whether I ſhould back again to the Buſineſs of a *Merchant*, that I had laid aſide; or preſs forward in the Purſuit of *Religion*, that fled before me. While my Thoughts were in this Balance, it came into my Mind, that I might do both under one. *Eu.* What! And ſet up for a *Merchant* and a *Monk* both together? *Pa.* Well! and why not? What are your *Mendicants* but a kind of *Religious Traders*? They fly over Sea and Land; they ſee, they hear every thing that paſſes: They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of

Kings, *Noblemen*, and *Commoners*, are all open to them. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not deal for gain. *Pa.* Yes, and with better Succeſs many times than we do. *Eu.* Which of theſe *Orders* did you make choice of? *Pa.* I try'd 'em all. *Eu.* And did none of 'em pleaſe you? *Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough, if I might but preſently have enter'd upon Practice and Commerce. But when I found that I was to be ſlav'd a long time to my Offices in the Choir, before I could be qualified for the Truſt; I began then to caſt about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot:* But, ſaid I to my ſelf, *Kiſſing goes by Favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and ſo I quitted that Thought too. After ſome *eight Years* trifled away, in ſhifting from one thing to another thus, comes the News of my Father's Death: So home I went, took my Mother's Advice, marry'd a Wife, and ſo to my firſt Courſe of *Traffick* again. *Gl.* Well! And how did you behave your ſelf in your ſeveral Shapes? For every *new Habit* made you look like a *new Creature*. *Pa.* Why 'twas all no more to me, than the *ſame Players* acting *ſeveral Parts* in the *ſame Comedy*. *Eu.* But be ſo honeſt now as to tell me, only which is the Condition, in this variety of Adventures, that is moſt to your liking? *Pa. So many Men ſo many Minds.* But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is moſt agreeable to my Inclination. *Eu.* But yet there are great Hazards and Inconveniences that attend it. *Pa.* There are ſo; and 'tis the ſame Caſe in any other State of Life. But ſince this is my Lot, I'll make the beſt on't. *Euſebius* his Turn is yet to come; and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with

ſome.

ſome part of his Hiſtory. *Eu.* Nay, if you pleaſe, the whole Courſe of it is at your Service. *Gl.* We ſhall moſt gladly hear it.

EUSEBIUS. When I left *Paris*, it took me a Years time at home to conſider, what Courſe of Life to ſettle in; and not without a ſtrict Examination of my ſelf, to what Study or Profeſſion I ſtood moſt inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handſome *Prebendary*, as they call it, and I accepted it. *Gl.* That ſort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no ſmall Providence to have ſo many Advantages fall into a Man's Mouth upon the ſudden, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, handſome Houſes well furniſh'd, a competent Revenue, a worthy and learned Society, and a Church at hand to ſerve God in when he pleaſes. *Pa.* I was ſcandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place, the Infamy of their *Concubines*, and the ſtrange Averſion thoſe People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me what others do, but what I do my ſelf; and if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuſe the beſt Company however that I can get. *Po.* And is this the Condition that you have ſpent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but ſome four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua*. *Po.* And what did you there? *Eu.* I ſtudy'd *Phyſick* a Year and a half, and *Divinity* the reſt. *Po.* Why ſo? *Eu.* For the Sake both of my Soul and Body, and that in both Caſes I might be helpful to my Friends. I preach'd upon Occaſion too, *according to my Talent*. Under theſe Circumſtances I have led a Life eaſy and quiet enough; ſo well ſatisfied with one Benefice, that I did not ſo much as wiſh for any thing beyond it,

and if another were offer'd me I ſhould refuſe it. *Pa.* I wonder what's become of the reſt of our old Acquaintance and *Fellow-Penſioners*. *Eu.* I could ſay ſomewhat of *them* too, but we are juſt at the *Town's End* here; and if you pleaſe we may be together in the ſame Inn, and talk o'the reſt at leiſure.

[*Hugh* a Waggoner] How now *Blinks!* where did you take up this Rubbiſh? [*Harry* a Waggoner] And whither are you going with that *Harlottry* there? *Hugh.* You would do well to tumble the old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Buſh* to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry.* And your Cattle want Cooling. What do ye think of a fair Toſs into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiſcence. *Hugh.* I'm not us'd to thoſe Gambols. *Harry.* But 'tis not ſo long, Sirrah, ſince I ſaw you throw *half a Dozen Carthuſians* in the Dirt tho'; and you like a *Schellam* ſtood grinning and making ſport at it when you had done, to ſee them riſe *Black Carthuſians* inſtead of *White Ones*. *Hugh.* And they were well enough ſerv'd too; for they lay ſnorting all the way like a dead weight upon the Waggon. *Harry.* Well, and my People have been ſo good Company, that my Horſes went the better for their Carriage; I would never deſire a better Fare. *Hugh.* And yet theſe are a ſort of Men that you do not naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the beſt old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugh.* How do you know that? *Harry.* Becauſe they made me drink luſtily upon the way. *Hugh.* An excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Foreman.*

The Impertinents: Or, The Croſs-Purpoſes.

COL. I.

Two odd ill-contriv'd Fellows meet one another in the Street, and to talking they fall; one has his Head full of a Marriage, and the other's Thoughts run upon a Storm: In ſhort, they diſcourſe with great Concern on both ſides, and make nothing on't, only they fulfil the Engliſh *Proverb between them,* I talk of Chalk and you of Cheeſe.

Theſe Six Colloquies done by Mr. *Brown.*

The Tranſlator of the following Colloquies, tho' he keeps his Author ſtill in ſight, yet does not pretend to have made a literal Tranſlation of him; and where Eraſmus *alludes to old* Adagies, *(as frequently he does) or where the Jeſt turns upon a turn in the* Latin *Tongue, which would be entirely loſt in an* Engliſh *Verſion, he has made bold to ſubſtitute ſomething of his own in the room of it, in order to make it more agreeable to the Palate of the* Engliſh *Reader, for whoſe Diverſion it was deſign'd.*

Annius, Lucius.

Ann. WHy, I hear you were drunk as Lords all of you at Neighbour what d'ye call him's Wedding Yeſterday. *Luc.* The Duce take me if ever I knew ſuch confounded Weather

at Sea, tho' I have us'd it from my Cradle. *Ann.* So I find you had a world of brave Folks to ſee the Ceremony. *Luc.* 'Fore *George* (you make me ſwear now) I never ran ſuch a riſque of drowning in my Life before. *Ann.* Ay, ay, ſee what 'tis to be rich; at my Wedding, tho' I ſent again and again to all my Neighbours, yet only ſome half a dozen wou'd come near me, and thoſe but ſorry Wretches the Lord knows. *Luc.* Mind me, I ſay, we were no ſooner got off of the *Land's end*, but it blow'd as if it wou'd blow the *Devil*'s Head off. *Ann.* God ſo! that was wonderful pretty, and were there then ſo many fine Lords and Ladies to throw the Stocking? *Luc.* Comes me immediately a ſudden Guſt of Wind, and whips off the Sail while you could drink a Can of Flip, and tears it into a thouſand Flitters, I warrant ye. *Ann.* You need not deſcribe the Bride to me. Why, Lord, I knew the pretty Baggage when ſhe was no taller than—— *Luc.* Souſe comes another Wave, and runs away with the Rudder. *Ann.* Nay, all the World are of your Opinion, ſhe's an Angel incarnate, that's certain, and the Bridegroom, let me tell you, is a handſome young Fellow of his Inches. *Luc.* Well hand don't you think we were in a bleſſed taking then? *Ann.* Right I'faith; not one Woman in a thouſand, as you obſerve, brings ſuch a Fortune to her Huſband. *Luc.* So we man'd out the Long-boat, and were forc'd to row for't. *Ann.* The Devil ſhe did! Why, that was a Portion for a Princeſs. *Luc.* To ſee now what damn'd Luck attended us! We popt out of one Danger into the Chaps of another. *Ann.* Nay, they may e'en thank themſelves for't. What the plague made them marry ſo *tender* a Creature to ſuch a

boiſterous

boiſterous young Whoreſon? *Luc.* A *French Privateer* made all the Sail ſhe could after us. *Ann.* Good again, let me die elſe. Young Girls long to be trying Experiments, and a willing Mind you know is all in all. *Luc.* So now we had *two* Enemies at a time to deal with, a raging Sea and theſe *French Raſcals*. *Ann.* Good Heavens, ſo many rich Preſents made her! Had ſhe been a poor Body, I dare pawn my Life for't, her Friends would not have given her the worth of a ſilver Bodkin. *Luc.* What, wou'd you have had us ſtruck Sail to them? That had been a good Jeſt I vow. No, I gad they were miſtaken in their Men, I'll tell you but ſo much. *Ann.* Nay, if what you ſay be true, the Bridegroom had beſt ſpeak no more on't, but put his Horns in his Pocket. *Luc.* Every Man of us took his *Cogue* or two of *Nants*, and prepared for the Fight. *Ann.* To ſee how we may be deceiv'd now! That ſuch a demure Sparrow-mouth'd Devil ſhould take up a Stone in her Ear ſo ſoon. *Luc.* Had you ſeen this Engagement, take my word for't you'd have ſaid I laid about me like a *Hero*. *Ann.* So then as far as I can judge of the Matter, the young Fellow has brought his Hogs to a fair Market. *Luc.* Without aſking more Queſtions, we fairly boarded the *Monſieur*. *Ann.* But is it not an odd Buſineſs that they ſhould invite you, who are a perfect Stranger to them, and forget me, one of the neareſt Relations the Bride has in the World? *Luc.* Right or wrong we flung our *Frenchmen* into the Sea. *Ann.* Troth, Neighbour, you ſay right, a Man in Adverſity is abandon'd by all the World. *Luc.* After this we honeſtly divided the Booty between us. *Ann.* Come, you need not provoke me to't, I know how to be angry upon occaſion,

the next time I ſee the Bribe, odzooks I'll rattle both her Ears for't. *Luc.* On the ſudden the Sea grew ſo calm, you'd have taken it for a Bowling Green. *Ann.* For if ſhe has Money, I have a ſtomachful Spirit, let me tell you, and a Fig for her Kindneſs. *Luc.* In fine we brought a Brace of Veſſels into Harbour inſtead of one. *Ann.* And let her Huſband take it as he pleaſes, what a plague care I? *Luc.* Oh! you aſk where I am a-going? Why, to St. *Nicholas*'s Church yonder, to thank the honeſt Saint for keeping me out of the Suds. *Ann.* No, pray excuſe me, dear Sir, I can't go with you to the Tavern now; I expect a Set of jovial Fellows to drink a Bowl of Punch with me at home; but any other time you may command me. Adieu.

The Modiſh Traveller.

COL. II.

The Calamitous Effects of War. The Ambition of Princes the Cauſe of moſt Diſturbances in the World. Church-men who ought to preach up Peace, promote theſe Diſorders. The latter part of this Colloquy is wholly the Tranſlator's, who took the hint from a late Learned Voyage to Paris, *by one of the* Royal Society.

GEORGE, MARTIN.

Geo. WEll, and what ſort of a Voyage had you of it, old Friend? *Mar.* Good enough, but that the Roads were ſo plaguily peſter'd with *Highway-men*. *Geo.* You muſt expect that after a *War*, 'tis impoſſible to help it; but dear Companion of mine, how ſtands Affairs in *France*? *Mar.* In none of the moſt *ſettled* Condition; there are great Preparations on foot for *another War*; now what *Miſchief* the *French* may be able to do their *Neighbours* I don't know; but this I am ſure of, that they are *plagued* at *home* with all the *Calamities* that a Nation can well *ſuffer*. *Geo.* From whence do theſe *Commotions* and *Wars* ariſe, I wonder. *Mar.* From whence do you aſk? Why, from

the *Ambition* of *Monarchs*. *Geo.* Now, on the other hand, I ſhou'd have thought it had been the *Duty* of *Supreme* Magiſtrates, by their Prudence and Authority to *compoſe* theſe *calamitous* Diſorders, wherein ſo many thouſands of innocent People muſt ſuffer. So one wou'd have thought, as you ſay; but under the Roſe your *Princes* extinguiſh theſe *Flames*, juſt for all the World as *Oil* puts out *Fire*. They flatter themſelves that they are *God's*, and that the *World* was made *purely* for their ſake. *Geo.* That's merry enough; Now, I was ever ſuch a dull Blockhead as to believe that *a Prince was made for the People, and not the People for a Prince*. *Mar.* What vexes me moſt, is that the *Church-men* lend a *helping* hand to theſe *Diſorders*, and blow the *Trumpet* to *ſanctify* the *cutting* of Throats. *Geo.* By my conſent they ſhould be ſet in the *Front* of the Army, there to receive the *Reward* of their great *Pains-taking*. *Mar.* Why, ſo ſay I, and ſo ſays all the World. But a Pox on't, your *Prieſts* will never come within harms way; they *love* their *Carcaſſes* too well for *that*; tho' they may adviſe us *Lay-fools* to venture the *knocking* of our Brains out; yet for their own parts they'll not hazard a *little Finger*, even in a *Quarrel* of their own making. *Geo.* Well! But you are come home a compleat *Monſieur*, I hope: Your outſide ſeems to promiſe it; for upon my word, Friend *Martin*, you are a moſt furious Beau. *Mar.* Oh, I ſpeak *la Langue Francoiſe* to a Miracle. I faith I am ſo charm'd with it, that I have almoſt forgot my own. Lord! The *Engliſh* is ſo dull and phlegmatick, in compariſon of that; how much more emphatical is *Vierrerie* than a *Glaſs-houſe*, *Promenade* than a *Walk*, *Rouillon*,

than

than a *Wheel-barrow?* Well, of all *Fiacres* in the World, your *London Fiacre* is certainly the *moſt miſerable Voiture* upon Earth. *Geo.* But how came you a God's Name to learn the Language ſo ſoon? *Mar.* Oh of thoſe everlaſting *Babillardes* the *French* Women, who I muſt tell you *en paſſant* are grown *much more corpulent and fat than before the War*, which upon mature Thoughts I *aſcribe to their immoderate drinking of Ratafia. Geo.* What ſort of Liquor is that prithee, for I never heard of it before? *Mar.* 'Tis a Cherry-brandy made of Brandy and Apricock-ſtones. *Geo.* Now for *Paris*, dear Rogue, how go Squares there? I know ſo great a Virtuoſo as you are, muſt make a thouſand curious Obſervations. *Mar. Moſt of the Citizens Houſes have Port-cochez to drive in a Coach, and Remiſes to ſet them up. Geo.* Oh admirable! but pray proceed. *Mar. Their Buildings are ſome of hewn Stone entire, and ſome of Brick with Free-ſtone, and in many Houſes they have ten Menages*, I warrant ye. *Their Cellar-windows are grated with ſtrong Bars of Iron*, but I was extremely ſcandalized at the *Vinegretté. Geo.* You talk *Arabick*, I think; but pray explain your ſelf. *Mar. Tis a wretched buſineſs, and a very Jeſt in ſo magnificent a City, drawn along by two Boys, and puſhed behind by a Maid.* But then to make amends, the Coachmen in *Paris drive with an air of haſt. Geo.* Prettily expreſs'd I faith. Let me die if I could not ſtay a whole day to hear thee. *Mar.* Tho' *I want a Reliſh for Painting and Building, I much admired I cou'd never meet with a Statue in* Paris, *but what was cloathed with a* Toga pura, *and no Repreſentation of a Bullated one. Geo.* 'Twas a thouſand pities I profeſs. *Mar. I ſaw ſeveral Tableaux* at a Gentleman's Houſe,

and among the reſt *one painted in Diſhabillé, with a foppiſh Night-gown, and an old Quoifure.* I likewiſe ſaw a *Roman Glaſs, whoſe very bottom,* do ye mind me, *was very ſmooth, and very little umbilicate*; but what pleaſed me moſt, was a *young Kitling in an Air pump, which ſurviv'd* 500 *Pumps. Geo.* What a Bleſſing is it to be a Philoſopher? But is this all you took notice of? *Mar.* No, no, I ſhould tire you but to recite one half of what I obſerved. *When a thing is loſt, they don't put it in the publick Prints,* as we do; but *fix a printed Paper on the Wall. Their Streets are lighted even in the Moon-ſhine Nights. They have Clap-bills too, and ſet up by Authority. There are a world of Boats upon the River, but when a Thaw comes they are in danger of being ſplit. They ſell Books by Auction, but have no Bureaus of Ivory. The Pox is the great Buſineſs of the Town. The poor People carry little Tin-kettles in the Streets with Small-coal lighted. Their Roots differ much from ours; they have no round Turnips, but long ones. Lettice is the great and univerſal Sallet*; but it vexed me to the heart that I cou'd not ſtay long enough to ſee *whether there is more Duſt in* Paris *than in* London. In ſhort their *Fiacres* are eaſier than ours; their *Promenades* delicious, their *Poſtchoizes* very convenient, their *Pavillions* are ſurprizing, the Decorations of their *Treillages* admirable, their *Couches* finely laid out, and their *Champignons* and *Moriglios* beyond compare. *Geo.* Your Servant, Sir, I ſwear I could almoſt hang my ſelf that I was never bred at *Greſham.* Well, I believe not one Man in a thouſand has ſo nice a Palate. *Mar.* Fie, you make me bluſh now, *my Obſervations incline rather to Nature than Dominion.* And your Friend

Martin

Martin here, whatever you think of him, *finds himſelf better diſpoſed, and more apt to learn the Phiſiognomy of a hundred Weeds, than of five or ſix Princes.* So much for this Affair, but pray tell me what remarkable Paſſages have happen'd *here* in my *Abſence.* *Geo.* Nothing of Note, Sir, but only this, *Tua catulla peperit tibi catulum abſenti, tua Gallina peperit tibi ovum.* In plain *Engliſh*, Friend *Martin*, your Maid was fairly brought to Bed here in *Weſtminſter*, while you were fairly brought to Bed of your *fine Voyage to* Paris. *Mar. Voila que c'eſt être malheureux.* Oh this confounded *Cockatrice!* Well, I will juſt ſtep to the *Cuſtom-houſe* to ſecure my *invaluable* Cargo of *humble Bees, Tadpoles, Millers-thumbs, Sticklebacks, Land-ſnails, Day-butterflies, Graſhoppers, Cockle-ſhells,* &c. And then I will trounce the *Gipſy* for daring to *Fornicate* in my abſence. *Geo.* Have a care what you do, Friend *Martin*, *Increaſe* and *Multiply* was the firſt Commandment. You were once of opinion to my knowledge, that *Propagation was intirely neceſſary that Mankind might be like the Stars in the Firmament, or the Shells and Sand upon the Sea-ſhore*; and why you that are a *Virtuoſo*, ſhould quarrel with your Maid for learning a little natural Philoſophy, I can't ſee. But I find you are in haſte, and ſo farewel.

The

The Plain Dealer: Or, All is not Gold that Glisters.

COL. III.

That the Generality of Mankind regard only Names and Outsides, but never consider the intrinsick Nature of Things.

RICH, PRETTYMAN.

Ri. GOod morrow, *Prettyman.* *Pr.* The same to you, Friend *Rich.* You'll laugh at me I know for what I am going to say; but since we are met, I cannot help wishing that *both* of us were what our *Names* seem to imply, I mean that you were a *wealthy*, and I a *handsom* Fellow. *Ri.* Why, is it not *enough* that our *Names* tell the World we are *so*? *Pr. Enough?* For my part I wou'd not give a Farthing for a *name* if I want the *thing*. *Ri.* The generality of the *world* let me tell you are of *another* Opinion. *Pr.* I don't know what you mean by the *world*; but I can hardly believe any thing that wears the shape of a *Man* thinks so. *Ri.* You may imagine perhaps that *Camels* and *Asses* walk the Streets in a human Figure; but I once more tell you, that *Men*, and *Men* of Wit and Parts are of this mind. *Pr.* By your leave I wou'd sooner believe the former, I mean that *Camels* and *Asses* are *Men* in Masquerade, than

that

that any thing that calls himſelf a *rational* Creature ſhou'd be ſuch an *abandon'd Sot* as to prefer a *name* to the *reality*. *Ri.* In *ſome* ſorts of caſes I own to you that People wou'd *rather* have the thing than the name; but the quite *contrary* happens in *others*. *Pr.* I don't apprehend what you drive at. *Ri.* Why, we carry an inſtance of it about our ſelves. For Example, your name is *Prettyman*, and not to flatter you, you deſerve it; but if you were to part either with one or the other, whether wou'd you rather chuſe to have an ugly Phyz, or inſtead of *Prettyman* to be called *Fowler*? *Pr.* Your Servant, Sir, I wou'd rather be called *Scare-devil*, or *Raw head*, or in fine what you pleaſe, than to be the Knight of the ill-favoured Countenance. Whether I have a good one or no, is not the queſtion in debate. *Ri.* And likewiſe for my ſelf here, if I were a Man of *Subſtance* in the World, I wou'd rather alter my name *Rich* into that of *Poor*, than part with one *farthing* of my money. *Pr.* I muſt needs own that what you ſay is true, and 'twill be the ſame caſe as I take it with thoſe that enjoy their health, or any other convenience belonging to the body. *Ri.* In all probability 'twill be ſo. *Pr.* But then how many thouſands do we ſee in the World, who had rather have the *name* of learned and pious Men, than take pains to be *really* ſo? *Ri.* I know but *too many* of this humour. *Pr.* Well then, and are you not convinced that Mankind has a *greater* regard to the *name* than to the *thing*? *Ri.* Troth I can't deny it. *Pr.* Now if any *profound* Logician wou'd give us an *accurate* definition of a *King*, a *Biſhop*, a *Magiſtrate*, and a *Philoſopher*, perhaps we ſhould even here find ſome, that wou'd rather chuſe the

the *name* than the *thing*. *Ri.* 'Twou'd be ſo I fear me, if he and only he is a *King* who governs according to *Law* and *Equity*, and conſiders the *publick* advantage more than his *own*: If a *Biſhop* is one who makes it his *ſole* buſineſs to look after his *Flock*, and not raiſe a *Family*: If a *Magiſtrate* is one that heartily and ſincerely purſues the Intereſt of the *Common-wealth*: And laſtly, if a *Philoſopher* is one that deſpiſes the Gifts of *Fortune*, and only drives at the tranquillity and inſtruction of his *Soul*. *Pr.* Now you are convinced, I hope that a Man might aſſign but too many inſtances of this nature, if he were ſo minded. *Ri.* I freely own it. *Pr.* Well, but you won't deny theſe to be *Men*, will you? *Ri.* If I ſhould, I might call my own Title to the name in queſtion. *Pr.* But if Man is a thinking reaſoning Creature, is it not monſtrouſly *ſottiſh* that in the caſe of *bodily* advantages (for I cannot call them *goods*) and in the gifts of *fortune* which are but *temporary*, a Man ſhou'd rather deſire to have the *thing* than the *name*; and that in the *true endowments* of the *mind*, he ſhou'd on the other hand pay a *greater* regard to the *name* than the *thing*? *Pr.* In truth, if a Man *rightly* conſiders it, nothing can be more *ridiculous*. *Ri.* Why 'tis the very ſame caſe in things of a different nature. *Pr.* As how I pray? *Ri.* What has been ſaid of the names of things that are to be *deſired*, the ſame judgment is to be made of the terms of thoſe things we ought to *avoid*. *Pr.* 'Tis ſo no doubt on't. *Ri.* As for example, a Man ought rather to dread the being a *Tyrant*, than to have the *name*: And if a *bad Biſhop*, as the *Goſpel* informs us is a *Thief* and a *Robber*, we ought not ſo much to hate the *name* as the *thing*

it ſelf. *Pr.* I am wholly of your opinion. *Ri.* Now make the ſame judgment of the reſt. *Pr.* Oh I underſtand you well enough. *Ri.* Is not the name of a *Fool* held in deteſtation by all the World. *Pr.* Ay, certainly nothing more. *Ri.* And wou'd you ſcruple to call that Man a *Fool*, whom you ſhould ſee making Ducks and Drakes with his Money, or preferring bits of *Glaſs* to the richeſt *Diamonds*, or more fond of his *Dogs* and *Horſes* than of his *Wife* and *Children?* *Pr.* No I'faith, I ſhou'd ſoon dub him a *Jack Adams*. *Ri.* And do you think thoſe *Fellows* are a jot better that run through thick and thin, that are *perpetually* harraſs'd and fatigu'd, that lye whole *Nights* up to the chin in *water*, that venture the *pinking* of their Carcaſſes, and the *damning* of their Souls, for that moſt *valuable* conſideration a *Groat* a day, which is not honeſtly paid them neither; or thoſe *right worſhipful Wretches* that ſit up Night and Day to heap a little *paltry pelf*, but grudge the leaſt Minute to *inrich* and *improve* the faculties of the *Mind*; or laſtly thoſe *fine* Gentlemen that never think their Houſes and Cloaths *fine* enough, while their *better* part lies *neglected* and *naked*; that take all imaginable care to keep their *Bodies* in *health*, while their *Soul* labours under a thouſand dangerous *Diſtempers*, and they never value it: In ſhort, thoſe that purchaſe *everlaſting* Torments for the enjoyment of a few fooliſh *tranſitory* Pleaſures, that even *ſting* us in the *enjoyment?* *Pr.* A Man's own Reaſon will make him acknowledge this in ſpite of his teeth. *Ri.* However, tho' all places are ſo crouded and cramm'd with *Fools*, yet I believe there's not one among ſo many Millions that wou'd patiently ſit down with the

name,

name, tho' he *really* deſerves it. *Pr.* Faith you are much in the right. *Ri.* To come to another Point. You are ſenſible how odious and abominable the names of *Liar* and *Thief* are in all Nations of the World. *Pr.* I own it, and reaſon good they ſhould be ſo. *Ri.* No queſtion on't; but tho' to *lie* with another Man's *Wife*, and to *violate* his Bed, is really baſer, and more diſingenuous than *Theft* it ſelf, yet you have ſhoals of Men in the World, that value themſelves upon the name of a *Cuckold-maker*, and think it an *honourable* Title, who wou'd moſt infallibly *cut* your Throat, ſhou'd you call them *Thief*. *Pr.* 'Tis ſo with moſt Men, I own it. *Ri.* Thus you have others who *whore* and get *drunk* in the Face of the Sun, and yet abominate the name of *Spend-thrifts*, or *Sots*. *Pr.* The reaſon is, becauſe they think the thing *creditable*, tho' they cannot *endure* the name that belongs to the thing. *Ri.* There is ſcarce any word in the World that more ſhocks our Ears and Nature, than that of a *Liar*. *Pr.* Poogh! I have known hundreds in my time that have fairly tilted, and ripp'd up one another's Guts upon ſuch a *Provocation*. *Ri.* 'Twere to be wiſhed that they had an equal averſion to the *thing*. But did it never ſo fall out with you in the courſe of your buſineſs, that a Man *promiſed* to pay you a certain Sum of Money at a time *appointed*, and yet *broke* his word with you? *Pr.* But too often, tho' he wiſhed himſelf a thouſand times at the *Devil*, if he kept not his *Promiſe*. *Ri.* But perhaps theſe were *poor Dogs*, and not able to pay you? *Pr.* No, hang them they were *able* enough, but they thought it more convenient to *keep* their Money to *themſelves*. *Ri.* Why prithee now is not this down-right bare-

bare faced impudent *Lying?* *Pr.* As certain as the Sun at mid-day. *Ri.* But ſuppoſe a *Tradeſman* ſhould greet his *Creditor* in this blunt manner; *My Lord, or Sir* John, *why do you tell me theſe Lies?* *Pr.* The Noble *Peer* wou'd indite him for a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and the *Knight* 'tis ten to one wou'd whip him through the *Lungs.* *Ri.* Well? now, and are not your *Lawyers*, your *Sollicitors*, your *Phyſicians*, &c. *guilty* of this *Crime*, when they promiſe to do their buſineſs by ſuch a time, and yet diſappoint you, tho' your All lies at *ſtake?* *Pr.* Who queſtions it? You might add your *Courtiers* too, who *promiſe* to befriend a Man, but forget him ſo ſoon as he has turned his back. *Ri.* 'Pſhaw, I might take in *three* parts of the *Globe*, were I minded to number the *Beaſts.* But not one of them I ſuppoſe would be content to be call'd *Liar.* *Pr.* Tho' they deſerv'd the Imputation never ſo much. I cloſe with you. *Ri.* In like manner no body but *ſtartles* at the *name* of *Thief*, when not one in a hundred has an *averſion* for the *thing.* *Pr.* Explain your ſelf a little more upon this Point. *Ri.* What difference is there between a Fellow that breaks open your *Houſe*, that rifles your Cheſts, and one that will forſwear a *Pledge?* *Pr.* None at all, but that the *latter* is the greater Villain of the two, becauſe he *injures* the Man that *truſted* him. *Ri.* But how *few* are they that will *honeſtly* reſtore a thing committed to their *Charge?* or if they do, keep one half to themſelves, before they'll deliver it. *Pr.* Nay, I cou'd name you ſeveral Lord Mayors, and Aldermen, and the Devil and all of Quality that have done the ſame; but *Tace* you know is Latin for a *Candle.* *Ri.* Yet none of theſe worthy Gentlemen

wou'd endure to be call'd Mr. *Thief*, tho' many an *honester* of the Profession has swing'd for't at *Tyburn*. *Pr.* Why 'faith I'm of your Opinion. *Ri.* Now, do but consider after what a fine rate your *Guardians* generally manage the Estates of *Minors*, what horrid tricking there is about *Wills* and *Legacies*, and how much of the *Orphan*'s Money sticks to the Fingers of those that tell it. *Pr.* Right, tho' sometimes nothing but the *whole* will content these *Harpies*. *Ri.* Thus 'tis plain that they *love* the Theft, but *abominate* the name. *Pr.* 'Tis even so as you say. *Ri.* As for the *Tellers* of the *Exchequer*, the *Receivers* of *Taxes*, the *Overseers* of the *Mint*, and those honest *Patriots* that sometimes *raise*, and then again *lower* the Price of *Guineas*, to the incredible loss of *particular Men*, not being *acquainted* with the *Mysteries* of their Art, or not *daring* to expose them, I have nothing to say to them. But a Man may be *allow'd* to talk of what he daily *feels* and *sees*. To proceed then: What think you of one that *borrows* of every body, and runs in their *Debt* with an Intention never to pay them, unless the Law forces him to it; what difference is there between such a Spark and a *Thief*? *Pr.* The World perhaps will say he has more *Caution*, tho' not a jot more *Honesty* than the other. *Ri.* Yet tho' the *whole* Kingdom is *over-run* with these *Vermin*, not *one* of the Tribe will bear the name *you wot of*. *Pr.* Heaven only knows their Intentions, for which reason the *Courtesy* of the World calls them *Bankrupts*, and not *Thieves*. *Ri.* What signifies it a Farthing how the *World miscalls* them, so long as they are registred for *Thieves* in the Annals of *Heaven*? Every Man 'tis true best knows his own Intentions; but

when I ſee a Fellow up to the Ears in *Debt*, yet Whoring or Sotting away his *Money* when he *receives it*; when after he has *broke* in *one* Town, I find him *leave* his Creditors in the Lurch, and *ſcampering* to *another*, and only looking out for a *new* ſet of *Fools* to *truſt* him; when I ſay I find him playing theſe *Tricks*, not only *once* or *twice* but *half a ſcore* times, I cannot for my Blood forbear to tell him his *own*. Does not he ſufficiently declare the Intentions of his Heart, with a murrain to him? *Pr.* Ay, *enough* in all Conſcience. And yet theſe *treble-pil'd Rogues* ſhall pretend to varniſh over their Actions very finely. *Ri.* As how I pray? *Pr.* They'll tell you, that to owe *much*, and eſpecially to a *world* of People, is to live like a *King* or a *Nobleman*; and, generally ſpeaking, theſe Raſkals affect the name of *Quality* to ſet them off. *Ri.* What can the meaning of that be? *Pr.* You can't imagine what Privileges belong to a Man of *Quality*. He can do that with a *good* Grace, which wou'd look *ill* in any one elſe. *Ri.* Well, but what Right, what *Law* have they to countenance this? *Pr.* What *Law* ſay you? The *ſame* by which your *Gentlemen* that have Eſtates by the *Sea-ſhore* pretend a Right to *Wrecks*, tho' the *Owner* of the Goods is alive: The *ſame* by which your *Lords* of *Mannors* claim a Title to whatever is found about a *Robber* or *Highway-man*, to the apparent injury of the true *Proprietors*. *Ri.* A *Convention* of Thieves might make as honeſt Laws as theſe. *Pr.* True, and ſo they wou'd if they had but the Power in their hands; and they'd have *excuſe* enough for what they do, if they cou'd but *declare* War, before they went a-thieving. *Ri.* But how comes your Man of *Quality* a-God's name

to have more *Right* to do this than your common ordinary *Scoundrel*? *Pr.* They are in *Preſcription* of the thing, and that's ſufficient. *Ri.* And how came they by their *Titles*? *Pr.* Some have them by *Inheritance*, others purchaſe them by their *Money*, and ſome again by their *laudable Qualities*. *Ri.* What may thoſe be? *Pr.* I'll ſum them up in ſhort to you. If a Man never did one *vertuous* thing in his Life; if he goes *richly* apparell'd, if he wears a *Ring* upon his Finger, if he *whores* inceſſantly, and *games* everlaſtingly; if he can play at *Ombre* and *Piquet*, and *troll* down a Gallon or two of *Wine* before he *reels* to bed; if he *ſleeps* all day and *drinks* all night; if he ſpeaks of no *ordinary* things, but *Caſtles*, and *Garriſons*, *Half-moons*, and *Ravelins*, *Stockado's* and *Demiculverins*; ſuch a Man is as complete *Quality* as any in *Guillim* or *Dugdale*. *Ri.* And are theſe the *bleſſed* Ingredients out of which *Quality* is compounded? For my part I'll put it into my *Litany* to be *delivered* from it. *Pr.* You are in the right, and yet I cou'd name a certain *Iſland* in the World to you, where you may ſee hundreds and hundreds of ſuch *accompliſhed* Gentlemen; but enough of them for this time. *Farewel.*

The

The Fatal Marriage: Or, The Unhappy Bride.

COL. IV.

A pretty Young Lady forc'd to marry a diſeaſed Rake-hell of Quality. The Cruelty of Parents to ſacrifice their Children to the Vanity of a Title.

PETER, GABRIEL.

Pe. WHence comes our Friend *Gabriel* I wonder, with ſo *grave*, ſo *mortified* a Phyz? from *Burgeſs*'s Meeting, or a *Reprobation*-Lecture at *Pinners-hall*? *Ga.* No, you are miſtaken, from a *Wedding*. *Pe.* The duce you did! I never ſaw a Look in my Life that had leſs of the Air of a *Wedding* in it. Thoſe that have been at ſo *jolly* a Ceremony ought to look the *chearfuller* for it at leaſt a Twelve-month after. Why Man *ſuch* a ſight, that puts ſo many *merry* Ideas into a body's head, is enough to make one as *old* as *Parr* friſk and caper, and grow *young* again. Then prithee what ſort of a *Wedding* is it thou talk'ſt of? Not that of *Death* and the *Cobler* I hope, or of *Bully Bloody-bones* and *Mother Damnable*. *Ga.* Jeſting apart, I come from the Wedding of a young *Gentleman* to one of the moſt charming delicious *Creatures* in the World: A Curſe on my Memory, ſhe

ſets me on *Fire* as oft as I think of her; in the very *Bloom* of her Age, juſt turn'd of *ſixteen*; and for her *Beauty*, *Fortune* and *good Conditions*, not to be parallel'd in the whole Country: In ſhort, ſhe was fit to have made a Spouſe for *Jupiter* himſelf. *Pe.* What, for ſuch an old antiquated *Fumbler* as he! *Ga.* Why, prithee your *great* Folks never grow *Old*. *Pe.* Well then, whence comes this Sadneſs, this Cloud upon your Fore-head? Now I think on't, I fancy you *envy* the Bridegroom for *robbing* you of ſo delicious, ſo charming a *Morſel*. *Ga.* No ſuch matter, I'll aſſure you. *Pe.* Perhaps you fell to *Loggerheads* over your Wine, as the *Lapithæ* did of old, and that makes you ſo melancholly. *Gr.* You are wide of the matter, take my word for't. *Pe.* I'll gueſs the contrary then; perhaps the Spark was a *Niggard* of his Liquor, and to be ſober at a Wedding, you know, is a *Sin* ne'er to be forgiven. *Ga.* So far from that, that the Buts bled as heartily, as if it had been a Coronation. *Pe.* Well, now I have *hit* it; you wanted *Muſick* to chear your Hearts. *Ga.* Oh! *wider* from the Point than ever; we had Fiddles, and Flutes, and Harps, and Kettle-drums; in fine, all the *Inſtruments* you can think of from a *Bag-pipe* up to an *Organ*; nay, that moſt Celeſtial Conſort of a *Pair of Tongs* and a *Key* was not wanting. *Pe.* Well, you had your Belly-full of Dancing then I hope. *Ga.* Not ſo much *Dancing* as you imagine, but *Limping* enough in all Conſcience. *Pe.* What Perſons of *Quality* had you to *grace* the Nuptials? *Ga.* Not one, but a certain active *Lady*, whoſe *Buſineſs* and good Qualities you may find upon all the *Piſſing-Poſts* in Town, and who keeps

keeps her Head-Quarters in *Covent-Garden*. *Pe.* A *Covent-Garden Lady*, ſay you? Pray what may her Name be? *Ga.* In troth none of the beſt: The World calls her *MY LADY POX*; but as the Draper ſaid by his Cloth, what ſhe wants in *length*, ſhe makes out in *breadth*; for they ſay ſhe's related to moſt of the *noble* Families in *Chriſtendom*. *Pe.* But why (dear Friend of mine) ſhould the bare Mention of this ſet thee a *weeping*? *Ga.* Ah *Peter*, *Peter*, the *Tragical* Story I am going to tell thee of, is enough to make a *Brickbat* weep and cry, and run like a Church Spout. *Pe.* Yes, ſo I ſuppoſe, if a *Brickbat* had but a Tongue, and a Pair of Eyes and Ears. But prethee keep me upon the *Rack* no longer; out with thy ill News, let it be what it will: You ſee I have gueſſed and gueſſed, and always fell wide of the *Mark*. *Ga.* You know Squire *Freeman* of the *Grange*, don't you? *Pe.* Know him! I have drank a thouſand Bottles with him in my time; the worthieſt, frankeſt, honeſteſt *Gentleman* that ever breathed. *Ga.* Well, and don't you know his Daughter *Katy* too? *Pe.* Now you have named her, you have named the *Top Beauty* of the Age. *Ga.* 'Tis as you ſay; and do you know whom ſhe is *marry'd* to? *Pe.* Ten to one, but after you have told me, I ſhall. *Ga.* I'll tell you then: She's marry'd to that Mirror of Knighthood, Sir *Bully Bounce*. *Pe.* What that ſwaggering, bluſtering, huffing *Spark*, that Compound of *Cowardice* and *Vanity*, that everlaſting *Coxcomb*, who kills whole Armies in a Breath, and murders more than *Drawcanſir* in the *Play*. *Ga.* The very ſame individual *Monſter* upon my word. *Pe.* Why you know he's

famous all the World over for *two* extraordinary *Gifts*: *Imprimis*, for his moſt incomparable Talent of *Lying*, at which he'll out-do twenty four *Plot-Evidences*, ſupported with the ſame Number of *Travelling Prieſts*; and, 2*dly*, for a certain noble *French Qualification* he carries about him, I mean, the *French* Diſeaſe; which tho' it came from the *Indies* but t'other Day, and is the younger Brother of the *Weekly Bills*, yet in the *ſhort* time it has ſet up for it ſelf, has done *more* Execution, and run a *greater* Compaſs of Ground, than *all* the *other* Diſeaſes put together, though they ſtarted ſo many *hundred* Years before it. *Ga.* 'Tis a haughty proud *Diſtemper* that's certain, and will turn its Back neither to *Gout*, nor *Stone*, nor *Plague*, nor *Fever*, nor yet to its Son-in-Law *Conſumption*, whoſe *Name* it frequently aſſumes; give it but a clear Stage, and it demands no Favour. *Pe.* So the Sons of *Galen* talk indeed. *Ga.* Why ſhould I *ſpend* more time in *deſcribing* this pretty young Creature, ſince I find you *know* her? Tho' I muſt tell you, Friend, that the *Richneſs* of her Dreſs added no little *Luſtre* to her natural Beauty. I tell the what, *Peter*, had'ſt thou ſeen her in the Room, thou'dſt have ſworn ſhe was a *Goddeſs*; her Habit, her Mien, her Shape, and, in ſhort, all her Motions were *agreeably* bewitching. Soon after, that *bleſſed* Wight the *Bridegroom* popt upon us God wot, with his *Noſe* diſmantled, and drawing one *Leg* after another, but with as *ill* a Grace as an *old founder'd* Country Dancing Maſter. He wore a *Welch* Gantlet upon both Hands, I mean the *Itch*, with which his Fingers were *cruſted* over as with a natural *Armour*. His *Eyes* were dull and heavy;

heavy; his *Breath* ſtrong enough to murder at twelveſcore; his *Head* bound up in an Infinity of Caps; and his *Noſe* (beg your Pardon, Sir,) run as *plentifully* as a *Horſe*'s that has got the *Glanders*. In fine, this *living Mummy* was wrapt up in *Flannel* from Top to Toe, for fear of falling aſunder; otherwiſe I dare engage that a *Puff* of *Wind* not ſtrong enough to ruffle a *Cuſtard* would have ſhaken his *Tabernacle* to Pieces. *Pe.* Mercy on us! and what in the Name of *Lucifer* was the Reaſon that her Parents married her to this *walking Hoſpital*? *Ga.* I don't know, but that *three* Parts in *four* of the *Globe* ſeem now a-days to be *ſtark mad*, and out of their Wits. *Pe.* Perhaps the Fellow's plaguy *rich*, and Riches, you know, like Charity, cover a Multitude of *Faults*. *Ga.* Rich! 'tis then in Shop-keeper's Books; for he's *deeper* in them, than a dozen *Lords* I could name to you at the other End of the Town. In ſhort, he *owes* more than his Head's worth. *Pe.* If this young Damoſel now had poiſon'd her pious *Grand-father*, and broke the Heart of her venerable *Grandmother*, what *greater* Puniſhment could they have inflicted on her? *Ga.* Nay, had ſhe *piſt* upon the Tomb of her Anceſtors, ſhe had more than aton'd for the *Crime*, had ſhe been only forc'd to give him one ſingle *Kiſs*. *Pe.* Faith I'm of your Opinion. *Ga.* In my Mind now they have been infinitely more *cruel* to her, than if they had expoſed her ſtark naked to *Bears*, or *Lions*, or *Crocodiles*; thoſe generous *Beaſts* would either have *ſpar'd* a Creature of ſuch incomparable *Beauty*, or elſe ſoon made a *Breakfaſt* of her, and put her out of her *Miſery*. *Pe.* Right. This brutal, this barbarous *Uſage* ſeems

only fit for ſuch a Monſter as *Mezentius* to have put in Execution; who, as *Virgil* tells us,

Joyn'd the unhappy Living to the Dead,
And ſet them Breaſt to Breaſt, and Head to Head.

Tho' by the by, I very much queſtion whether *Mezentius*, as inhuman as they repreſent him, would have been ſuch a downright *Devil*, as to tack ſo lovely a young *Virgin* to a naſty *Carcaſs*; and what Carcaſs is there that one would not much *rather* deſire to be join'd to, than this confounded *Knight* with a Pox to him; ſince the very Air he breathes is rank Poiſon, ſince his very *Words* are *peſtilential*, and to be *touch'd* by him is worſe than *Death* it ſelf. *Ga.* Now prithee, honeſt *Peter*, do but think with your ſelf what a mighty *Pleaſure* there muſt needs be in their *Kiſſing* and *Panting*, and *Murmuring* and *Sighing*, and all the other *Myſteries* of the *nuptial* Bed. *Pe.* I have heard the *Parſons* frequently talk of *uncanonical* Marriages; now this I think is an *uncanonical* Marriage with a Witneſs; 'tis as *unſuitable*, as if one ſhould ſet the fineſt *Diamond* in the World in *Lead.* You may talk of your *Heroes*, and your Killers of *Giants*, but for my part I think this *young Lady* gives a greater Proof of her *Boldneſs* to venture her ſelf between a Pair of *Sheets* with ſo hideous a *Bed-fellow.* Young *Maidens* of her Age uſe to be ſcared out of their Wits at the *ſight*, nay at the *bare mention* of a Ghoſt or Hobgoblin, and can ſhe endure to be *murder'd* all Night in the Embraces of ſo dreadful a *Spectre*? *Ga.* The poor *Creature* has ſomething to excuſe her, as the *Authority* of her Father, the *Importunity* of her Relations, and the *Simplicity* of her Age; but

but her Parents, I'm ſure, have not a Word to ſay for themſelves. What Chimney-ſweeper, or Broom-man in *Kentſtreet*, would marry his Daughter, tho' ſhe were never ſo homely, to a Fellow that had a *Plague ſore* running upon him? *Pe.* Not one, in my Conſcience, that had but a Grain of common Senſe. For my part, had I a Daughter both *lame* and *blind*, and ugly enough to be roaſted for a Witch in *Scotland*, and, to compleat her Charms, with not one *Farthing* of a *Portion* to help her off, I would ſooner ſwop her to a *Tobacco-plantation*, than make her ſay *for better for worſe* with ſuch a *choice* Son-in-Law. *Ga.* The *Leproſy* is a very bad Companion, but this curſed *Diſtemper* is a thouſand times more loathſome and deſtructive even than that: It *ſteals* upon a Man without giving him fair *warning*, it *goes off*, and *rallies* again with a vengeance, and frequently ſends many a young Fellow to the *Devil* before he knows where he is; whereas the Leproſy is ſo complaiſant and civil, as to let a Man *jog on* to a good comfortable *old Age*. *Pe.* Perhaps then the Girl's Father and Mother knew nothing that the Bridegroom lay under this *pinching Diſpenſation*, as the *Quaker* call'd it. *Ga.* No, no, they knew it as well as his *Nurſe* or *Chirurgion*. *Pe.* If they were reſolv'd to *uſe* her ſo ill, why a God's Name did they not tie her Neck and Heels in a Sack, and ſo fling her into the *Thames*? *Ga.* It had been a much more *merciful* way of diſpatching her than *this*. *Pe.* What was it then that *recommended him* to their Choice? Is he famous for any *good Qualities*? *Ga.* Yes, *ſeveral* I can tell you; he *Games* incomparably, *Drinks* like a Camp-chaplain, and *Whores* like a Lay-elder; then for

Ban-

Bantering and *Lying*, nothing in the Univerſe comes near him. He has a *long Score*, I dare engage, in every Tavern from *White-chappel* to *White-hall*; he *palms* a Dye to admiration, and would cheat his own Brother. In ſhort, he is the moſt *finiſhed Rake-bell* now living: And whereas the *Univerſities* pretend but to *ſeven* liberal Sciences, Sir *Bully Bounce* has at leaſt a *dozen*, of which he is a *compleat* Maſter, and may ſerve to be *Regius Profeſſor* of any of them. *Pe.* Well, but after all, this Sir *Bully* what d'ye call him, muſt have *ſomething* or other certainly to *recommend* him to her Parents. *Ga.* Why, you have already nam'd it, Man; did you not call him *Sir Bully*? 'Twas nothing but the *glorious* Title of *Knight* that bewitched them. *Pe.* A precious *Knight* indeed! You may call him the *Knight* of the burning Peſtle. But I ſuppoſe he has a *vaſt* Eſtate, and that makes amends for all. *Ga.* Some half a ſcore Years ago he had an *indifferent* Eſtate, but living very *faſt*, as they ſay, has brought his *Noble* to *Nine-pence*; for he has whored and drunk away all his *Acres*, and has nothing left but a little *Mannor-houſe*, moated round for fear of an *Invaſion*, from whence he uſes to make a *Deſcent* now and then into the *Neighbouring* Country, to the great Terror and Deſolation of the Farmers Yards thereabouts; but ſo wretchedly furniſhed, that a *Pigſty* would be thought a *Palace* to it. And yet this egregious *Coxcomb* talks of nothing but of *Bounce* Caſtle near the River *Bounce* in *Bounce* Hundred, and of his *Mannor-houſes* and *Summer-ſeats*, of *Heriots* and *Deodands*, of *Court-Leets* and the *Aſſizes*, of *Tenants* and *Vaſſals*, with a heap of ſuch magnificent well-ſounding Words,

and

and then he never comes into any Company, but he perpetually prates of his *Coat of Arms*. *Pe.* Prithee what *Coat of Arms* does the Brute give? Six *Turpentine Pills gilt*, I warrant ye, and his Supporters are *two Quack Doctors*, with thoſe terrible Engines, *two Syringes mounted*. *Ga.* That's merry enough. No, he gives Three Hogs *Or*, in a Field *Gules*. *Pe.* A very proper Emblem, I faith, for ſuch a Beaſt; but by the *Field* one would take him to be a very *bloody* Perſon. *Ga.* Rather if you judge him by the *Wine* he drinks; for he makes no more of a Gallon of *Claret*, than a School-boy would do of ſucking an Egg. *Pe.* Then the three *golden Hogs* ſhow, that he ſquanders all the Money he can lay his Fingers on in *ſwilling and ſotting*. *Ga.* You are much in the right on't. *Pe.* But to diſmiſs this Point of *Heraldry*, pray what *Jointure* will this mighty *Bluſterer* ſettle upon his Spouſe? *Ga.* Ne'er trouble your Head about that, he'll give her a moſt *magnificent* one, you need not queſtion. *Pe.* How can that be, ſince you tell me he has ſpent all, and burnt out his *Candle* to the laſt *Inch*? *Ga.* Don't interrupt me then: He'll jointure her in a moſt— pray mind me, Sir— in a moſt ſubſtantial, full-grown thorough-paced—— POX, ſo *firmly* ſetled, that neither *ſhe* nor the *Heirs* of her Body ſhall be able to cut off th' *Entail*, tho' they got an *Act* of *Parliament* for't. *Pe.* Let me die if I wou'd not ſooner marry my Daughter to a *Small-coal Man*, or a *Hog-driver*, than to ſuch a rotten piece of Quality. *Ga.* And for my part I would much rather beſtow mine upon a *Red-headed Welch Curate* with *four* Marks a Year, and the Perquiſites of a *Bear* and a *Fiddle*. How I pity the unfortunate

fortunate Creature! There had been ſome *Comfort* ſtill, had ſhe married a *Man*; but alas! ſhe is thrown away upon the *Leavings*, the *Droſs*, the *Refuſe*, the what ſhall I call it—— the *Skeleton* of a Man? Now, *Peter*, put your Hand to your Heart, and tell me fairly, had you ſeen this *lamentable* Sight, could you have forbore *weeping*? *Pe.* Why do ye aſk me ſuch a Queſtion, when you ſee the very *Recital* of this Story has drawn *Tears* from me? Good Heavens! that *Parents* ſhould be ſo barbarous and unnatural, ſo void of common Humanity and Affection, as to *ſacrifice* an *only* Daughter, and one ſo *beautiful* and amiable, ſo *innocent* and ſweet-condition'd to the *loathſome* Embraces of a filthy *Monſter*, and all for the ſake of a lying *Coat of Arms*, and to make the poor thing a *Lady*. *Ga.* Your Complaint is not without Reaſon; for certainly 'tis the greateſt *Barbarity* that can be committed; and yet your People of *Condition* (as they call themſelves) make but a *Jeſt* of it; though one would think that it *highly* concern'd thoſe *Gentlemen*, that are born to the *higheſt* Poſts of the *Government*, and are one Day to make *Senators* and *Miniſters* of *State*, to take ſome Care of their *Health*; for let them ſay what they will to the contrary, the *Body* has a great Influence upon the Operations of the *Soul*. Now this execrable *Diſeaſe* undermines the whole *Fabrick*, and at long run does not leave a Man ſo much *Brain* as would fill a *Nut-ſhell*. And thus it comes about that we ſee ſome *noble Perſons* ſitting at the *Helm*, whoſe *Intellectuals*, as well as their *Carcaſſes*, are in a *woful* Pickle. *Pe.* In my Opinion your great Men, whether *Princes*, or thoſe of a *ſubordinate* Rank, ought not only to have their

their *Underſtandings* clear and ſtrong, and a *healthful* Conſtitution of Body, but if it were poſſible ſhould *excel* other Men in the *Beauty* and *Gracefulneſs* of their Perſons, as much as they do in *Quality*; for tho' *Juſtice* and *Wiſdom* are the *principal* Ingredients in the Compoſition of a *Prince*, and chiefly recommend him to the *Love* of his People; yet there's *ſomething* too to be ſaid for his *Shape* and *Outſide*. If he proves a *moroſe* and *rigid* Governour, the *Deformity* of his Body helps to make him ſtill more *odious* to his Subjects; and if he is *merciful* and *affable*, his *Vertues* derive ſome *Agreeableneſs* from the *Beauty* of the Place where they inhabit. *Ga.* I make no queſtion on't. *Pe.* Don't we uſe to lament the *Misfortune* of thoſe poor Women, whoſe Huſbands ſoon after they are marry'd to them, fall into *Conſumptions*, or are troubled with *Apoplectic* Fits? *Ga.* Yes, and not without good Reaſon. *Pe.* Then tell me, what a *Madneſs* or *Stupidity* is it for a Man to *beſtow* his Daughter voluntarily, and of his *own Free-will*, to a Fellow that is ten times *worſe* than the moſt *conſumptive* Wretch alive? *Ga.* No doubt on't, 'tis the higheſt degree of *Madneſs* that can be. If a *Nobleman* has a Mind to have a *fine* Pack of *Hounds*, do ye think he'd bring a mangy ſcoundril *Cur* to a well-bred *Bitch*? *Pe.* No; he would *ſooner* ſend from one end of his County to the other, that he might not be *plagu'd* with a Litter of *Mungrils*. *Ga.* And if *my Lord* ſhould take a fancy to have a *noble* Stud of *Horſes*, can you imagine he'd ſuffer a heavy, diſeaſed, raſcally *Dray-horſe* to cover his fine *Barbary Mare*? *Pe.* So far from that, that he'd hang up half a ſcore *Grooms*, rather than he'd endure to have a *diſeaſed* Horſe come

within his Stable, for fear of giving the *Infection* to the reſt. *Ga.* And yet this diſcreet and noble *Peer* does not care a Farthing *who* marries his *Daughter* and begets her *Children*, tho' they are not only to ſucceed him in his *Eſtate*, but may arrive at one time or other to have the *chief* management of *State-Affairs*. *Pe.* Even that *moving* Clod of Earth a Country *Farmer* wont let every pitiful *Bull* that comes next to hand gallant his *Cow*, nor every ſorry *Tit* debauch his *Mare*, nor every lean-gutted *Boar* make love to his *Sow*; tho' the higheſt Preferment an *Ox* can arrive to in this World is to *drudge* at a Plough, and a *Horſe*'s fortune is to *draw* a Coach or Cart, and a *Hog*'s deſtiny concludes in furniſhing Belly-timber for the *Kitchin*, Chines and Spare-ribs againſt *Chriſtmas*, and Gammons to keep *Eaſter* in Countenance. *Ga.* To ſee now how *perverſly* Mankind judges of things! If a poor ordinary *Fellow* ſhould in his *Liquor* happen to force a *Kiſs* from a Nobleman's *Daughter*, they'd perſecute him ſo *furiouſly*, that the poor *Offender* muſt be forced, in his own defence, to *fly* his Country.—*Pe.* No queſtion but that wou'd be the end on't. *Ga.* And yet theſe wiſe and honourable Perſons *freely*, and of their own *accord*, without the leaſt *Neceſſity* or *Compulſion*, make no ſcruple to *condemn* a Daughter for term of *life* to the Bed of a leud profligate *Rakehell*, ſo he be but a *Rakehell* of *Quality*; in which reſpect they don't only treſpaſs againſt the *real* intereſt of their own *Family*, but likewiſe againſt that of the *Publick*. *Pe.* If a Fellow that halts a little, or (to put the Caſe as bad as can be) *ſtalks* it along upon a *wooden* Leg, like the *Crane* of limping Memory in the *Park*, ſhou'd have the *Impudence* to court a young

Girl, how would the *Women* mock and jear at him, tho' he is an *able* and *ſound* Man in the *Critical* Part? At the ſame time, tho' a Man has been *flux'd* never ſo often, it is no impediment to his Marriage. *Ga.* If a *Coachman* or *Groom* chance to run away with a *Gentleman's Daughter*, there is preſently ſuch a *Rout* and *Hubbub* all the Country over, as if the *French* were landing; Lord! cries one, what pity 'tis that ſo *young* a Creature ſhould be *ruin'd*; and Lord! cries another, what *Death* is bad enough for the *Raſkal*, that ſeduced her? altho' this *Raſkal*, bating the meaneſs of his outſide, is as *vigorous* as the beſt Lord of them all, with the help of his Jellies; and his Wife is like to find him a *comfortable* Performer; whereas this poor young *Lady*, we have been talking of, muſt do *Penance* all her Life with a *walking Carcaſs*. Thus too, if an *Heireſs* happens to beſtow her ſelf upon a *Parſon*, how many *Jeſts* and *Proverbs* does the Neighbourhood *pelt* her with? *When Death puts an end to the Parſon's Life, what becomes of the Parſon's Wife?* However ſhe enjoys her ſelf *well* enough while her Huſband *lives*, which is ſome *ſatisfaction*. But the *Heroine* of our *Tragedy* cannot expect one eaſy *moment* with her Knight in his *Life-time*, and when *dead*, the Infection he *bequeaths* to her, will *haunt* her worſe than a *Ghoſt*. *Pe.* 'Tis even ſo. Your *Pirates* that ſurprize Women by ſtealth, and *Soldiers* that take them as Plunder in War, never treat them half ſo *cruelly* as this poor *Girl* has been treated by her *Parents*, and yet the *Magiſtrate* never calls them to an account for it. *Ga.* How ſhould a *Phyſician* cure a *Mad man*, if he himſelf has a ſpice of the ſame *Diſtemper*? *Pe.* But 'tis the greateſt wonder in the world to me, that

Princes

Princes who are ſo nearly and viſibly intereſſed in the *Welfare* of their People, ſhou'd make no *wholeſom* Laws for their *Health*, which is the greateſt *Bleſſing* they can enjoy on this ſide Heaven. The *Diſeaſe* we have been diſcourſing of all this while, has *travelled* as it were with a *Paſs* through the *better* part of the Globe, and yet theſe worthy *Vicegerents* of Heaven ſleep as *heartily* in their *Thrones*, as if it were not worth their while to take *notice* of it. *Ga.* Hark ye, Friend *Peter*, have a care what you ſay of *Princes*: When you talk upon ſo nice a Subject, keep your *Tongue* in a ſheath, or it may *cut* your *Throat*. Lend me your ear, to whiſper a word or two to you— *Pe.* I am *heartily* ſorry for't, but I am afraid 'twill be ſo as *you ſay* to the end of the Chapter. *Ga.* But to purſue our point. How many Ills do you think are occaſioned by *naſty* Wines of the *Vintner*'s daſhing and brewing? *Pe.* Why? If you'll take the Doctor's word for't, one *half* of the *Diſeaſes* that carry off ſo many thouſands every week. *Ga.* And do the *Magiſtrates* take no notice of this neither? *Pe.* Poor Men! they are *wholly* taken up in gathering the *King*'s Cuſtoms and Exciſe. There they are as *watchful* as Dragons, but mind *nothing* elſe. *Ga.* If a Woman knows a Man is *infected*, and for all that will *marry* him, ſhe muſt take what he is pleaſed to give her for her *pains*, but can *blame* no body elſe. Although if it were my fortune to ſit at the *helm*, I ſhould take care to *baniſh* them both from *civil* Society. But if it was a Woman's *hard* fate to *marry* a Fellow that pretended to be well and *healthful*, but was over-run with this *Diſeaſe*, were I Judge of the *Prerogative-Court*, I ſhould make no ſcruple, to *diſſolve* the Knot,

Knot, tho' they had been ſolemnly *married* in all the Churches in *London*. *Pe.* By what *pretence* I wonder? For when Marriage is once *legally* contracted, no human Power you know can *diſannul* it. *Ga.* And do you call that a *legal* Marriage which is built upon ſuch *horrid* Villainy and Treachery? The *Civilians* will tell you that a *Contract* is not valid, when a *Slave* palms himſelf upon a young Girl for a *Freeman*, and under that ſham marries her. Now the abovemention'd *Knight*, to whom our poor *Lady* is ſacrific'd, is a *Slave*, a moſt abandon'd *Slave* to that imperious *Diſtemper* the *Pox*; and his *Slavery* is ſo much the more *inſupportable*, in reſpect he muſt wear her *Livery* all the days of his Life, without any proſpect of a *Redemption*. *Pe.* I proteſt you have *ſtagger'd* me. There is ſome *colour* in what you ſay, but proceed. *Ga.* In the next place, Marriage can only be *celebrated* between two Perſons that are *living*; but in this caſe the Woman marries one, who in the *literal* Senſe of *Love* is perfectly *dead*. *Pe.* Ha! you have Arguments at will I ſee; however I ſuppoſe you wou'd give your leave that the *Diſeaſed* ſhould marry the *Diſeaſed*, according to the righteous Proverb of *Covent-Garden*, *Clap that Clap can*. *Ga.* Why, truly if I were Judge of the *Court*, or ſome ſuch great Perſon, perhaps for the *publick* benefit I might ſuffer them to marry; but ſo ſoon as the *Ceremony* was over, I wou'd take care to put out *one* Fire with *another*, and that a *Faggot* ſhou'd finiſh what the other *Diſeaſe* had begun. *Pe.* Ay, but this wou'd be to act like a *Tyrant*, and not like a *Prince*. *Ga.* Why wou'd you call that Phyſician a *Tyrant* that lops off a Finger or two, or it may be burns *part* of the Body, to ſave the *whole*? For my

part I don't think it *Cruelty*, but the higheſt Act of *Pity* that can be exerted, and it were to be *wiſhed* that this *Courſe* had been taken when this *Diſtemper* firſt *appeared* in the World, for then the *publick* Welfare of Mankind had been conſulted at the Expence of a *few* Sufferers. Nay, the *French* Hiſtory preſents us with an Inſtance of this Nature. *Pe.* But after all it wou'd be the *gentler* way to geld, or part them aſunder. *Ga.* And what wou'd you have done to the *Women*, pray? *Pe.* You know *Italy* affords a certain Invention, call'd a *Padlock*. *Ga.* That is ſomething indeed, for by this means we ſhou'd be ſure to have no *Branches* from ſo bleſſed a *Stock*; come, I will own your Method to be the *gentler* of the two, provided you'll in Compliment own that mine is the *ſafer*. Even thoſe that are *caſtrated* have an itching deſire upon them, neither is this Infection propagated by *one* way only, but a *thouſand*; a bare *kiſs* or *touch* may do it, nay, it may be got by *diſcourſing* or *drinking* with the Party *infected*. Beſides, we find that an unaccountable *Spirit* of doing Miſchief is *peculiar* to this Diſeaſe; for thoſe that have it take a *delight* to propagate the *Contagion*, tho' it does them no good. Now, if you talk of *parting* them aſunder, they may *ſcamper* to other Places, and play the *Devil* where they are not known; but I hope you'll grant me there can be no danger from the *Dead*. *Pe.* 'Tis certain yours is the *ſafer* way of proceeding; but ſtill I much queſtion whether it can be reconciled to that *Gentleneſs* preſcrib'd us by the *Goſpel*. *Ga.* Pray tell me then whether there's more danger from common *Thieves*, or ſuch People we have been talking of. *Pe.* I muſt needs confeſs that *Money* is not to be put in the

ſame Balance with *Health*. *Ga.* And yet we *Chriſtians*, forſooth truſs up a ſcore of *Houſe-breakers* and *Felons* every *Seſſions*; neither does the World as cenſorious as it is, call this *Cruelty*, but *Juſtice* and *Mercy* to the Nation in general. *Pe.* Well, but in that caſe the Party that did the *Injury*, is fairly *hanged* out of the way. *Ga.* And are the others then ſuch *mighty* Benefactors to the *Publick?* Let us for once ſuppoſe that ſome may get this Diſtemper by no *Fault* of their own, tho' under Favour I believe that not one in ten thouſand, but *purchaſed* it at the Price of his own *Wickedneſs*; yet the *Lawyers* will tell you that 'tis lawful to diſpatch the *Innocent*, if the common Safety of the *Republick* requires it. For this Reaſon the *Grecians* after the Deſtruction of *Troy* put *Aſtyanax*, *Hector*'s Son to the Sword, leſt he might live to *begin* the War *afreſh*. Nay, ſome Caſuiſts will not ſtick to tell you, that after you have cut a *Tyrant*'s Throat, 'tis no Sin to kill his innocent *Children*. To carry on this point yet farther, we fine People, that call our ſelves *Chriſtians*, are perpetually at *War* with one another, tho' we know before-hand that the *greateſt* ſhare of the *Calamities*, occaſion'd by *War*, muſt light upon thoſe *poor* Men that leaſt *deſerve* them. The ſame thing happens in your *Repriſals*, or *Letters* of *Mart*, as they call them. The Party that did the *Wrong* is as *ſafe* as a Knave in the *Admiralty*, or *Exciſe*-Office; but the poor *Merchant*, who is ſo far from being *Criminal*, that perhaps he never *heard* a Syllable of the Matter in his Life, is fairly *plunder'd* and *ſtripp'd* of all. Now if we have recourſe to ſuch *bitter* Remedies in things, that are not of the *laſt* Conſequence, I deſire to be inform'd what courſe ought to be taken in an Affair which ſo *highly* concerns us? *Pe.* Nay, I muſt

knock under the Table. Your Arguments are too mighty for me to cope with. *Ga.* Take this with you too. So ſoon as the *Plague* breaks out in *Italy*, great care is taken to *ſhut* up the Infected *Houſe*, and the *Nurſes* that look after the *Sick*, are forbidden to appear *abroad*. Some *Sots* call this *barbarous* Uſage; whereas 'tis the greateſt *Humanity* that can be ſhewn; for by this *prudent* Care the *Peſtilence* ſweeps off ſome half a *dozen* Folks, and then you hear no *more* of it; now, can any thing ſhew more *Humanity*, than to ſave the Lives of many *thouſands* at ſo *cheap* a rate. Others will rail at the *Italians* as a brutal inhoſpitable People, becauſe when there's but a bare *Report* of a Plague, they won't ſuffer a *Stranger* to come within their *Cities* in the Evening, but force him to lye all Night in the open Fields. Now, for my part I look upon it to be an Act of Piety, to procure a *publick* Advantage at ſo *eaſy* a Price, as the incommoding of a *few* Perſons. Some *Coxcombs* in the World take themſelves to be very *ſtout* and *complaiſant*, becauſe they dare make a *Viſit* to a Man who is ſick of the *Plague*, tho' they have no manner of *Buſineſs* with him; ſo when they come *home*, they very fairly give the *Infection* to their Wives and Children, and, in ſhort, to the whole Family. Nothing can be more *ſtupid* than this *Fool-hardineſs*, more unreaſonable than this *Complaiſance*? To bring the *deareſt* Perſons one has in the World in danger of their Lives merely for the ſake of a *fooliſh* Compliment or ſo; yet, after all, there's leſs to be apprehended from the *Plague* than from the *Neapolitan* Diſeaſe: The former ſeldom *meddles* with the *Old*, and ſometimes paſſes by its next *Neigbours*; at leaſt, this may be ſaid for it, that it either *quickly* diſpatches a Man out of his Pain, or reſtores

ſtores him to his *Health* much *ſounder* than he was before; whereas the *latter* is nothing but a perpetual *Death*, or, to ſpeak more properly, a perpetual *Burying*. They are cover'd from Head to Foot with *Plaiſters* and *Cataplaſms*, with *Salves* and *Unguents*, and a thouſand other *Medicaments* too nauſeous to be mention'd out of an *Hoſpital*. *Pe.* What you ſay is ſo true, that with reverence ro our *Betters* be it ſpoken, the ſame Care at leaſt ought to be taken to prevent ſo *fatal* an Evil, as they take to *prevent* the ſpreading of the *Leproſy*; or if this ſhould be thought too much, no Man ought to let another *ſhave* him, but to be his own *Tonſor*, and to trim himſelf by his own *Looking-glaſs*. *Ga.* But what will you ſay now if both *Tonſor* and *Gentlemen* agree to ſhut their Mouths? *Pe.* 'Tis to no purpoſe; the *Infection* may come out at their *Noſtrils*. *Ga.* Well, but there's a *Remedy* to be had for that inconvenience. *Pe.* I long to be informed. *Ga.* They may borrow a Device from your *Alchymiſts*, and wear a *Maſk* which ſhall afford them *Light* thro' two little Glaſs-windows for the *Eyes*, and a breathing place for their *Mouth* and *Noſtrils*, through a *Horn* which reaches from their Jaw-bones down to their Back. *Pe.* Why that contrivance wou'd do, as you ſay, if there was no *danger* in the *touch* of their Fingers, Linen, Comb, and Sciſſars. *Ga.* I find then the *beſt* way will be to let ones *Beard* grow down to his knees. *Pe.* That's my opinion, and then let us have an *Act* of *Parliament* that the ſame Man ſhall not be *Barber* and *Chirurgeon* too. *Ga.* But that will be the ready way to *ſtarve* the *Barbers*. *Pe.* No matter; let them drink *leſs* Wine, and leſſen their Family-Charges, or elſe (for I have Compaſſion for the poor Dogs) aſk *more* for *ſhaving*. *Ga.* So

be it with all my heart. *Pe.* Then let a Law be *enacted*, that every Man be obliged to *drink* out of his own *Glaſs*. *Ga.* That Law I dare ſwear will never go down in *Old England*. *Pe.* In the next place, let there be a Penalty impos'd for Two to *lye* in the ſame *Bed*, except they are Man and Wife. *Ga.* Agreed. *Pe.* Then as for your *Inns*, let no Stranger *ſleep* in the ſame *Sheets* that any one has *lain* in before. *Ga.* What will you do then with *Wales* and *Cumberland*, and that moſt *delicious* Country beyond the *Tweed*, where they waſh their *Linen* but twice a-year? *Pe.* Let them employ more *Laundreſſes*. And then let the Cuſtom of ſaluting one another with a *Kiſs* be totally aboliſhed, its *Antiquity* and *Univerſality*, and all other pretences notwithſtanding. *Ga.* How ſhall a Man behave himſelf in *private* Converſation? *Pe.* Let him have a *care* of coming too *near* the Perſon he talks to, and let him that liſtens ſhut his Lips. *Ga.* Why? you undo all the *Coffee-houſes* and *Chocolate-houſes* at one clap; beſides, a *Cart-load* of Parchment wou'd not be ſufficient to contain all theſe *Punctilio's*. *Pe.* But all this while you forget the *poor Creature* that occaſion'd this Diſcourſe. What *Advice* wou'd you give her now? *Ga.* To think of her *Misfortune* as little as ſhe can, and make the *beſt* of a *bad* Market; to clap her hand before her *Mouth* whenever her Huſband offers to *kiſs* her; and laſtly, when ſhe goes to *Bed* to him, to put on a *Head-piece*, and a compleat Suit of *Armour*. *Pe.* And whither do you intend to ſteer your Courſe when you leave me? *Ga.* Strait to my *Cloſet*. *Pe.* What *mighty* Work is carrying on there, I beſeech ye? *Ga.* They ſpoke to me to write an *Epithalamium*, but I deſign to diſappoint them, and write an *Epitaph* upon this occaſion.

The

The Golden Aſs: Or, The Wealthy Miſer.

COL. V.

A pleaſant Deſcription of a rich Uſurer's way of Living, who from a ſordid Condition arrived to a prodigious Wealth. That ſuch Eſtates generally come to a prodigal Son, who ſquanders away all that Money in Whoring and Drinking, which his penurious Father ſcrap'd together by Injuſtice and Oppreſſion.

JAMES, GILBERT.

Ja. MErcy on us! what an *alteration* is here? Why where haſt thou been, old Friend of mine, all this while, that thou art *return'd* ſo meager and Chap-fallen, as if thou had'ſt found out the *Myſtery* of living like *Graſhoppers* upon dew? There are twenty *Skeletons* yonder at *Chirurgeon*'s Hall that look Fifty *per Cent.* better than thou doſt. Thy *Rump-bone* has grated its way through thy Breeches, and, as the Fellow in *Bartholomew*-Fair ſaid, looks like the *Ace of Spades.* I dare engage, that were a Man to ſhake thee, thy Bones wou'd rattle in that wither'd Hide like *three blew Beans in a blew Bladder. Gi.* Thoſe worthy Gentlemen the *Poets* tell us, that in the Regions *below* the

Ghoſts are glad to feed upon *Leeks* and *Mallows*, but I have been ten Months in a *confounded* Place, where even theſe *Dainties* were not to be had. *Ja.* In what part of the World, I wonder? Perhaps thou haſt been *ſtarv'd* and *baſtinado'd* into this fine Shape at *Algiers*, or got it by tugging and ſweating in a *Gally*. *Gi.* No, you are miſtaken. I have been all this while in his moſt *Chriſtian* Majeſty's moſt *Pagan* Territories; and if you'll have me particular to the Place, at *Bourdeaux*. *Ja.* But how I wonder came it about, that you ran the riſk of *ſtarving* in a City ſo *rich*, and *provided* with every thing? *Gi.* 'Tis even ſo as I tell you. *Ja.* Prethee what might be the occaſion of it? Was the *Ready* all gone, and your Pockets quite *founder'd*? *Mi.* No I faith I can't pretend that I wanted either *Money* or *Friends*. *Ja.* For my part I am not able to *unriddle* this Myſtery, but explain it if you pleaſe. *Ga.* You muſt know that ſome *Buſineſs* in the way of *Trade* led me to this *City*, ſince the Concluſion of the late *Peace*, and I both lodg'd and dieted with a famous Merchant *Monſieur le Maigre*. *Ja.* That rich old Fellow that has *purchaſed* ſo many *Lordſhips*, and had the *fleecing* of ſo many young *Spendthrifts* in his time? *Gi.* The *ſame*; but the moſt penurious, ſordid *Hunks* that ever *cheated* the *Gallows*. *Ja.* 'Tis a *Prodigy* to me, that Men of *Bulk* and *Subſtance*, who are above the Apprehenſions of *Poverty*, ſhould deny themſelves the *Pleaſures*, but much more the *Conveniences* of Life. *Gi.* I don't wonder at it; for 'tis by this ſordid way of Living, that from *little* or *nothing* to begin the World with, they *ſcrape* ſo *much Wealth* together. *Ja.* But why then ſhould you *chooſe* to paſs ſo many Months with *him* of *all* the Men in the World, when you *knew* his Cha-

Character before-hand? *Gi.* There was an *Account* of a long ſtanding to be *made* up between us; and beſides I had a great *Fancy*, how it came into my Head I don't know, to ſee the *Management* of his Family. *Ja.* Pray communicate your *Obſervations* to a Friend then, for you have ſet my Curioſity on *Tip-toe* to know how it *fared* with you. *Gi.* With all my Heart, for 'tis no little *Pleaſure* to run over the *Hardſhips* one has ſuſtained. *Ja.* I am confident the *Relation* will be very *diverting* to me. *Gi.* To crown my *Miſeries*, Providence ſo order'd it, that the *Wind* ſat full *North* for three *whole* Months; only this I muſt tell you, tho' I am not *Philoſopher* enough to aſſign the *Reaſon* for't, that it never *held* in that Quarter above *eight* Days together. *Ja.* Why then did you tell me it *kept* there *three* whole Months? *Gi.* Upon the *eighth* Day, as if by Agreement, it ſhifted its *Station*, where it *continu'd* for ſome ſeven or eight Hours, and then *veer'd* to the *old* Point again. *Ja.* So *ſlender*, and I was going to ſay ſo *tranſparent*, a Body as yours wanted a good luſty *Fire* to keep it from ſtarving. *Gi.* A plague on't, there was no want of Fire, if we had had but *Wood* enough; but our moſt *worthy* Landlord, old *Scrape-all*, to ſave all the Expences poſſible in *Firing*, order'd his *Servants* to ſteal old *Roots* and *Stumps* of Trees, which none elſe thought worth the while to grub up but *himſelf*, and had them brought home *privately* in the Night. Of theſe *precious* Stumps, not a quarter dried enough, our Fire was made; which, to do it Juſtice, ſmoaked *plentifully*, but never *flamed* out: So that tho' it did not *warm* us, we could not ſay there was no *Fire*, and that was all our *Landlord* aim'd at. One of theſe Fires would laſt us a

whole

whole Day, ſo *obſtinately* did theſe *perverſe* knotty *Logs* hold it out. *Ja.* Why this was a *curſed* Place for a Man to paſs his *Winter* in. *Gi.* 'Twas ſo, and yet 'twas a thouſand times *worſe* to ſtay a *Summer* there. *Ja.* How could that be, I wonder? *Gi.* Becauſe the Houſe was ſo damnably *plagu'd* with Fleas, and Bugs, and Gnats, that there was no *reſting* for them in the Day-time, nor no *ſleeping* in the Night. *Ja.* What a wretched Wealth was here? *Gi.* Few Men, I muſt own, were *wealthier* than our Maſter in this ſort of *Cattle*. *Ja.* Surely you had no *Women* in the Family, or elſe they were heatheniſh, lazy *Sluts*. *Gi.* The *Females* were mew'd up in an *Apartment* by themſelves, and ſeldom came among the *Men*; ſo they did none of thoſe *Services* which properly belong to that *Sex* in other Families. *Ja.* But how could the *Maſter* of the Houſe *endure* all this Filth and Naſtineſs? *Gi.* Pſhaw! he was *us'd* to it from his Cradle, and *minded* nothing in the World but ſcraping of *Riches*. He lov'd to be any where but at *home*, and traded in every thing you can think of; for *Bourdeaux* you know is a Town of great *Commerce* and *Buſineſs*. The famous *Painter*, whoſe Name is now out of my Head, thought the Day *loſt* wherein he did not employ his *Pencil*; and our *Landlord* look'd upon himſelf as *undone*, if one ſingle Day paſs'd over his Head without ſome *Profit* or *Advantage*; and if ſuch a *Diſaſter* happen'd to him, he did not fail to *make* it *out* one way or other at *home*. *Ja.* Why, what was his *Method*? *Gi.* He had a *Ciſtern* of *Water* in his Court-yard, as moſt of the People of that *City* have, out of which he *drew* ſo many Buckets of *cold Adam*, and flung them into his Hogſheads; this was a moſt *certain* Profit to him. *Ja.* I ſuppoſe

poſe the Wine was ſomewhat of the *ſtrongeſt* then, and wanted this *Humiliation*. *Gi.* Far from that, it was as *dead* as a Door-nail, for he never bought any Wine but what was *decay'd* to his Hand, to have it at an *eaſier* Rate; and that he might not loſe a drop of this *Gut-griping* Stuff, he would jumble and tumble ye the *Grounds* of at leaſt ten *Tears* ſtanding, and ſet them a *fermenting* together, that it might paſs for *New Wine* upon the *Lee*; for, as I told you before, he would not have loſt the leaſt *pint-full* of *Grounds* to ſave his Grand-father's Soul. *Ja.* If the *Doctor's* Word may be taken, this ſort of Wine never fails to *reward* a Man with the *Stone* at long run. *Gi.* They are certainly in the *right* on't; and in the moſt *healthful* Years *two* or *three* at leaſt of the *Family* had their Heels *tript* up with this *Diſtemper*. But what was this to *Monſieur le Maigre?* He never *troubled* his Head about the Buſineſs, nor car'd a Farthing how many *Burials* went out of his Houſe, not he I promiſe you. *Ja.* 'Tis ſtrange, but what was the Reaſon? *Gi.* He made a Penny even of the *Dead*, and the *Grave* paid a *Tribute* to him. There was no Gain ſo *contemptible* and *baſe* but what he would *catch* at as greedily as a Gudgeon at a Fly. *Ja.* Under favour this was downright *Theft* though. *Gi.* Your *Merchants* call it turning an *honeſt Penny*, or chriſten it by the Name of *good Huſbandry*. *Ja.* Well, but what ſort of *Liquor* did the old *Huncks* drink all this while? *Gi.* The very ſame *Nectar* almoſt that I told you of. *Ja.* And did he find no *Harm*, no *Inconvenience* by it? *Gi.* You know the old Proverb, *No Carrion will kill a Crow.* Beſides, he had a *Body* as hard as a *Flint*, and could have made a *hearty* Meal upon *Hay*, or chopt

Straw,

Straw. Had he been in *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Caſe, it had been no *Puniſhment* to have ſent him to *Graſs.* The *Prodigal Son* in the *Goſpel*, when he *rob'd* the poor Swine, and fed upon *Huſks*, was a perfect *Epicure* to him. He had accuſtom'd himſelf to this *delicious* Fare from his *Infancy.* But to return to our Subject: He look'd upon this *Daſhing* and *Brewing* of his Wine to be a moſt *certain* Profit to him. *Ja.* How ſo, I beſeech you? *Gi.* You'll *ſoon* find it out by the Help of a very little *Arithmetick.* If you *reckon* his Wife, his Sons, his Daughter, his Son-in-Law, his Men-ſervants and his Maid-ſervants, he had about *thirty three* Mouths to provide for in the Family. Now the more he *corrected* his Wine with *Water*, the *leſs* of it was drunk, and the *longer* it was a drawing off. So then if you compute a *large* Bucket of Water thrown in every *Day* of the Week, it will amount to no *deſpicable* Sum, let me tell you, at the *Year*'s End. *Ja.* Oh! *ſordid* Raſkal! I never heard of ſuch a *Monſter* before. *Gi.* This was not *all*, he made the ſame *Advantage* by his *Bread.* *Ja.* More *myſterious* ſtill; and how could that be? *Gi.* He would never buy you any *Wheat* but what was *muſty*, and ſuch as the *meaneſt* Porter in the City would *ſcorn* to buy for his own *eating.* Now in the firſt place here was a preſent *gain*, becauſe he bought it ſo much *cheaper*; and then he had a *never-failing* Trick to *cure* the *Muſtineſs.* *Ja.* I long to hear what it was. *Gi.* There is a ſort of *Chalk*, if you have obſerv'd it, not altogether unlike to *Corn*, which you may ſee *Horſes* are *delighted* with, when they *gnaw* it out of the Walls, and *drink* more *freely* than uſual of that *Pond water*, where this *Chalk* is to be found. He mixed one *third* part

at

at leaſt of this *Earth* with his *Bread.* *Ja.* And do you call this *curing* it? *Gi.* I know by experience, that it made the *Muſtineſs* of the Corn to be not altogether ſo *perceivable.* Now tell me, was not this a *conſiderable* Profit? Beſides, he had another *Stratagem* in reſerve, for he *baked* his own Bread at home, which in the very midſt of *Summer* he never did oftner than *twice* a Month. *Ja.* Why ſurely it muſt be as *hard* as Marble. *Gi.* And *harder* if 'tis poſſible; but we had a *Remedy* at hand for that too. *Ja.* Perhaps *worſe* than the *Diſeaſe*; but what was it? *Gi.* With much tugging and ſweating we cut this delicious *Bread* into fine thin *Slices*, and ſoak'd them in the *Wine.* *Ja.* The Devil a *Barrel the better Herring*; but how did the *Servants* bear this abominable *Uſage.* *Gi.* Firſt let me tell you how the *Top-folks* of the *Family* were ſerved, and then you may eaſily conjecture how the *Servants* fared. *Ja.* I am in pain till you acquaint me. *Gi.* It was as bad as *Treaſon* to mention that *Apocryphal* Word, *Breakfaſt* in the Family; and as for *Dinner*, it was generally deferr'd till *One* of the Clock in the Afternoon. *Ja.* Why ſo? *Gi.* We were obliged, you may think, in *good Manners* to ſtay till the *Maſter* of the Family came *home*, and we ſeldom *ſupp'd* before *Ten.* *Ja.* Well but old Friend of mine, how cou'd your *Stomach* brook to be *poſt-poned* ſo? I have known the time when it was not *endued* with this admirable Gift of *Chriſtian* Patience. *Gi.* You ſhall *hear.* I called every other Moment upon our Landlord's Son-in-law, who lay upon the ſame Floor with my ſelf; *Ho! Monſieur*, ſaid I, *do ye make no Dining here at* Bourdeaux? *For the Lord's ſake, Sir*, ſaid he, *ſtay a little, my Father will be here in a minute.* Finding not the leaſt motion

tion towards *Dinner*, and my *Guts* very mutinous, *heark you Friend*, cry'd I, *will you ſtarve us here?* The courteous *Gentleman* begg'd my pardon once more, and deſired an *Hour* longer, or ſome ſuch *trifle*. Being *unable* any longer to bear the *curſed* Clamor which my *Bowels* made, I bawl'd out again as loud as my *Lungs* wou'd give me leave, *the Devil's in this Family I think, what muſt we be all famiſhed?* When the *Monſieur* found that he had no more *Excuſes* to make, he went down to the Servants and *ordered* them to lay the *Cloth*; all this while no *Maſter* of the Houſe came, and *Dinner* ſeem'd to be as *far off* as ever; ſo the Son-in-law *wearied* with the *Complaints* I perpetually *rattled* in his Ears, went to the *Apartment* where his Wife, and Mother, and Children were, and deſired them to give Orders for *Dinner*. *Ja.* Well, now I *expect* to hear how your *Entertainment* was ſerved in. *Gi.* Pray be'nt ſo *haſty*. At laſt a lame ill-favoured *Fellow*, ſuch as they paint *Vulcan*, lay'd the Napkins upon the Table, for that it ſeems was his *Province*. This was the *firſt* ſtep made towards *Dinner*; and about an *hour* after, two glaſs Bottles fill'd with *Water* were brought into the Room, but not till I had made my ſelf as *hoarſe* as a *More-field Organ* with calling to them. *Ja.* Here's *another* ſtep I ſee towards *Dinner*. *Gi.* Don't be ſo *haſty* I tell you. At a conſiderable *diſtance* of time, but not without a world of *knocking*, and *bawling*, and *quarrelling*, a Bottle of the abovementioned *Wine*, but as *thick* as *Diſh-water*, was ſet upon the Side-board. *Ja.* That's *well*, however. *Gi.* But not a jot of *Bread* came along with it, tho' there was no great danger we ſhou'd touch it; for one of Col. *Walker*'s Starvelings in *London-derry* wou'd have *refuſed*

fuſed ſuch Stuff. We baul'd and *roar'd* again, till we had almoſt *ſplit* our Wind-pipes; and at laſt the *Bread* appeared, but ſo *rocky* and *hard*, that I wou'd defie the *ſtrongeſt* Bear in *Muſcovy* to break it aſunder with his *Jaws*. *Ja.* Well, but now there was no *danger* of ſtarving, which is a *Bleſſing* you know? *Gi.* Late in the afternoon our worſhipful *Landlord* came home, and generally with this *unlucky* pretence that his Belly *aked*. *Ja.* Why, what the Plague was that to *you*, or any *one* elſe? *Gi.* Only *this much* that then we went *faſting* to Bed; for who cou'd have the *ill Manners* to think of *eating*, when the *Maſter* of the Houſe was out of *order*. *Ja.* But was he *really* ſick? *Gi.* So *very* ſick, that he wou'd have devoured ye a *Rump* of Beef and a couple of *Capons* if you wou'd have *treated* him. *Ja.* Well, now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let me know your *Bill* of *Fare*. *Gi.* In the *firſt* place, there was ſerved in a *little* Plateful of *Grey-peaſe*, which the Women there *cry* about the Streets, and ſell to *ordinary* People; and this *Regale* was for the old *Gentleman*'s own eating. He pretended that this was his Remedy againſt all Diſeaſes. *Ja.* How many were there of you that ſat down to Table? *Gi.* Sometimes eight or nine, among whom was Monſieur *Bæudin*, a learned *Gentleman*, to whoſe *Character* I ſuppoſe you are no *ſtranger*, and our Landlord's eldeſt *Son*. *Ja.* And what had they ſet before them to eat? *Gi.* What? why, the ſame that *Melchiſedeck* offer'd to *Abraham*, after he had conquer'd the *five Kings*. And was not that *enough* in conſcience for any *reaſonable* Man? *Ja.* But had you no Meat at all. *Gi.* Yes, but very little, God knows. I remember that once *nine* of us ſate down to *Dinner*, but may I paſs *another* Winter

there, if we had any thing elſe but *ſeven* ſmall *Lettice-leaves*, ſwimming moſt daintily in *Vinegar*, but not a jot of *Oil* to bear them company. *Ja.* Well, but did old *Pinch-gut* devour all his *Grey-peaſe* by himſelf? *Gi.* You muſt know, he bought but a *Farthing*'s worth of them; however, he did not abſolutely *forbid* thoſe that ſat *next* him to *taſt* them; but it looked ſomewhat *Clowniſh*, or worſe to rob a *ſick* Man of his *Victuals*. *Ja.* But were not your Lettice-leaves ſplit with great dexterity to make the greater ſhew. *Gi.* Why, truly no, that I muſt needs ſay; and when thoſe that ſat at the *upper* end of the Table had *eaten* theſe Leaves, the reſt of the *Gueſts* ſopp'd their *Bread* in the Vinegar, and eat it in their own *Defence*. *Ja.* And what I pray came after theſe *ſeven Lettice-leaves*. *Gi.* A very *merry* Queſtion Iſaith. *What came after?* Why, what but the conſtant *Epilogue* of all *Dinners*, the *Cheeſe*. *Ja.* Pardon my Curioſity, but was this your *daily* Fare? *Gi. Generally* ſpeaking it was, but *now* and *then*, when the old *Gentleman* had the *good* Luck to *over-reach* any one in the way of *Trade*, he wou'd be a little more *open-hearted*. *Ja.* I long to know how he *entertain'd* you *then*. *Gi.* Upon *ſuch* an occaſion he wou'd ſo far play the *Prodigal*, as to lay ye out a *whole* Penny, with which he wou'd order *three* freſh Bunches of *Grapes* to be bought. On ſuch an *extravagant* gaudy Day as this, the *Family* was like to run out of their *Wits*. *Ja.* And had but too much *Reaſon* for't, by what I perceive. *Gi.* We were *regal'd* in this manner never but when Grapes were *dog-cheap*. *Ja.* So then I find he never *treated* you but in the *Autumn*. *Gi.* Yes, hang him, he did. You have *Fiſhermen* there that take ye a world of *Cockles*, and chiefly out

of the *Common-Shores*, which they *cry* about the Streets. In this precious *Commodity* he wou'd ſometimes out of his great *Generoſity* lay out an *Half-penny*. You'd have ſworn then that we had a *Wedding-Feaſt* in the Family: There was a *Fire* made in the Kitchin, tho' not very *great*, for theſe Cockles you muſt underſtand are boil'd in a *minute*. This rare *Diſh* came always after the *Cheeſe*, and ſerv'd inſtead of a *Deſert*. *Ja.* A moſt extraordinary *Deſert* upon my word. Well, but had you never any *Fleſh* or *Fiſh* to keep your Stomachs in play? *Gi.* At laſt the old *Gentleman*, wearied and overcome with the Reproaches I made him, began to be ſomewhat more *ſplendid* in his eating. Now when he deſign'd to play the *Epicure* in good earneſt, the Bill of Fare was as follows. *Ja.* I ſhall imagine my ſelf now at *Lockets*, or the *Blew Poſts* in the *Hay-market*. *Gi. Imprimis*, We had a Diſh of *Soop* ſeaſon'd with the following *Spices*. They took you a large Kettle of *Water* and ſet it over the Fire; into it they flung ſeveral *pieces* of ſkimm'd Milk *Cheeſe*, but as hard as *Iron*. In ſhort, there was no hewing of it without a good Hatchet. At laſt theſe *venerable* Fragments of *Cheeſe* wou'd begin to grow a little *better natur'd*, by virtue of the Fire beneath; and then they *diſcoloured* the above-mention'd *Water* ſo *prettily*, that a Man cou'd not poſitively ſay 'twas mere *Element*. Now, Sir, this *Soop* was brought in as a *Preparative* for the *Stomach*. *Ja.* *Soop* do ye call it? 'twas only fit for the *Hogs*. *Gi.* When *this* was taken away, we had in the next place a ſmall *diminutive* Diſh of *Tripe*, that was boil'd at leaſt *fifteen* days before. *Ja.* Surely then it ſtunk moſt *egregiouſly*. *Gi.* It did ſo; but we had a *trick* to help that. *Ja.* Prithee

what was it? *Gi.* I am *afraid* you'll uſe it your ſelf, if I tell you. *Ja.* Ay marry, Sir, there's great *danger* of that. *Gi.* They wou'd put ye an *Egg* or two into warm *Water* and *beat* them well together; then they *daubed* the *Tripe* over with this Liquor. By this means your *Eyes* were cheated, but 'twas impoſſible to cheat your *Noſe*, for the *ſtink*, I warrant ye, wou'd force its way through a *Stone-wall*. If it happen'd to be a *Fiſh*-day, we had ſometimes three *Whitings*, and thoſe the *ſmalleſt* the Market afforded, tho' there were *ſeven* or *eight* of us at Table. *Ja.* But you had ſomething elſe, I ſuppoſe? *Gi.* Nothing but that confounded *Cheeſe* I told you of, as *hard* as an Uſurer's *Conſcience*. An *Oſtrich*, that makes nothing to breakfaſt upon *Iron*, cou'd never *digeſt* it. *Ja.* Well, *Monſieur le Maigre* is the oddeſt *Epicure* I ever heard of; but prithee anſwer me one civil Queſtion: How a-God's Name cou'd ſuch *ſlender* Proviſion be *enough* for ſo many Gueſts of you, eſpecially ſince you had no *Breakfaſt* to blunt the *edge* of your *Stomachs*. *Gi.* Nay, Sir, I ſhall increaſe your wonder when I tell you that the *remainders* of our Dinner *fed* the Mother-in-law, and the Daughter-in-law, the youngeſt Son, a Servant-maid, and a *Litter* of Children. *Ja.* You have indeed; 'tis now a *greater Riddle* to me than before. *Gi.* 'Tis impoſſible for me to *explain* this difficulty to you, until I firſt *repreſent* to you in what *Order* we ſat at *Table*. *Ja.* Let me beg that *favour* of you then. *Gi.* Our *Landlord* ſat at the upper end, and my *Worſhip* on the right hand of him; his Son-in-law *Monſieur Peu* directly over againſt our *Landlord*; *Monſieur Baudin* ſat next to *Monſieur Peu*, and one *Conſtantine* a *Grecian* next to him: But I forgot to

tell

tell you, that our *Landlord*'s eldeſt *Son*, the *Heir* apparent of the *Family*, ſat on his *Father*'s left hand. If any *Stranger* came to dine with us, he was *placed* according to his *Quality*. As for the *Soop*, there was no great danger of its being *eaten* up; but you muſt know that in the Plates of thoſe worthy *Gentlemen*, who had the honour of being chiefly in our Landlord's good Graces, a few little *Bits* of the damn'd *Cheeſe* above-mentioned *floated* up and down, and looked like the *Maldivy* Iſlands in a Map of the *Eaſt-Indies*. This *execrable* Hog-waſh was encompaſſed with ſome four or five *Bottles* that held Wine and Water, which form'd a ſort of a *Barricado*, ſo that *no body* cou'd reach his Spoon to it, except the *Three* before whom the Diſh ſtood, unleſs he had a mind to be very *impudent* indeed, and *ſcale* the Walls of the *Garriſon*: However this *Diſh* did not ſtay there *long*, but was ſoon *taken away* that ſomething might be left for the *Family*. *Ja.* How did the *reſt* employ themſelves all this while, I pray? *Gi.* Why, they *regaled* themſelves after the old *delicious* manner; they ſoak'd their *Bread*, which as I told you before, was half *Wheat* and half *Chalk*, in that ſour thick naſty *Wine*, and ſo fed upon't. *Ja.* Your Dinner certainly uſed to be over in a *minute*. *Gi.* You are miſtaken, it held above an *hour*. *Ja.* I can't imagine how that cou'd be. *Gi.* After the Servants had taken away the *Soop*, which you may remember was none of the moſt *tempting* fare, the Cheeſe was ſet upon the Table, which run no great riſque of being much *demoliſhed*, for it defyed the *ſharpeſt* Knife that ever appeared at the *keeneſt* Ordinary. Every Man's *Portion* of Bread and Wine ſtood before him ſtill, and over theſe *Dainties*

we were at leiſure to *chat*, and tell *Stories*, and *divert* our ſelves; in the mean time the *Women* dined. *Ja.* But how did the *Servants* fare after all? *Gi.* They had nothing in *common* with us, but dined and ſupp'd at their own Hours: But this I muſt tell you, that take the *whole* day, they did not ſpend above *half* an hour at their Victuals. *Ja.* I deſire once more to know how they were *ſerved*. *Gi.* You need not give me that *trouble*, but may eaſily *gueſs*. *Ja.* Your *Germans* now think an *Hour* too little to *Breakfaſt* in; they take the ſame time generally at their *Beaver*; an *hour* and *half* at leaſt goes at *Dinner*, and at leaſt *two hours* at *Supper*: Then unleſs their *Bellies* are well fill'd with the beſt *Wine*, and *Fleſh* and *Fiſh* of all ſorts, they immediately *diſcard* their Maſters, and run to the *Army*. *Gi.* Every Nation has its peculiar *Genius* and way of Living. The *Italians* beſtow but very *little* upon their *Bellies*; they wou'd rather you ſhou'd give them a piece of *Money* than the beſt *Entertainment*; and this Frugality or Temperance they rather owe to *Nature* than *Cuſtom*. *Ja.* Well, now I don't wonder that you are come home ſo *lean*, but rather how you cou'd make a *ſhift* to keep Body and Soul together *ſo long*, ſince to my *knowledge* you were ſo *uſed* to Capons, and Partridges, and Pigeons, and Pheaſants, with a long *Et Cætera* too tedious to be mentioned. *Gi.* Why Troth I had very fairly *trooped* off, if I had not *bethought* my ſelf of due *Remedies*. *Ja.* The World went very *ill* with you for certain, when you were forced to *Bettreſs* it with theſe *Remedies* as you call them. *Gi.* I brought matters about ſo, that I had the *fourth* part of a boiled *Pullet* allow'd me every *Meal*, to keep

up

up my *languiſhing* Spirits. *Ja.* Ay marry, now you begin to *live*. *Gi.* Not altogether ſo *well* as you imagine. Old *Gripe* bought the *Pullets* himſelf; but they were the *leaſt* he cou'd lay his Hands on, to ſave *Expences*. I dare engage that *ſix* of them wou'd not ſerve a *Polander* of a *tolerable* Stomach to make his *Breakfaſt* on; and when he had *bought* them he wou'd not *give* them the leaſt *corn*, becauſe forſooth he wou'd not put himſelf to *extraordinary* Charges. Thus a *Wing* or a *Leg* of the poor *Fowl*, that was half ſtarved before they put it into the Pot, fell to my ſhare, and the *Liver* always went to Monſieur *Peu*'s little *Son*. As for the *Broth* they made of it, the Women perpetually *lapp'd* it up, and every other minute wou'd put you freſh *Water* into the Pot, to make this *precious* Pottage hold out the *longer*. Now when it was perfectly boil'd to *Rags*, and as dry as a *Chip*, a Leg of it or ſo came to your humble Servant. The *Broth* was nothing in the world but *Water bewitched*, if it deſerved ſo good a Name. *Ja.* And yet People tell me that you have all ſorts of *Fowl* there in great *Plenty* and *Perfection*, and exceeding *cheap*. *Gi.* 'Tis even ſo, but *Money* is harder to come by. *Ja.* You have done *Penance* enough one wou'd think, tho' you had knocked the old *Gentleman* at the *Vatican* in the Head, or untruſs'd a Point upon S. *Peter*'s Tomb. *Gi.* But hear the reſt of the *Farce* out. You know there are *five days* in every Week, on which 'tis lawful to eat *Fleſh*. *Ja.* Well, and what of that? *Gi.* So our *Landlord* made two *Pullets* laſt the whole Week; for on *Thurſday* he wou'd pretend that he forgot to go to *Market*, leſt he ſhould be obliged to ſpend a *whole* Pullet on that day, or leſt any

of it ſhould be *left* to the Servants. *Ja.* By what I perceive, your *Landlord* was ten times a greater *Miſer* than *Euclio* in *Plautus*. But on *Fiſh-days* what courſe did ye take, I wonder, to keep your ſelf alive? *Gi.* I employ'd a certain Friend of mine to buy me three *Eggs* every morning with my own Money; two for *Dinner*, and one for *Supper*. But here the *Women* play'd the *Devil* with me; for inſtead of *new laid* Eggs, (and I'm ſure I *paid* as if they had been ſuch) they wou'd give me *rotten* ones, ſuch as were only fit to be levell'd at a *Pillory*: So that I thought my ſelf very *kindly* and *courteouſly* dealt with indeed; if *one* of my *three* Eggs proved eatable. I likewiſe bought me ſome *Flaſks* of good *Wine* for my own drinking; but thoſe everlaſting *Harpies* the *Women* broke up my Cellar-door, and in a few days did not *leave* me a *drop*; neither was our moſt incomparable *Landlord* much *diſpleas'd* at the Matter. *Ja.* But did none of the Family take *pity* of your *ſad* Condition? *Gi. Take pity*, ſay you? No, they call'd me *Glutton* and *Cormorant*, and ravenous *Monſter*, that wou'd certainly bring a *Famine* into their Country. Upon this Head that accompliſhed Gentleman, *Monſieur Peu* wou'd frequently give me *good* Advice; he *ſoberly* and *gravely* counſelled me to conſider the Place where I lived, and to have ſome regard to my *Health* in ſo tickliſh a *Climate*, giving me the Names of ſeveral of my *Country-men*, who had either died *Martyrs* to their own *Gluttony*, or contracted very dangerous *Diſtempers* by it. When notwithſtanding theſe *wholſom* Admonitions, which he daily *pour'd* into my Ears, he found me an *incorrigible* Reprobate to my *Guts*, and ever now and then propping my lean,

lean, ſickly, feeble *Carcaſs* with ſome fooliſh *Trifles* that were to be had at the *Confectioners*, made of the Kernels of *Pine-apples*, *Melons*, and ſuch worthy *Stuff*; when I ſay he found me ſo *intirely* abandon'd to the Intereſt of my *Belly*, and ſo *prodigally* pampering my ſelf, he got a certain *Phyſician*, with whom he knew I was acquainted, to *perſuade* me to a more *temperate* courſe of Life, and be leſs *indulgent* to my ſelf in *Diet*. The *Doctor*, to give him his due, performed his part *notably*, and inculcated theſe *pious* Precepts to me every morning. I ſoon perceiv'd, that he was *ſet on* to do it, and ſuited my *Anſwers* accordingly. At laſt finding him *perpetually* to harp upon this *String*, ſo that his Company grew *nauſeous* and *troubleſom*; *Worthy Doctor*, ſaid I to him, *Pray anſwer me one civil Queſtion, do ye ſpeak this in jeaſt or in earneſt? Oh in earneſt*, replied he; *well then*, continued I, *what wou'd you have me do? Why, to leave off Suppers for good and all*, ſaid he, *and to mix at leaſt one half Water with your Wine.* I cou'd not forbear *laughing* at this extraordinary *Advice*; ſo ſaid I to him, *Doctor, if 'tis your Will and Pleaſure to ſee me decently laid in a Church-yard, you take an infallible courſe to bring it about; for I'm ſure it wou'd be preſent death to me, in the preſent Circumſtances of this poor diſpirited Body, to leave off Suppers; and I am ſo confident of this Truth, that I am loth to make the Experiment. What do you think wou'd become of me, if after ſuch ſcurvy Dinners as we have here, I ſhould go ſupperleſs to Bed? And then to bid me mingle Water with ſuch weak inſipid Wine, pray conſider, is it not infinitely better to drink clear Water as it comes from the Fountain, than to debauch it with ſuch wretched*

ſour ſtuff. I don't queſtion but that Monſieur Peu *(a Plague take him for't) order'd you to give me this ghoſtly Advice; for indeed 'tis fitter for one of* Glanvill's, *or Mr.* Aubry's *Spectres, than for Fleſh and Blood to follow.* At this the *Doctor* ſmiled in ſpite of his affected Gravity, and was pleaſed to allow me better Terms than before. Worthy Sir, cried he, *I did not ſay this to you with an intention that you ſhould totally leave off Suppers; you may eat an Egg and drink a glaſs of Wine, for this is my own manner of living. I have an Egg boiled me for my Supper, one half of the Yolk I eat my ſelf, and I give my Son the other half; then I drink half a glaſs of Wine, and by virtue of this Refreſhment, I make a ſhift to ſtudy till late in the Night. Ja.* But did not this Phyſician *put the Doctor upon you,* as the ſaying is? Do you think this Account he gave of himſelf was *true? Gi.* Ay, moſt *certainly.* As I was once coming home from *Church,* a *Gentleman* that bore me Company, pointing to a certain *Houſe,* told me the *Doctor* lived there. Upon this I had a *curioſity* to viſit his Quarters; ſo I *knocked* at the door, and in I came. I remember it was a *Sunday* of all the days of the Year, and I ſurprized the *Doctor* with his Son, and a Servant at *Dinner.* The *Bill* of *Fare* was a couple of *Eggs,* and the Devil a *jot* of any thing elſe. *Ja.* Why, ſurely theſe People were ſcarce able to *crawl.* They wou'd have made moſt excellent *Ghoſts* for a *Play,* I warrant you. *Gi.* Far from that, they were both *plump* and in *good* liking, their *Eyes* briſk and lively, and their *Cheeks* freſh-coloured and ruddy. *Ja.* 'Tis wonderful *ſtrange,* I can ſcarce bring my ſelf to *believe* it. *Gi.* Nothing is *truer* I can aſſure you. The *Doctor* is

not

not the *only* Perſon that lives thus, but ſeveral *others*, Men of *Bulk* and *Subſtance* in the World. Take my word for't, much *eating* and much *drinking* is a matter of *Cuſtom* rather than *Nature*. If a Man uſes himſelf to *ſpare* Diet, he may e'en carry it as *far* as he pleaſes, and be the Reverſe of *Milo*, who, as Hiſtory tells us, came from eating a *Calf*, to devour a whole *Ox* at a ſitting. *Ja.* Good Heavens! if 'tis *poſſible* for a Man to *preſerve* his Health with ſo *little* Nouriſhment, I can't but think what a *prodigious* Expence the *Engliſh*, the *Germans*, the *Danes* and *Polanders* ſquander away upon their Bellies. *Gi.* No doubt on't but they might ſave half in half in their *Kitchens*, which now they *fooliſhly* conſume, to the apparent Prejudice of their *Healths*, as well as *Underſtandings*. *Ja.* But why then, noble Sir, cou'd not you *content* your ſelf with this *Philoſophical* Fare? *Gi.* I had *accuſtomed* my ſelf all along to *ſeveral* Diſhes, and it was too *late* to *alter* my way of living then. Tho' to tell you the truth, I was rather *ſcandaliz'd* at the *Quality*, than the *Quantity* of their Victuals. Two *Eggs* wou'd have ſerv'd me very well for *Supper*, if they had been *freſh laid*; and half a Pint of *Wine* wou'd have been *enough* in all Conſcience, if it had not been as *thick* as Muſtard, and as *ſour* as Vinegar. To conclude, one quarter of the *Bread* would have been as much as I could compaſs, if they had not given me *Chalk* inſtead of *Bread*. *Ja.* Lord, that your Lordlord *Monſieur le Maigre* ſhould be ſuch a *ſordid* Wretch amidſt ſo *prodigious* a Wealth? *Gi.* I ſpeak *within* compaſs, when I tell you that he was worth fourſcore thouſand *Ducats* the leaſt Penny, and never a Year paſs'd over his Head that he did not get a *thouſand* Pounds clear

in

in the way of *Merchandize.* I ſpeak the *leaſt. Ja.* And did thoſe *hopeful* young Sparks, to whom he *deſign'd* all theſe Riches, uſe the ſame *Parſimony. Gi.* They did, but it was *only* at *home.* When they were got *abroad*, they eat and drank, and whored and gamed moſt *plentifully*; and while their *penurious* old *Dad* thought it much to *ſpend* one ſingle *Six-pence* at his Houſe, to *treat* the beſt Relations and Friends he had in the whole World, theſe prodigal *Rakehells* would make you *nothing* to loſe *fourſcore* broad Pieces in a Night at *Play. Ja.* This is the *uſual* Fate of your *great* Eſtates that are gotten with *griping* and *Oppreſſion. What is got over the Devil's Back*, we ſay, *is ſpent under his Belly.* But if I may be ſo bold as to aſk you one Queſtion, now you have ſcaped this *enchanted* Country, where are you ſteering your Courſe? *Gi.* Why, to a parcel of *jolly* Companions at the *Rummer* in *Queenſtreet*, to ſee if I can make my ſelf amends there for all the Hardſhips I have ſuffer'd abroad.

Xantippe:

Xantippe: Or, The Imperious Wife.

COL. VI.

The Duty of Wives. Husbands, tho' never ſo untowardly and vicious, not to be treated with Contempt or ill Language. A ſcolding Wife generally makes her Husband a greater Sot, inſtead of amending him. Some Inſtances of virtuous Ladies, that have reclaim'd their Husbands from an ill Courſe of Life by Gentleneſs and good Uſage.

EULALIA, XANTIPPE.

Eu. MY dear *Xantippe*, a good Morning to you. *Xan.* The ſame to you, *Eulalia*. You look *prettier* than you uſed to do methinks. *Eu.* What do you begin to *jeer* me already? *Xan.* Not I upon my Word, I *abhor* it. But *ſo* you *ſeem* to me, I'll aſſure you. *Eu.* Perhaps then my *new Clothes* may ſet me off to *Advantage*. *Xan.* You *gueſs* right, 'tis one of the prettieſt *Suits* I ever beheld; and then the *Trimming* too is ſo *agreeable*. Well, you have the beſt Fancy with you of any Woman in the World. 'Tis *Engliſh* Cloth, I ſuppoſe? *Eu.* The Wool indeed is *Engliſh*, but it was dy'd at *Venice*. *Xan.* Bleſs me! it feels as ſoft as *Silk*, and the Colour is the moſt *bewitching* that can be; but who gave you this

this *fine Preſent*, I wonder? *Eu.* From whom ſhould a virtuous *Wife* receive any *Preſents*, but from her *Huſband*? *Xan.* Well! you are a *happy* Woman, that you are, to have that *precious* Jewel, a *good* Huſband; for my part I wiſh I had *married* a Muſhroom, a Bean-ſtalk, the Head of an old Baſe Viol, or any thing, when the *Parſon* join'd me to this *Sot*, this incorrigible *Beaſt*. *Eu.* What, is your Houſe *until'd* already, and is it come to a Rupture between you? *Xan.* And ſo it is like to *hold* to the *End* of the *Chapter* for me. Do but ſee what a *pitiful* Manteau I am forced to wear; and yet he is *glad* to ſee me go ſo like a *Dowdy*. May I never ſtir, if I am not *aſhamed* to go to *Church* or a *Goſſipping*, to ſee how much *finer* my Neighbours are *dreſſed* than me, whoſe *Huſbands*, tho' I ſay it, have not a *quarter* of the Eſtate that *mine* has. *Eu.* The *true* Ornament of a *Matron*, as our *Doctor* will inform you, does not conſiſt in *gaudy* Clothes, and a *rich* Out-ſide, in *Jewels* and *Necklaces*, but in *Meekneſs* and *Chaſtity*, and in the *Endowments* of the Mind. Harlots are *trick'd up* on purpoſe to draw in *Cuſtomers*, but an *honeſt* Woman is ſet out to all the *Advantage* ſhe can deſire, if ſhe's but ſo *happy* as to pleaſe her *Huſband*. *Xan.* In the mean time this moſt *worthy* Tool of mine, who *grudges* every Farthing that is laid out upon his *Wife*, takes all the Pains in the World to *ſquander* away the *Fortune* I brought him, which, by the by, was not *contemptible*. *Eu.* As how, I pray? *Xan.* Why, as the *Maggot* bites, ſometimes upon his *Whores*, ſometimes at *Gaming*, or at the *Tavern*. *Eu.* Oh fie! you ſhould never ſay this of your *Huſband*. *Xan.* But I'll juſtify it to be *true*; and then when the *Brute* comes home at *Midnight* with his

his Cargo of *Claret* in his Guts, and ſtinking of *Tobacco* worſe than a *Polecat*, he does nothing but *ſnore* all the *Night* long; and 'tis a Mercy if he leaves nothing but his *Wine* between the Sheets, for ſometimes 'tis *worſe* with him. *Eu.* Peace, I'll hear no more of this; you forget that you really *leſſen* your ſelf when you *leſſen* your Huſband. *Xan.* Let me die if I would not rather take up my Quarters in a *Pig-ſty* with a cleanly *Hog*, than lie with ſuch a Mixture of Naſtineſs and Brutality. *Eu.* And when you find him in ſuch a *Pickle*, don't you *ſcold* at him to ſome purpoſe? *Xan.* Yes indeed, I *uſe* him as he *deſerves*. I ſuppoſe he's ſatisfied that I have *Lungs* upon occaſion. *Eu.* Well, and how does he *reliſh* this *Treatment*? *Xan.* At firſt he *bounc'd* and *ſwagger'd* moſt heroically, thinking to *fright* me with his *big Words*, and all that. *Eu.* And did it never come to *downright Blows* between you? *Xan.* Once, and but once, the *Quarrel* roſe ſo *high*, that we were within an Ace of *Fiſty-Cuffs*. *Eu.* What's this I hear? *Xan.* My Spark had a *Crab-tree* Cudgel in his Hand, which he *lifted* up, ſwearing and Curſing like a *Foot-Soldier* at an unbelieving *Country Inn-keeper*, and threatning to make a *ſevere* Example of me. *Eu.* And were you not *afraid* that he'd be as *good* as his *Word*? *Xan.* To prevent that, I ſnatch'd up a three-legg'd *Stool*, and told him that I'd *comb* his *Head* with it, if he offer'd to *touch* me with his little *Finger*. *Eu.* A *merry* ſort of a *Buckler* upon my Word. *Xan.* Had he not *ſounded* a *Retreat*, he had found to his *Coſt*, I believe, that he had no *Child* to deal with. *Eu* Oh my dear *Xantippe*, you do *ill* in this, I muſt tell you. *Xan.* Pray in what reſpect? For if he does not *uſe* me as his *Wife*, I don't know why I ſhould

uſe him as my *Huſband*. *Eu.* The *New Teſtament* will tell you other things: St. *Paul* ſays, that *Wives* ought to be *ſubject to their Huſbands with all Reverence*; and St. *Peter* propoſes the Example of *Sarah* to us, who call'd her Huſband *Abraham Lord*. *Xan.* This I know full well; but the *Apoſtle* you firſt mention'd likewiſe *teaches*, that *Men* ſhould love their *Wives* as *Chriſt* lov'd his *Spouſe* the *Church*: Let him put his own Duty in Practice, and I'll not forget mine I promiſe you. *Eu.* Well, but when things are come to ſuch a *Dilemma*, that either the *Wife* or *Huſband* muſt *knock* under the *Table*, I think it but *reaſonable* that the *Woman* ſhould ſubmit to the *Man*. *Xan.* Why muſt I look upon him to be my *Huſband*, who uſes me *worſe* than a *Kitchen-wench*? *Eu.* But tell me, *Xantippe*, did he never threaten to beat you after this? *Xan.* No, no, he grew *wiſer* and *repented* of his *Valour*, otherwiſe he had caught a *Tartar*, I can tell him but that. *Eu.* So then I hope you've left off *ſcolding* at him. *Xan.* No, never while I have this *Tongue* in my Head. *Eu.* But how does your *Huſband* bear it all this while? *Xan.* Why ſometimes he pretends to be *faſt aſleep*, ſometimes he does nothing in the world but *laugh*, and ſometimes he takes his confounded *Fiddle*, with no more than three *Strings* to't, and *ſcrapes* ye upon the batter'd old *Inſtrument* with as much *Might* and *Pains* as if he were a *threſhing*, and all this on *purpoſe* to *ſtop* my *Pipe*. *Eu.* And did not that *vex* the very *Heart* of you? *Xan.* So much, that I could almoſt have *torn* him to pieces for downright *Madneſs*. *Eu.* Well, my dear *Xantippe*, will you give me leave to talk a little *freely* to you? *Xan.* With all my Heart, ſay what you pleaſe. *Eu.* Nay you ſhall do as *much* with me; and this

this I think is *no more* than what our long *Acquaintance* will warrant; for you and I have *known* one another from our *Cradles*. *Xan.* You ſay *true*, and there's none of my *Play-fellows* I love *better* than your ſelf. *Eu.* Let your *Huſband* prove what he will, yet I'd have you ſtill carry it in your Mind, that it is not in your Power to *change* him for *another*. Heretofore indeed, when things came to an open *Rupture*, and no *Reconciliation* could be hop'd for, a *Divorce* might ſet both Parties at *eaſe*, which is not to be *done* at this time of day; for now you muſt bear with him *for better for worſe* to the *laſt* Breath in your Body: Try what *Tricks* you pleaſe, he will ſtill be your *Huſband*, and you his *Wife*. *Xan.* How I could *rail* at thoſe that *rob'd* us of this Privilege! *Eu.* Have a care what you ſay; no *worſe* a Man than he that *inſtituted* our Religion thought fit to lay this *Curb* upon us. *Xan.* I can't believe it. *Eu.* But 'tis as I tell you: So then your *Huſband* and *you* have *nothing* left to do, but to *ſuit* your Tempers and Diſpoſitions to one another, and to bear the *Yoke* of *Matrimony* as *contentedly* as you can. *Xan.* But do you think 'tis poſſible for me to work a *Miracle*, and to alter the *Nature* of this inſufferable *Brute*? *Eu.* You muſt give me leave to tell you however, that it does not a *little* depend upon a *Wife* what ſort of a *Man* her *Huſband* will make. *Xan.* And do your *Huſband* and you live in *perfect* Amity? *Eu.* Yes, Heaven be praiſed, all is eaſy and quiet with us *now*. *Xan.* Then I find there has been ſome *bickering* formerly between you. *Eu.* Nothing that could properly be call'd a *Tempeſt*; only as no Condition of Life is *perfect* on this ſide Heaven, a few ſmall *Clouds* began to appear, which might have occaſion'd very ill *Weather*,

if Care had not been taken to *prevent* it by a wiſe *Conduct*. Every one has his *peculiar* Humours and Fancies; and if we will *honeſtly* ſpeak the Truth, every one has his Faults more or leſs, which in the *Matrimonial* State eſpecially we ought to *connive* at, and not to *hate*. *Xan.* Indeed I muſt *own* this to be *true*. *Eu.* Now it frequently happens that that *good* Underſtanding and Friendſhip, which ought to be *preſerved* between a Man and his Wife, is *fatally* interrupted, before they have any *tolerable* Knowledge of one another. And this is the *firſt* thing that ought to be *provided* againſt; for when once the Spirit of *Diviſion* has diſunited them, 'tis a *difficult* matter to make a Reconciliation, eſpecially if ever it went ſo *high* as to come to *perſonal* Reflections. We ſee that Pieces of Wood which are *glew'd* together, if they are *rudely* us'd at *firſt*, are *eaſily* broke aſunder; but if you give them *time* to *ſettle*, and the Glew is *throughly* dry'd, there's no *danger* of their *breaking*. For this Reaſon all the *Care* in the World ought to be taken, that in the *Infancy* of Marriage a good *correſpondence* be ſetled between *both* Parties, and take *deep* rooting. This is *principally* effected by a *mutual* Complaiſance, and *eaſineſs* of Diſpoſition; for Love that has nothing but *Beauty* to keep it in good *Health*, is *ſhort-liv'd* and apt to have *Ague-fits*. *Xan.* Pray then oblige me ſo far as to tell me by what *Arts* you made your Huſband *tractable*? *Eu.* With all my Heart, that you may *copy* after them. *Xan.* So I will, if they are but *practicable*. *Eu.* Oh the *eaſieſt* in Nature, if you'll give your *Mind* to't; and this I muſt tell you for your *Comfort*, that 'tis not too *late* to put them in Execution. Your *Spouſe* is in the *Flower* of his Youth, and ſo are *you*, and, as I take it, it

is

is not a full *Twelvemonth* ſince you were married. *Xan.* You are in the right, 'tis thereabouts. *Eu.* I will tell you then, but upon condition that you'll *keep* it to your ſelf. *Xan.* Never queſtion that. I can be *ſilent* as well as another upon occaſion. *Eu.* My firſt and chief Care was to *pleaſe* my good Man in *every* reſpect, that nothing might give him *offence* and *diſguſt*. I diligently *obſerved* his Inclination and Temper, and what were his *eaſieſt* Moments, what things *pleaſed*, and on the other hand what *diſtaſted* him; and this with as much *Application*, as your People that tame *Elephants*, *Lions*, and ſuch ſort of *Creatures*, that cannot be maſter'd by *downright* Strength. *Xan.* And ſuch an *Animal* for all the world have I at home. *Eu.* Your Keepers of *Elephants* take care to wear nothing that is *white* about them, as thoſe that pretend to manage *Bulls* forbear the uſe of *Red* Cloth, becauſe they find by *experience* that theſe *Colours* are *diſagreeable* to both theſe Creatures. Thus we ſee that the beating of a *Drum* will ſet a *Tyger* ſtark raging *mad*, ſo that he will *tear* his own Fleſh; and thus your *Jockies* have particular Sounds, and Whiſtles, and Strokes to *flatter* their *Horſes* when they are ill-condition'd. How much *more* does it *concern* us then to uſe all *imaginable* means to *fix* our ſelves in our Huſbands *good Graces*, with whom, whether we will or no, we muſt *live* all our Lives at *Bed* and at *Board*, till *Death* comes to our *Relief*? *Xan.* Well, go on with what you have begun. *Eu.* When, after a *diligent* Examination, I had *found out* his Humour, I *accommodated* mine to his, and took Care that *nothing* ſhould *offend* him. *Xan.* As how, I wonder? *Eu.* In every thing relating to the *Family*, which you know is the *peculiar* Province of the Women, I ſhew'd my *ut-*

moſt Dexterity and Management; for I not only *provided* that nothing ſhould be omitted and *left undone*, but likewiſe that every thing ſhould be *ſuitable* to his Temper even in *Trifles*, and matters of the *leaſt* conſequence. As for Inſtance; If my Huſband *fancy'd* ſuch a *Diſh* of Meat, and would have it *dreſſed* after ſuch a manner; if he would have ſo many *Blankets* on the Bed, or ſuch *Furniture* in ſuch a Room, 'twas all done to his *Fancy*. *Xan.* But how could you *humour* a Man that is never at *home*, but perpetually ſotting at the *Tavern*, and *drunk*? *Eu.* Hold, I am coming to that *Point*. If at any time I ſaw my Huſband *out of ſorts* and melancholly, and not *caring* much to be *talk'd* to, I would not for the world *laugh*, or put on a *gay* Humour, as ſome *Women* uſe to do upon the *like* Occaſion, but I my ſelf put on a *grave*, *demure* Countenance as well as *he*; for as a *Looking-glaſs*, if it is a *true* one, faithfully *repreſents* the Face of him that *looks* in it, ſo a *Wife* ought to *faſhion* her ſelf to the *Affection* of her *Huſband*, not to be *chearful* when he is *ſad*, nor *ſad* when he is *chearful*. Now whenever I found him very *ſhagreen* indeed, I either endeavour'd to ſooth him with *fair* words, or elſe *held* my Tongue, and *waited* till this *ill* Humour had *ſpent* it ſelf, and then I took my Opportunity to *clear* all Miſtakes, and to *admoniſh* him. The *ſame* Method I *conſtantly* obſerved, when he came home ſomewhat *fuddled*, or ſo; at ſuch a time I gave him all the indulgent tender *Language* I cou'd think off and by this means got him to *Bed*. *Xan.* A *bleſſed* Life this, that we poor *Wives* are forced to *lead*, if we muſt *humour* our Huſbands in *every thing* that comes into their *Noddles* when *drunk* or *angry*. *Eu.* You don't conſider that this Duty is *reciprocal*, and that

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our Husbands are *obliged* to bear the *same* from us. However there is a *critical* time when a *Wife* may take upon her to *advise* her Husband in Matters of some *Importance*; for I think it much *better* to *wink* at *small* Faults. *Xan.* And how is she to know the *proper* time. *Eu.* Why, when his Mind is *serene*, and nothing *disturbs* him, when he is *cool* and *sober*, then you may *admonish*, or rather *intreat* him, and this always in *private*, as to any thing wherein his *Estate*, or his *Health*, or *Reputation* are concerned. And this very *Advice* is to be *seasoned* with some *Pleasantries*, that it may look as if it were not *design'd*, but accidental. Sometimes by way of *Preface*, I agree with him before-hand that he shan't be *angry*, if being a *foolish* Woman, I *take* upon me to *interpose* my own *Counsel* in any thing wherein his *Honour*, or *Health*, or *Preservation* are concern'd. After I have said as *much* as I think *proper* at that time, I *turn* the Discourse to some more *entertaining* and *agreeable* Subject; for under the Rose, be it spoken, this is the *Fault* of us *Women*, that when once we have *begun* to *tune* our *Pipes*, we don't know *when* to *give over*. *Xan.* Why so they say indeed. *Eu.* This I always *religiously* observed as a Rule, never to *chide* my Husband before *Company*, nor to *prattle* abroad of *Miscarriages* at *home*. What passes between *two* People is much *easier* made up, than when once it has *taken Air*; now if ever Matters come to such a pass, that the Husband is *incurable*, and no *longer* to be born with, I think it much the *prudenter* Course for the *Wife* to carry her *Complaints* to the Parents, or Relations of her *Husband*, than to *her own* Friends, and besides to *manage* her Complaints with such *Discretion*, that the World may see she *only* hates the *Vices*, and not the *Person* of her

Huſband. Neither wou'd I have her *blab* out all ſhe knows, that even here her Huſband may be *obliged* in ſpite of his Teeth to *own* and admire her *Civility* to him. *Xan.* A Woman muſt be a *Philoſopher* with a witneſs, to be able to practiſe ſo much *Self-denial* upon her ſelf. *Eu.* I am of *another* opinion, for by this Deportment and Conduct we *prevail* upon our *Huſbands* to return the *Kindneſs* again. *Xan.* Well, but there are *Brutes* in the World whom all the *good* uſage imaginable will *never* amend. *Eu.* I can hardly believe it; but put the caſe there are, this we ought to take for *granted*, that let our Huſbands *prove* what they will, we muſt bear their Humours when once we have choſe them, and then I'll *appeal* to you whether 'tis not infinitely *better* to ſoften him by a *courteous* Temper, or at worſt to *bear* with all his *Failings*, than by our *perpetual* ſcolding and railing at him to *exaſperate* and make him ten times *worſe*. I cou'd, if I were ſo minded, inſtance in ſome *Huſbands*, who by the like *Sweetneſſes* have alter'd their *Spouſes* much for the *better*, then how much a *greater* Obligation lies upon *us* to uſe our Huſbands in this *manner*. *Xan.* If you can *inſtance* in ſuch a Man, I muſt tell you he *differs* more from my *vertuous* Huſband than *Black* from *White*. *Eu.* I have the Honour to be *acquainted* with a *Gentleman* of a very *good* Family, well read, and learned, and a Perſon of *great* Addreſs and Dexterity. He married a *young* Lady of about *ſeventeen* years of Age, who had been *educated* all along in the Country in her *Father's* Houſe; for you know Men of *Quality* love to reſide in the *Country* for the Conveniences of *Hunting* and *Hawking*. He was reſolv'd to have a *raw unexperienc'd* Maid, that he might have *ſatisfaction* of *moulding* her to his own *Fancy*.

cy. So he began to give her ſome inſight into *Books*, and to teach her *Muſick*, and to uſe her by degrees to *repeat* the Heads of the *Parſon*'s Sermon, together with ſeveral other things, which he thought wou'd be of ſome *uſe* and *advantage* to her. Now this being wholly *new* to the *Girl*; who, as I told you before, had been bred up at *home* with all the *Tenderneſs* and Delicacy that you can *imagine*, amidſt the Flatteries and Submiſſions of the *Servants*, ſhe ſoon grew *weary* of this Life. She abſolutely *refus'd* to learn any more; and when her Huſband *preſſed* her about it, ſhe wou'd *cry* and *roar* as if ſhe were going to be *ſacrificed*. Sometimes ſhe wou'd throw her ſelf flat upon the *ground*, and beat her *Head* againſt the *Floor*, and wiſh that *Death* wou'd come to end her *Affliction*; for alas, *Life* was a mere *burden* to her. Her Huſband finding that there was no *end* of this, conceal'd his *Reſentments*, and invited her to go along with him into the *Country* to divert themſelves there at his *Father-in-law*'s Houſe. The young *Lady* liked this Motion well *enough*; ſo when they came to their *Journey*'s end, the Gentleman *leaves* his Wife with her Mother and Siſter, and goes a-*hunting* with his *Father-in-law*. When he had him *alone* in the Fields, he took his *opportunity* to tell him, that whereas he was in *good hopes* to have found an *agreeable* Companion in his *Daughter*, on the contrary ſhe was *always* ſobbing, and crying, and fretting her ſelf without *Reaſon*, and that this *unaccountable* Habit had taken ſuch *deep* rooting in her, that he *feared* ſhe was *incurable*; however he *conjured* him to lend him his *helping* hand, to ſee if they cou'd between them bring her to a *better* Temper. His Father-in-law anſwered, that he had put his Daughter *for good*

and all into his Power, and if ſhe did not *behave* her ſelf as ſhe *ought*, he was at liberty to uſe his own *Authority*, and to cudgel her into *due* Submiſſion. *I know my own Power well enough*, replies the other, *but I had much rather my Wife ſhou'd be reaſon'd into her Duty by you, than to come to theſe Extremities.* At laſt the old Gentleman *promiſed* to uſe all his *ſkill* to reduce her, ſo after a *day* or two, he takes a *proper* time and place to *diſcourſe* in private with his *Daughter*, and looking ſomewhat *auſterely* upon her, he began to remind her, how indifferent ſhe was as to her *Beauty*, how diſagreeable as to her *Diſpoſition*, ſo that he had often feared that he ſhould never be *able* to get a *Huſband* for her. But *after a long enquiry, and much diligence*, ſaid he, *I had the good luck to find out one for you that the beſt Lady in the Land wou'd have been glad of*; *and yet you*, continued he, *like an inſenſible ſtupid Creature, as you are, neither conſidering what I your Father have done for you, nor reflecting that your Huſband, unleſs he was the beſt natured Man in the World, wou'd ſcorn to take you for his Maid, perpetually diſpute his Orders, and rebel againſt him.* To make *ſhort* of my Story, the old Gentleman ſeemed to be in *ſuch* a *Paſſion* by his Diſcourſe, that ſhe *expected* every minute when he wou'd make her *feel* the weight of his *Hands*; for you muſt know he is ſo *adroit* and *cunning* a Blade, that he wou'd *act* ye any part as well as the beſt *Comedian* of them all. The young Lady partly *wrought* upon by her *fear*, and partly *convinced* by the *truth* of what was told her, *threw* her ſelf at her Father's *Feet*, humbly *beſeeching* him to forget *paſt Faults*, and promiſing that ſhe wou'd not be *wanting* in her *Duty* for the time to come. Her Father freely *forgave* her, adding, that

ſhe

ſhe ſhou'd find him the moſt *indulgent* Father upon Earth, provided ſhe *kept* her *word*. *Xan.* Well, but how *ended* this Affair? *Eu.* When this *Dialogue* was over, the young Lady returned *directly* to her *Chamber*, where finding her *Huſband* all *alone*, ſhe fell down upon her *Marrow-bones*, and addreſſed her ſelf to him in the following manner. *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *till this very moment I neither knew you nor my ſelf, but you ſhall find me another ſort of a Wife for the future, only I conjure you to grant me an Act of Oblivion for what is paſt.* She had no *ſooner* made an end, but her Huſband *took* her up in his *Arms*, and kiſſed her, promiſing to do *every* thing ſhe cou'd *deſire* of him, if ſhe wou'd but *continue* in that *Reſolution*. *Xan.* And did ſhe *continue* in it I wonder. *Eu.* Even to the day of her *Death*. Nothing was ſo *mean* and *humble*, but ſhe *readily* went about it, if her Huſband wou'd *have* it ſo. In ſhort they were the *happieſt* and moſt *loving* couple in the *whole* Country, and the young Lady for *ſeveral* years afterwards wou'd *bleſs* her Stars, that it was her good *Fortune* to light upon *ſuch* an Huſband; for *if I had not fallen into his Hands, I had been*, ſhe ſaid, *the moſt unhappy Woman upon the face of the Earth*. *Xan.* Such *Huſbands* are as ſcarce now-a-days as *white Crows*. *Greſham*-College, and the *Oxford* Elaboratory have *nothing* to match it. *Eu.* If I have not *treſpaſs'd* too much upon your *Patience* already, I will tell you a *ſhort* Story of a *certain* Gentleman in this City, that was lately *reclaimed* by the good *uſage* of his Wife. *Xan.* I have *nothing* upon my hands at *preſent*, and beſides your *Converſation* is ſo *diverting*, that methinks I cou'd *always* liſten to you. *Eu.* This *Gentleman* I am going to tell you of was deſcended from an *honourable* Family, and he like the reſt

of his own Eſtate and Quality, took a *mighty* delight in *Hunting*. One day in his Country Rambles, he *accidentally* met with a pretty young *Damſel*, Daughter to a poor old *Woman* that lived in a *Hut* facing the *Common*. He fell *deſperately* in Love with this Creature, as *old Men* you know like Tinder take *Fire* in an inſtant, and when they *love*, love to ſome *purpoſe*. For the ſake of this young *Girl* he frequently *lay* from home, and *Hunting* was ſtill made the *Pretence* for it. His Lady, a Woman of *admirable* Conduct and Goodneſs, ſuſpecting there was more than *ordinary* in the Matter, was reſolved at any rate to find out the *bottom* of it, and in her *ſearch*, by what *Accident* I have now forgot, came to the above-mention'd *Cottage*, where ſhe ſoon learnt all the *Particulars*, as what he *drank*, how his *Victuals* were *dreſſed*, where he *lay*, and ſo forth. This *Houſe* was the moſt wretched *dog-hole* you cou'd any where ſee, with not a jot of *Furniture* to *help* it off. Away goes this Lady *home*, and returns immediately, bringing a *handſom* Bed, and other *Conveniencies*, and a Set of *Plate* to uſe upon occaſion. She likewiſe *gave* the poor People ſome *Money* at parting, and adviſed them by all means that the next time the *Gentleman* came that way, they ſhould *treat* him with more *reſpect*, not letting them know that ſhe was his *Wife*, but pretending to be his *Siſter*. Some few days after this her *Huſband* coming thither, found the *Furniture* much alter'd for the *better*, and his *Entertainment* more *ſplendid* than it uſed to be. Upon this he *inquired* of them how this *ſudden* change of the Scene happen'd, and they *honeſtly* told him that a Woman of *Quality*, as ſhe appeared to be by her *dreſs*, brought all thoſe *fine things* thither, and gave it them in charge

charge to *treat* him with more *Reſpect* for the future. It immediately came into his *Head* that this was his *Wife's doing*; ſo when he came *home*, he aſk'd her whether ſhe had been at *ſuch a place*, and mentioned it. She told him *ſhe had*; then he deſired to *know* for what *reaſon* ſhe had ſent all that *rich Furniture* thither? *My Dear*, ſays ſhe, *I found that your Lodging and Fare there was none of the beſt, and as I knew you were uſed to be better treated at home, I thought it my Duty, that ſince you took a fancy to the place, to make your Reception more agreeable to you.* *Xan.* The Lady was to *blame* in my opinion. Had I been in *her place*, inſtead of *Bedding* and all that, I had ſent him a *bundle* of *Nettles* and *Thiſtles* to have *cooled* his *Concupiſcence* for him. *Eu.* Well, but hear the *Concluſion* of my Story. The Gentleman was ſo ſurprized at this *unuſual* ſtrain of *good Nature* and Vertue in his Lady, that he *never* after *violated* her Bed, or *rambled* abroad, but *ſolaced* himſelf with her *at home*. Now I am upon this Diſcourſe, I ſuppoſe you know Mr. *Gilbert* the *Dutch Merchant*. *Xan.* I know him very well. *Eu.* I need not tell you then that he is in the *prime* of his Age, and that he *married* a Gentlewoman well ſtricken in *years*. *Xan.* I ſuppoſe then he was in *Love* with her *Bags*, and not with her *Perſon*. *Eu.* That may be as you ſay; but to proceed. This *Spark* ſoon grew *weary* of his *Spouſe*, and intrigued with a *Miſtreſs* in a corner, with whom he *ſpent* moſt of his time. He ſeldom *din'd* or *ſupp'd* at home. Now, pray tell me what you wou'd have *done* in ſuch a Caſe. *Xan.* Why, I wou'd have torn his *Strumpet's* Head-cloaths off where-ever I had met her; and as for my *good Man*, I wou'd have *ſprinkled* him from top to toe with Eſſence of *Chamber-pot*, and

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in that *dainty pickle* he ſhou'd have viſited his *Baggage*, if it was ſo *rampant* with him. *Eu.* Well, but how much more *prudently* did this Gentlewoman carry her ſelf? She invited this *Rival* of hers to her own Houſe, and received her with all the *Civility* imaginable. Thus without going to any of your *Raſkally Aſtrologers* for a *Charm*, ſhe *kept* her Huſband at *home*; but whenever the *Maggot* took him to Sup with her *abroad*, ſhe wou'd ſend you a good *Diſh* or two of Meat to her *Lodgings*, and deſire them to *paſs* their time with one another as *merrily* as they cou'd. *Xan.* For my part I ſhou'd *ſooner* chuſe to be in my *Grave*, than to be a *Bawd* to my own *Huſband*. *Eu.* But pray *conſider* the Matter ſoberly and coolly. Was not this *infinitely* better than if by her Churliſhneſs, and *ill Temper*, ſhe had totally *alienated* her Huſband's Affections from her, and *ſpent* her whole *life* in quarrelling and bauling. *Xan.* I muſt *confeſs* that of the *two Evils* 'tis the *leaſt*, but I cou'd never have *ſubmitted* to it. *Eu.* I will trouble you but with one other Story, and then I'll have done. This *Neighbour* of ours that lives next door to us, is a *right honeſt Man*, but ſomewhat haſty and *cholerick*. One day it fell out that he *beat* his Wife, a Woman of *extraordinary* Prudence. Upon this ſhe immediately *withdrew* into her Apartment, and *there* crying and ſobbing, *endeavoured* to give *vent* to her Reſentments. Soon after upon one occaſion or other her *Husband* came into the Room, where he found her drown'd in Tears. *Hey day!* ſays he, *what means this putting finger in eye, and whimpering like a Child thus?* To which ſhe calmly anſwer'd, *Why, is it not better to lament my misfortune here, than to baul out and make a noiſe in the Street, as other Women do.*

do. Her Husband was so intirely *overcome* and *disarm'd* of his Passion by this *conjugal* Answer, that he gave her his *Hand*, and *solemnly* promised that he wou'd never *strike* her as long as he *lived*, and he was as *good* as his *word* I must tell you. *Xan.* Well, but Heaven be praised I have *brought off* my Husband from using me so by a *different* Conduct. *Eu.* Right, but then there are perpetual Wars between you. *Xan.* Why, what wou'd you have a *Woman* do? *Eu.* In the *first* place, if your Husband offers you any *Affront* or *Injury*, take no *notice* of it, but endeavour to *soften* him to you by all *Offices* of Gentleness, Meekness, and good Nature. By this *means* you will either *wholly reclaim* him at long run, or at *least* you'll find him much *more tractable and easie* than at present you *find* him. *Xan.* Ay, but he's such an *incorrigible* Brute, that all the *good usage* will not make him one *Farthing* the better. *Eu.* You must *pardon* me, if I am not of your *mind.* There is no *Beast* so savage and unmanageable but he may be *tam'd* by good Treatment. Why then shou'd you despair to *effect* it in a Man. Let me *conjure* you by our long Acquaintance to try this *experiment* but for two or three Months, and I'll give you leave to *blame* me as long as you please, if you *find* that this Advice is of *no benefit* to you. To deal *plainly* with you, there are certain *Vices*, at which you must *connive*, otherwise your *Repose* will be but of *short* continuance; but above all things you ought to take *special* care never to *begin* any Quarrel, or to trump up any *angry* Stories with your Husband in *Bed.* Every thing *there* ought to be *chearful* and *pleasant*, and indeed when *that place* which is *consecrated* to the cementing of *Love*, to the allaying of *Marriage-storms*, and to the wiping out of *old*

Miscarriages,

Miſcarriages, comes to be *unhallow'd* by Sourneſs, and *profaned* by ill Language, I think 'tis *high* time to write *Lord have mercy* upon the Doors; for if the *Fountain* Head be poiſoned, what help can be expected from the *Streams?* I know ſome Women of ſuch *inſatiable* Tongues, and ſo *intemperately* given to *Scolding*, that they cannot forbear to let their Clacks run *even* while the *Rites* of Love are *performing*, and by the Uneaſineſs of their Temper render *Fruition* it ſelf *diſagreeable*, which uſes to be the *never-failing* Reconciler of Huſband and Wife. By this means they make that *Cordial*, which ought to *cure* all the *Heart-burnings* of Matrimony, to be of *little* or *no* Effect. *Xan.* This has been *my own* Caſe a hundred times. *Eu.* Yet you cannot but be *ſenſible*, that tho' it is the Wife's *Intereſt* ſo to manage her *Game*, as *never* to *diſpleaſe* her Huſband, if ſhe can help it, upon any occaſion whatſoever, yet ſhe *ought* to take *particular* care to *oblige* him in the above-mention'd *critical Minute*, as much as lies in her Power. *Xan.* I own ſhe *ought* to do it to a Man, but alas! my *Lot is fallen* upon a downright impenitent *Brute*. *Eu.* Come, come, leave off your *Railing*. If our Huſbands prove *bad*, it generally *happens* ſo thro' our *own ill Conduct*. But to return to our Argument. Thoſe *Gentlemen* that are converſant in the *ancient Fables* of the Poets, will tell you, that *Venus*, one of the *Goddeſſes* that *preſided* over Matrimony, had a *Girdle* or *Ceſtos*, made for her by *Vulcan*'s Skill, in which were all the *bewitching* Ingredients and Charms of *Love*, and that ſhe conſtantly *put* this *on*, whenever ſhe went to *Bed* to her Huſband. *Xan.* What makes you tell ſuch an *old faſhion'd* Fable as this? *Eu.* Right, but pray will you hear the *Moral* of it? *Xan.* I

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liſten to you. *Eu.* It teaches us this *uſeful* Leſſon, that a Wife ſhould make it her *chief* Buſineſs, in the *Payment* of the Nuptial *Tribute*, to be as *agreeable* and *engaging* as ſhe can; for, let your *grave Perſons* ſay what they will, the *Affair* we have been talking of is not only the *chief Preſervative* to keep *Love alive* when he begins to *languiſh*, but likewiſe is the moſt *effectual Peace-maker*. *Xan.* Well, but where can we *furniſh* our ſelves with ſo *neceſſary* an Utenſil as this *Ceſtos* was? *Eu.* There's no need of *Witchcrafts* and *Spells* to procure one. The moſt powerful *Spell* in the World is *Virtue*, join'd with a *Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition*. *Xan.* I can never *bring* my ſelf to *humour* ſo incurable a *Sot* as my Huſband is. *Eu.* However, 'tis your *Intereſt*, you muſt own, that he were *another* ſort of a *Creature*. Suppoſe now you had *Circe*'s magical Secret, and could turn your Huſband from a *Man* into a *Bear* or a *Hog*, would you do it? *Xan.* Faith I *can't tell* whether I ſhould or no. *Eu. Can't you tell*, ſay you? Pray let me *aſk* you then *one* Queſtion *more*: Wou'd you rather have your Huſband a *Hog* than a *Man*? *Xan.* No truly; I am for a *Man* ſtill. *Eu.* To proceed: Suppoſe you had one of *Circe*'s Charms, by which you could make him a *ſober* Man of a *Drunkard*, a *frugal* Man of a *Spendthrift*, an *induſtrious* Man of a *Loiterer*, would not you put your *Charm* in Execution? *Xan.* Without doubt; but where ſhould I meet with ſuch a *Charm* as you talk off. *Eu.* You *carry* it about you, if you would but make a *right Uſe* of it. Whether you are *willing* or no, he muſt be your *Huſband* to the end of the *Chapter*; and the *better* Man you make him, the *more* you conſult your own *particular* Advantage. But the *Miſchief* on't is, that you only keep

your Eyes fixt upon his *Faults*, and thoſe create your *Averſion* to him; whereas you ought to look upon his *good Qualities only*, and to take him, as the Saying is, *by the right Handle*. You *ought* to have conſidered all his *Defects* long ago, before you *married* him; and indeed a *diſcreet* Woman ſhould not *chooſe* her Huſband only by her *Eyes*, but take the Advice of her *Ears*. All you can do now is to uſe *Anodynes*, and not to apply *Corroſives*. *Xan.* But what Woman, pray now, ever conſulted her *Ears* in the Choice of a *Huſband*? *Eu.* She may be properly ſaid to *chooſe* her Huſband by her *Eyes*, who minds nothing but his *Perſon* and bare *Out-ſide*; as ſhe may be ſaid to *chooſe* him by her *Ears*, who *carefully* obſerves what *Reputation* he has in the World, and what People ſay of him. *Xan.* This is *good* Advice, but it comes ſomewhat of the *lateſt*. *Eu.* But give me leave to tell you, 'tis not *too late* to endeavour the *Cure* of your Huſband. It will be no *ſmall* ſtep towards the *effecting* of this, if you could have any *Children* by him. *Xan.* Oh I have had *one* long ago. *Eu.* What do you mean? How *long* ago? *Xan.* Why about *ſeven* Months ago. *Eu.* What's this I hear? You put me in *mind* of the *Woman* that *marry'd*, *conceiv'd*, and was *deliver'd* in the ſpace of *three* Months. *Xan.* I ſee no Reaſon for that. *Eu.* But ſo do I, if we *reckon* from the *Day* of Marriage. *Xan.* Ay, but I had ſome private *Diſcourſe* with my good Man before the *Prieſt* join'd our Hands. *Eu.* Why, will barely *diſcourſing* beget *Children*? *Xan.* By chance he got me into a Room *by my ſelf*, and began to *play* and *toy* with me, *tickling* me about the Arm-pits, and Small of the Back to make me *laugh*. I not able to bear being *tickl'd* any longer, threw my ſelf *flat* upon the

Bed; and he flinging himſelf *upon* me, *kiſs'd* me and *hugg'd* me. I was in ſuch a *Confuſion*, that I don't know what he *did* to me *beſides*; but this I am *certain* of, that within a few Days my *Belly* began to *ſwell*. *Eu.* And are not you a *fine* Woman now to *rail* at this *Huſband*, who if he can *get* Children when he's only in *jeſt*, what will he do, think ye, when he *falls* to't in *earneſt*? *Xa.* I *ſuſpect* that now I am with *Child* by him again. *Eu.* Mercy on us! why here's a good fruitful *Soil*, and a luſty *Ploughman* to till it. *Xan.* Nay, to do the Devil juſtice, he's more a *Man* for *this Sport* than I could wiſh he was. *Eu.* Speak *ſoftly*. Not *one Woman* in a thouſand has this *Complaint* to make. But I ſuppoſe you were *contracted* to one another before *this* happen'd. *Xan.* You are in the right on't. *Eu.* It makes the *Sin* ſo much *leſs*. But was it a *Boy* or a *Girl*? *Xan.* A Boy. *Eu.* So much the *better* for you. This *Pledge* of your *firſt* Affections will, I make no queſtion on't, *ſet* you both at *rights*, if you, my dear Friend, will but *lend* your *helping Hand* a little to ſo *good* a Work. By the by, let me aſk you what ſort of a *Character* do your Huſband's *Companions* give him? And how is he *reſpected* by them? *Xan.* They all of them *agree*, that he's as *eaſy* a Man in Converſation, as *generous*, and as *ready* to do any *good* Offices, as ever liv'd. *Eu. Better and better* ſtill. This gives me *great* hopes to believe, that we ſhall *manage* him to your *Heart*'s Content. *Xan.* Here's the *Misfortune* that I am the *only* Perſon in the World he ſhows himſelf *ill-natur'd* to. *Eu.* Do but put the *Rules* I gave you in *Practice*, and I here freely give you *leave* to ſay all the *malicious* things you can of me, if you don't find him much *alter'd* for the *better*. Beſides, I would have you

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conſider that he's but a *young* Fellow yet; for, as I take it, he is not above *twenty four* Years old, and does not *know yet* what it is to be the *Maſter* of a *Family*. As for a *Divorce*, I would adviſe you *never* to *think* of it. *Xan.* I have had it *frequently* in my Thoughts. *Eu.* But when it comes *next* into your *Head*, pray do your ſelf the *Favour* to reflect what a fooliſh inſignificant *Figure* a Woman *makes* when ſhe is *parted* from her *Huſband*. The principal *Recommendation* of a *Matron* is, that ſhe is *dutiful* and obedient to her *Spouſe*. This Language *Nature* dictates to us; this we are *taught* in the *Bible*; this the univerſal *Agreement* of all *Ages* and *Nations* tells us, that a *Woman* ſhould be ſubject to her *Huſband*. Therefore ſeriouſly *think* of this Matter, and put the *Caſe* exactly as it *ſtands*. He is your *lawful* Huſband, and ſo long as he *lives*, 'tis impoſſible for you to have *another*. Then let the *Infant*, who belongs in *common* to you both, be put in the *Balance*. Now pray tell me *how* you would *diſpoſe* of him? If you carry him away with you, you *defraud* your Huſband of what is his *own*; and if you *leave* him with him, you *deprive* your ſelf of that which *ought* to be as *dear* to you as your *Life*. In the laſt place I deſire to be *informed*, whether any of your *Relations* wiſh you *ill*? *Xan.* I have to my *Sorrow* a Step-mother, and a Mother-in-law as *like* her as may be. *Eu.* And are you not *beloved* by them? *Xan.* So far from that, that they'd *rejoice* with all their Hearts to ſee me in my *Grave*. *Eu.* Why then I would *entreat* you to think of them likewiſe. What a more *acceptable* piece of Service can you *poſſibly* do them, than to let them ſee you *ſeparated* from your Huſband, and become a *Widow* of your own *making*? What

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did I ſay a *Widow*? Nay, to live ten times more miſerably than any *Widow*; for one in that *condition* you know is at *liberty* to marry whom ſhe *pleaſes*. *Xan.* I muſt *own* indeed that I approve of your *Advice*, but I can never *endure* to be a perpetual *Slave*. *Eu.* If that is all, pray do but *conſider* what *Pains* you *took* before you cou'd make that *Parrot* there *talk* and *prattle* to you. *Xan.* A *great* deal, I confeſs. *Eu.* And can you then think it *much* to beſtow a little *Labour* and *Time* to mould your *Huſband* to your own *liking*, with whom you muſt live the remainder of your *Days*? What a world of *Trouble* do your *Grooms* undergo to *back* a *Horſe*, and make him *tractable*; and can a *prudent* Woman grudge a *little* Application and Diligence to ſee if ſhe can *reduce* her Huſband to a more agreeable Temper. *Xan.* Why, what would you have me do? *Eu.* I have *already* told you. Take care that every thing *at home* be cleanly and decent, ſo that nothing may *diſguſt* him there, and oblige him to ramble *abroad*. Behave your ſelf eaſy and free to him; but at the ſame time never *forget* that Reſpect which a Wife *indiſpenſibly* owes to her *Huſband*. Let *Melancholy* be *baniſh'd* out of your Doors, and likewiſe an impertinent ill-affected *Gayety*; neither be fooliſhly *moroſe*, nor unſeaſonably *frolickſome*. Let your *Table* be well furniſh'd and handſome. You know your Huſband's *Palate* without queſtion; therefore always *provide* him what he has moſt a *Fancy* to. This is not all; I would have you ſhow your ſelf *affable* and *courteous* to all his *Acquaintance*, and frequently *invite* them to *dine* with you. When you ſit down to *Table*, let nothing but *Chearfulneſs* and *Mirth* appear; and if at any *time* your Huſband comes *home* a little in his *Liquor*,

and falls a playing on his *Violin*, do you bear your part in the *Conſort*, and ſing to it. By this *means* you'll in a little *time* accuſtom your *Huſband* to keep at *home*, and leſſen his *Expences*; for 'tis *natural* to believe that *at laſt* he'll thus *reaſon* with himſelf: *Why, what a fooliſh Coxcomb am I to ſot at the Tavern, and keep Company with a naſty Harlot abroad, to the apparent Prejudice of my Reputation and Eſtate, when I have a Wife at home who is infinitely more obliging and beautiful, and makes ſo much of me?* *Xan.* But do you believe I ſhall *ſucceed* if I try? *Eu.* Look *ſtedfaſtly* upon me. I *engage* that you *will.* In the mean time I will take a *proper* occaſion to diſcourſe *matters* with your Huſband, and put him in *mind* of his own *Duty.* *Xan.* I *like* your Deſign well *enough*, but you muſt *take care* that he ſhan't know a *Syllable* of what has *paſs'd* between us: If ever this *Dialogue* ſhould reach his *Ears*, he would *throw the Houſe out at the Windows.* *Eu.* Never *fear* it. I will ſo *order* the Converſation, by *winding* and *turning* him, that he *himſelf* ſhall tell me what Quarrels have happen'd betwixt you. Upon this let me *alone* to *addreſs* my ſelf to him in the moſt *engaging* manner I am Miſtreſs of; and I hope to ſend him home to you in a *much* better Temper than I found him. I will likewiſe take *occaſion* to tell a *Lie* or two in your *Favour*, and let him know how lovingly and reſpectfully I have heard you talk of him. *Xan.* Well, *Heaven* proſper both our *Undertakings.* *Eu.* I don't at all *queſtion* it, provided you are not *wanting* to *your ſelf.*

The

The Assembly of Women: Or, The Female Parliament.

COL. VII.

A Parcel of merry Ladies meet together, and consult of the most effectual Methods how to regulate all Matters relating to the Female Sex; the Rules and Orders that are to be observed in the summoning and holding of their Parliaments, and what Abuses chiefly deserve to be reform'd.

CORNELIA, MARGARET, PEROTTE, JULIA, CATHERINE.

Cor. IN the *Name* of Multiplication and Increase, *Amen.* 'Tis no *small* Satisfaction to me, *Ladies*, to see so *large* and *numerous* an Assembly of you here; and I *heartily* wish that *Heaven* will *inspire* every individual Woman in this Convention, with such *Dispositions* as will make us act for the common *Advantage* and *Reputation* of our whole Sex. You cannot but be sensible, *Ladies*, what a *terrible* Prejudice our Affairs have receiv'd in this respect, that while the *Men* have had their *Parliaments* and daily *Meetings* all along, to debate and consider of *Ways* and *Means*, how *best* to promote and carry on their own *Interest*; we forsooth must be *sitting* hum drum by the *Fire-side*, employ'd in the noble and

ancient Exerciſe of *Spinning*, and as a modern *Poet* expreſſes it, *ſpending our Nature on our Thumb.* 'Tis no wonder therefore if our Affairs lie at *ſixes and ſevens*, if we have not the leaſt *Footſteps* of *Government*, or *good Order* left among us, and to ſay all in a word, if the World ranks us in the ſame *Predicament* with *Beaſts*, and will not allow us the Title of *rational* Creatures. Unleſs we reſolve to take other Methods for the future, the moſt *ignorant* of us, may without the Spirit of *Prophecy* pretend to *foretel* what will become of us in a ſhort time. For my part, I am *afraid* to utter it, or be the Harbinger of *ill* News. However, tho' we take no *care* at all of our *Dignity*, yet give me leave to tell you, we ought to have ſome *regard* to our *Safety*. The wiſeſt *Monarch* in the World, by the ſame token that he owed no *little* part of his *Wiſdom* to his *frequent* converſing with us *Women*, has left it in Writing, that *in the multitude of Counſellors is much Safety.* Your *Biſhops* have their *Synods*, your *Cathedrals* their *Chapters*, your *Soldiers* their *Councils* of *War*, nay, thoſe *unharmonious* Raſkals, thoſe Retainers to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, the *Pariſh-Clerks* have their *Hall* to meet in. In ſhort, your *Butchers*, your *Phyſicians*, your *Brewers*, your *Vintners*, and (with *Reverence* be it ſpoken) your very *Shop-lifters* and *Pick-pockets*, have their ſeveral *Aſſemblies* or *Clubs* to ſettle the Affairs of their ſeveral *Fraternities* in. If this is not ſufficient, your *Birds* and *Beaſts* have their particular *Places* and *Seaſons* of *Meeting*; but *Woman*, that ſtrange prodigious Creature, *Woman*, is the only Animal in the World which is againſt *meeting* of *Members*. *Mar.* I am afraid you are out, Madam, for malicious People ſay that we are

oftner for it than we *ſhould*. *Cor.* Who is it that *interrupts* the *Court there*. Give me leave, Ladies and Gentlewomen, to conclude my Speech, and then you ſhall all talk in your turn. Neither is this Meeting of ours a *new unpreſidented* thing, without *Warrant* or *Authority*; for if my *Chronology* does not fail me, that moſt *accompliſhed* and *excellent* Emperor *Heliogabalus* of *bleſſed* Memory. ——— *Pe.* How moſt *accompliſh'd* and *excellent* I beſeech you, when Hiſtory tells us that the Mob knocked his *Brains* out, that he was *dragg'd* up and down the *Streets*, and at laſt *thrown* into the common *Jakes*. *Cor.* What! *interrupted* again? But *Neighbour*, if ſuch an Argument will hold *Water*, it will follow, that half the Saints in the Kalendar were but *ſo, ſo*, becauſe they came to the *Gallows*; and that *Oliver Cromwell* was a *vertuous* Perſon, becauſe he died in his *Bed*. The *worſt* thing that was ever objected to *Heliogabalus* by his greateſt Enemies, was his *flinging* down the idolatrous *Fire*, which was kept by the *Veſtal* Virgins, for which *old Fox* wou'd have regiſtred him among his Proteſtant *Martyrs*, and his * *hanging* up the Pictures of *Moſes* and *Chriſt* in his private Chapel, which I hope will not riſe up in *Judgment* againſt him in this *Chriſtian* Aſſembly. Let me inform you *en paſſant*, Ladies, that thoſe Villains the *Heathens*, as my Authors tell me, (and I thought it wou'd not be amiſs to communicate ſuch a nice Obſervation to this Houſe) uſed to call our Sa-

* Lampridius *aſcribes this to* Alexander Severus. *But* Eraſmus *I ſuppoſe made his learned Lady here commit this Miſtake deſignedly, and I have carried on the Humour a little farther.*

viour *Chreſtus*, and not *Chriſtus*, by way of Contempt and Deriſion, which is the Opinion of *Agathocles*, *Dionyſius*, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages was Sir-named *Halicarnaſſeus*, *Laurentius Valla*, *Fabius Maximus*, *Anacharſis*, and ſeveral other *Divines* of the *Reformed* Perſuaſion. But to return to the *Argument* in *hand*; for a Woman ought to make the *moſt* of her *Argument* in *Hand*, this moſt diſcreet and profound Governour *Heliogabalus* iſſued out a *Proclamation*, or *Edict* to this Effect, that as the *Emperors* uſed to convene the *Senators* in the *Senate-houſe*, and there to debate of all *Emergencies* relating to the *State*, ſo his Mother *Auguſta* ſhou'd ſummon the *Women* from all parts of the City, to aſſemble in a Place by themſelves, there to *regulate* thoſe Affairs wherein the *Female Sex* was any ways concern'd. And this *Convention* the Men, either out of *Drollery*, or for *diſtinction*, call'd the *Senatulus*, or *little Senate*. This *noble* Preſident, which by the *fatal* Negligence of our Anceſtors has been intermitted for ſo many *hundred* Years, the *preſent* Situation of our Affairs obliges us to *revive*; and let none in this Company have any *Scruple* upon their Gizzard, becauſe the *Apoſtle* forbids Women to talk in that Aſſembly, which he calls the *Church*; for it is evident that St. *Paul* there ſpeaks of Aſſemblies of *Men*, whereas ours is an Aſſembly of *Women*. Otherwiſe if poor Women muſt always be *ſilent*, for what end and purpoſe did *Frovidence* beſtow upon us this *voluble* Member, call'd a *Tongue*, in which *Talent* we don't come ſhort of the Men, and why did it give us a Pipe, no leſs intelligible and loud than theirs? Now my Hand is in, I cannot help ſaying that ours is all

Harmony

Harmony and *Muſick*, whereas they either *grunt* like Hogs, or *bray* like Aſſes. But to proceed, we ought in the *firſt* place to manage all our *Debates* with that *Gravity* and *Circumſpection*, that the Men may not have the *leaſt* pretence to make them the Subject of their *Coffee-houſe-raillery*, to which *ill-natured* Mirth you know they are but too much *inclined* of themſelves; although I think I may ſafely ſay, that if one wou'd ſeriouſly *examine* their *Councils* and *Synods*, their *Aſſemblies* and *Parliaments*, we ſhould find more frivolous and impertinent *Controverſies* in them, than a Congregation of Fiſh-women at *Billingſgate* wou'd be guilty of. For Example, we ſtill ſee that *Monarchs* for ſo many Ages have *buſied* themſelves in nothing but dull *cutting* of Throats, for which *important* Services the World ſtiles them *Heroes* and *Deliverers*. We find that the *Clergy* and the *Laity* are ſtill at perpetual Daggers-drawing with one another, that there are as many *Opinions*, as there are *Noſes* in the World, and in all the whole courſe of their Proceedings, they ſhow ten times more *Inconſtancy* than we Women ever diſcovered. This *City* everlaſtingly quarrels with that *City*, and one *Neighbour* treads upon his next Neighbour's *Corns*. If the *Supreme* Adminiſtration were *intruſted* in our Hands, with all due *Submiſſion* be it ſpoken, I believe the World wou'd be managed at a much *better* rate than *now* it is. Perhaps it may not *become* our Female *Modeſty* to charge theſe Noble *Peers* and *Judges*, theſe *Knights* and *Burgeſſes* with *Folly*; but I ſuppoſe I may be *ſafely* allowed to recite what *Solomon* has aſſerted in the thirteenth Chapter of the *Proverbs*, *There is always Strife among the Proud; but they*

that do every thing with Counſel, are governed by Wiſdom. But not to detain you with too *tedious* a Preamble, to the end that all things here may be carried on *decently*, and without *Confuſion*, it will be neceſſary in the firſt place to determine, who ſhall be *qualified* to ſit as *Members* in this Houſe; for as *too much* Company will make it look more like the *Mob*, or a *Riot*, than a grave *Aſſembly*; ſo if we take in *too few*, the World will charge us with ſetting up a *Tyrannical* Government. For my part, I move this *Honourable Houſe*, that no *Virgin* be capable of *ſitting* among us, and my Reaſon is, becauſe many *things* may happen to be *debated* here, which it is not *proper* for them to *hear*. *Ju.* Well! but how ſhall we be able to *know* who are *Virgins*, and who are not. I ſuppoſe you will not allow *all* to be *ſuch*, who take the *Name* upon them. *Cor.* No, but my meaning is that none but *married* Women be permitted to vote among us. *Ju.* Why, I cou'd name to you ſeveral *married* Women, who thanks to thoſe impotent *Fumblers* their Huſbands, are as good *Virgins* now, as when they firſt came into the World. There's my Lady— *Cor.* Hold, but in *reſpect* to the holy State of *Matrimony*, let us *charitably* ſuppoſe all married *Wives* to be *Women*. *Ju* Under Favour, if we exclude none but *Virgins*, we ſhall ſtill be *over-run* with Multitudes. The *Maidens*, let me tell you are ſcarce one to a *hundred*. *Cor.* Well then, we'll *exclude* thoſe likewiſe that have been married more than *thrice*. *Ju.* For what Reaſon, I beſeech you. *Cor.* Becauſe they ought to have their *Quietus eſt*, as being ſuper-annuated, and ſo forth. I think too we ought to paſs the *ſame* Sentence upon ſuch as are a-

bove

bove *Seventy*. But I conceive it ought to be reſolved *Nemine contradicente*, that no Woman ſhall *preſume* to make too *free* with her Huſband, or to lay open *all* his faults. It may be allowed her to hint her ill uſage in *general* Terms; but then it muſt be done with *Diſcretion*, *Brevity*, and good *Manners*; and ſhe ſhall by no means be allowed to *indulge* her itch of *Pratling*. *Ca.* But pray, Madam, why ſhould not we be allowed to talk *freely* of the *Men*, ſince they make no *ſcruple* of ſaying what they *pleaſe* of their *Wives*. You know the Proverb, *What is Sauce for a Gooſe, is Sauce for a Gander*. My Lord and Huſband, I *thank* him for't, when ever he has a mind to *divert* his leud Companions at the *Tavern*, acquaints them with all the *Secrets* of the Family, tells 'em every *Word* I ſaid to him, and how *often* he mounts the *Guard* a-nights, as he calls it, tho' he's moſt *plaguily* given to *lying*, when he's upon the *laſt* ſtrain. *Cor.* If we muſt ſpeak the Truth, our Reputation wholly depends upon that of the Men; ſo if we expoſe them as *weak* and *ſcandalous*, we muſt of courſe be *ſo* our ſelves. 'Tis true, we have too many *juſt Complaints* to make againſt them; however when all things are *fairly* conſidered, I am of the Opinion that our Condition is much *preferable* to theirs. They croſs the *Line* and double the *Cape*, and, in ſhort, ſcamper from *Pole* to *Pole* to maintain their Families; then in time of *War*, they *lye* upon the bare Ground, *march* through thick and thin, ſtand *Buff* to all ſorts of Weather, eat, and drink, and ſleep in *Armour* heavy enough to load a *Camel*, and *venture* their Lives all hours of the day, while we ſit *ſnug* at home, and enjoy our ſelves *comfortably*.

tably. If they happen to be caught *napping* or ſo, the Law ſhews 'em no *favour*, while a poor Woman is often *excuſed* upon the *frailty* of her Sex. After all, I'll venture to ſay, that generally ſpeaking, it lyes in a Woman's Power to make her Huſband what ſort of a Man ſhe pleaſes. But 'tis high time now *Ladies* to adjuſt all *differences* about *Precedence* and taking of *Places*, leſt that ſhould happen to us which frequently falls out at your *Treaties* of Peace, where the *Ambaſſadors* and *Plenipotentiaries* of Kings and Popes *ſquabble* away three months at leaſt in *Punctilio's* and *Ceremony*, before they can ſit down to *Buſineſs*. Therefore it is my Opinion, that *Peereſſes* only ſit in the *firſt* Bench, and they ſhall take their Places according to the *Antiquity* of their Families, or their *Age*, but I think the *latter* will be *beſt*. The *next* Bench ſhall be of the *Commons*, and thoſe ſhall ſit in the *foremoſt* Places that have had *moſt* Children; between thoſe that have had the *ſame* number of Children, *Age* ſhall decide the difference. Laſtly, *Thoſe* that were never *brought* to *Bed* ſhall ſit in the *third* Row. As for *By-blows*, vulgarly call'd *Baſtards*, they ſhall take *Place* according to their *Quality*, but ſhall ſit at the *loweſt* end of the Row, which belongs to them. *Ca.* Where do you intend to place the *Widows*. *Cor.* Well remembred. They ſhall have a Place aſſign'd them in the *middle* of the *Mothers*, if they have *Children* living, or ever had any. The *Barren* muſt e'en be *content* to ſit at the *fag-end* of this Company. *Ju.* Well! but what place do you deſign for the *Wives* of *Prieſts* and *Monks*? *Cor.* We will *conſider* of that matter at our *next* Meeting. *Ju.* What will you ſay to thoſe *induſtrious* Gentlewomen,

that

that get their Living by the *ſweat* of their Brows? *Cor.* Oh *mention* them not. We'll never ſuffer our Aſſembly to be *prophan'd* with the Company of ſuch *abandon'd* Wretches. *Ju.* I hope tho' you'll allow *better* Quarter to *Miſſes* of Quality? *Cor.* We will *think* of them ſome other time. Before we proceed any farther, we ought firſt to agree how we ſhall give our Votes, whether by lifting up our *Hands*, or by *word* of Mouth, or by the *No's* removing from their Seats, or by *Balloting*, and ſo forth. *Ca.* I fear me there may be ſome *trick* in *Balloting*, and then our Petticoats draggle upon the ground ſo, that if we muſt *remove* from our places, we ſhall raiſe ſuch a *duſt* I warrant you, that no body will be able to endure the Room. Therefore I think it will be the *beſt* way for every *Member* of this *Honourable* Houſe to deliver her Vote *Vivâ Voce*. *Cor.* There will be ſome *difficulty*, let me tell you, in gathering the *Votes*; beſides I am afraid that according to the old Jeſt our *Parliamentum* will be a *Lar amentium*. *Ca.* We'll have ſo many *Notaries* to take the Votes, that it ſhall be impoſſible to make any *Blunders*. *Cor.* That courſe indeed will prevent *Miſtakes* in *numbering*; but how will you provide againſt *ſquabbling*? *Ca.* Let it be *enacted* that no body ſhall *ſpeak* but in her *turn*, or when ſhe's *aſked*. She that does *otherwiſe* ſhall be *expell'd* the Houſe: And if any one ſhall be found telling *Tales* out of *School*, that is to ſay, *pratling* of any thing which is tranſacted within theſe *Walls*, ſhe ſhall incur the Penalty of a three day's Silence. *Cor.* Thus Ladies we have adjuſted all *Punctilio's* relating to this Affair. Let us *next* conſider what things we ſhall *debate* about. Every *Member* here, I preſume,

will

will agree with me, that we ought in the *firſt* place to have a due Regard to our *Honour*, and *Honour* all the World knows is chiefly ſupported by what we call *Habit* or *Dreſs*. In which reſpect we have been ſo ſhamefully *neglective* and *deficient* for ſome Years laſt paſt, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible by the *Outſide* to know a *Dutcheſs* from a *Kitchen-Wench*, a *marry'd* Woman or a *Widow* from a *Virgin*, and a *Matron* from a common *Whore*. All the *ancient* Bounds of *Modeſty* have been ſo impudently *tranſgreſs'd*, that every one *wears* what *Apparel* ſeems *beſt* in her own *Eyes*. At *Church* and at *Play-houſe*, in *City* and *Country* you may ſee a *thouſand* Women of *indifferent*, if not *ſordid* Extraction, ſwaggering it abroad in *Silks* and *Velvets*, in *Damaſk* and *Brocard*, in *Gold* and *Silver*, in *Ermines* and *Sable-tippets*, while their *Huſbands* perhaps are *ſtitching* Grub-ſtreet Pamphlets, *copying* Noverint Univerſi's, or *cobling* of Shoes at home. Their Fingers are loaded with *Diamonds* and *Rubies*, for *Turkey* Stones are now a-days deſpiſed even by *Chimney-ſweepers* Wives. Not to tire my *Lungs* with ſpeaking of their Pearl or Amber *Necklaces*, the *Gold Watch* dangling by their Sides, their maſſy fringed *Petticoats*, the flaunting *Steen-kirk* about their Necks, their *lac'd* Shoes, and *gigantick Commodes*. It was thought *enough* for your *ordinary* Women in the *laſt* Age, that they were *allow'd* the mighty Privilege to wear a *ſilk* Girdle, and to ſet off the Borders of their Woollen Petticoats with an Edging of *Silk*. But now, and I can hardly forbear weeping at the Thoughts of it, this *worſhipful* Cuſtom is quite out of Doors; upon which two great Inconveniences have ariſen; for the Wives, by indulging this *prodigal* Humour, have made their Huſbands as *poor* as

ſo

ſo many *Church-Mice*, and that laudable *Diſtinction*, which is the very Soul and Life of *Quality*, is totally *aboliſh'd*. If your *Tallow-Chandlers*, *Vintners*, and other *Tradeſmens* Wives ſtaunt it in a *Chariot* and Four, what ſhall your *Marchioneſſes* or *Counteſſes* do, I wonder? And if a *Country Squire*'s Spouſe will have a *Train* after her Breech full fifteen *Ells* long, pray what *Shift* muſt a *Princeſs* make to diſtinguiſh her ſelf? What makes this ten times *worſe* than otherwiſe it would be, we are never *conſtant* to one Dreſs, but are as fickle and uncertain as *Weather-Cocks*, or the *Men* that preach under them. Formerly our *Head-Tire* was ſtretch'd out upon *Wires*, and mounted like a *Barber*'s Pole; Women of *Condition* thinking to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the *ordinary* ſort by this Dreſs. Nay, to make the Difference ſtill more viſible, they wore Caps of *Ermin* powder'd; but they were miſtaken in their *Politicks*, for the *Cits* ſoon got them. Then they *trumpt* up another Mode, and *black Quoifs* came into Play: But the Ladies within *Ludgate* not only *Ape'd* them in this Faſhion, but *added* thereto a *Gold Embroidery* and *Jewels*. Formerly the *Court Dames* took a great deals of *Pains* in *combing* up their *Hair* from their Foreheads and Temples to make a *Tower*; but they were ſoon weary of that, for it was not *long* before this *Faſhion* too was got into *Cheapſide*. After this they let their Hair fall *looſe* about their Forehead, but the *City Goſſips* ſoon follow'd them in that. Heretofore only Women of the *greateſt* Figure had their *Pages* and Gentlemen-Uſhers, and out of theſe laſt they choſe a pretty ſmock-faced young Fellow to take them by the *Hand* when they aroſe from their *Chairs*, or to *ſupport* their left Arm when they *walk'd*; neither was *every*

one

one capable of this Honour, but one that was a Gentleman's Son, and well deſcended. But now, the more is the *ſhame*, Women of *inferior* Rank not only take this upon them, but ſuffer *any* body to do this Office, as likewiſe to carry their Train. Theſe are not all the *Innovations* that have been made; for whereas in the *primitive* times none but Perſons of high Extraction ſaluted one another with a *Kiſs*; now every greaſy *Raſkal* of a Shop-keeper, tho' he *ſtinks* worſe than a fat *Tallow-Chandler* does in the *Dog-days*, if he's got ten Miles out of Town, *burleſqu'd* in a Silver-hilted Sword and a long Perriwig, will pretend to ſalute the *beſt* Lady in the Land. Even in their *Marriages*, where one wou'd think they ſhould take more *Care*, no reſpect is had to *Honour* or *Quality*; Noblemens *Daughters* marry to Tradeſmens *Sons*, and the *ſquab Iſſue* of a Shop-keeper, if ſhe has but ſtore of *Money*, is thought a *Morſel* tempting enough for a Duke's eldeſt Son to *leap* at. By this means the *next* Age will be plagu'd with ſuch a Generation of *Mungrils*, that they muſt be forc'd to knock the *Heralds* o' the Head, leaſt they ſhould reproach them with their Anceſtors. To proceed with other *Grievances*, there is never a *Dowdy* about the Town, I warrant you, tho' begotten upon a *Bulk*, and born in a *Garret*, that, if her *Pocket* would give her leave, would ſcruple to *trick* and *ſpruce* her vile *Phyz* with the richeſt *Paint* that your Perſons of the *higheſt* Quality uſe; when *ordinary* Women ought to *thank* God, if the *Government* where they live will allow 'em to revive the decay'd *Red* and *White* in their Cheeks with *Raddle* and *Chalk*, or ſome ſuch cheap Reſtorers. But as for the Counteſs of *Kent*'s *Coſmetick* Water, your fine *Spaniſh* Waſhes, and

Italian

Italian Paints, they ought to be us'd by none but by Ladies of the *firſt* Rank. To come now to the *Boxes*, the *Park*, and publick *Entertainments*: Good Lord! what a horrid Diſorder and Confuſion is there to be ſeen? You ſhall frequently ſee an *Alderman*'s Wife refuſe to give Place to a *Baronet*'s Lady. Thus 'tis plain, that the preſent Poſture of our Affairs adviſes us to think of putting a *Stop* to theſe *growing* Diſorders; and what may encourage us to proceed, theſe things *naturally* belong to us, and therefore will be tranſacted with the greateſt Eaſe. Not but that we have ſome *Affairs* to ſettle with the *Men* too, who exclude us from all Offices of the *State*; and while they treat us no better than *Cooks* and *Landreſſes*, monopolize *all* Employments, and live at *Diſcretion*. For my part I give them leave to fill up all *robuſt* Employments, and to manage *military* Concerns. But I appeal to the whole World, whether it is not a moſt *inſufferable* thing, that the *Wife*'s Coat of Arms ſhould be always painted on the *left* Side of the *Eſcutcheon*, altho' *her* Family is thrice as *honourable* as that of her *Huſband*? Then I think there's all the Reaſon in the World that the *Mother*'s Conſent ſhould be aſk'd in the *putting out* of the *Children*. Perhaps too we may manage our *Cards* with that *Addreſs*, as to be admitted to a *ſhare* in all peaceable Places of Truſt; I mean *thoſe*, that may be manag'd at *home*, that require no Attendance in *foreign* Countries, or one of the *Military* Character to diſcharge them. Theſe are ſome of the *chief* Heads, which I ſuppoſe deſerve to be taken into *Conſideration*. Let every *Member* of this honourable *Aſſembly* think of them *ſeriouſly*, and prepare them againſt our *next* Seſſion; and if any thing

else *worthy* of your *Notice* occurs to you, I hope you will communicate it to Morrow; for in my Opinion it will be *necessary* that we meet *every* Day till we have *adjusted* all Affairs. We ought to have four *Notaries* chosen out of four *Presbyterian* Parson's Wives, to take down in *Short-hand* all our Speeches; and four *Chair-women* of our four *Committees*, who shall give People leave to *speak* their Minds, or enjoin them *Silence*, according as they see *convenient*: And let *this* Meeting of ours be a *Sample* of the *following* ones, and give the World a *Taste* what may be expected *hereafter* from us.

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FINIS.